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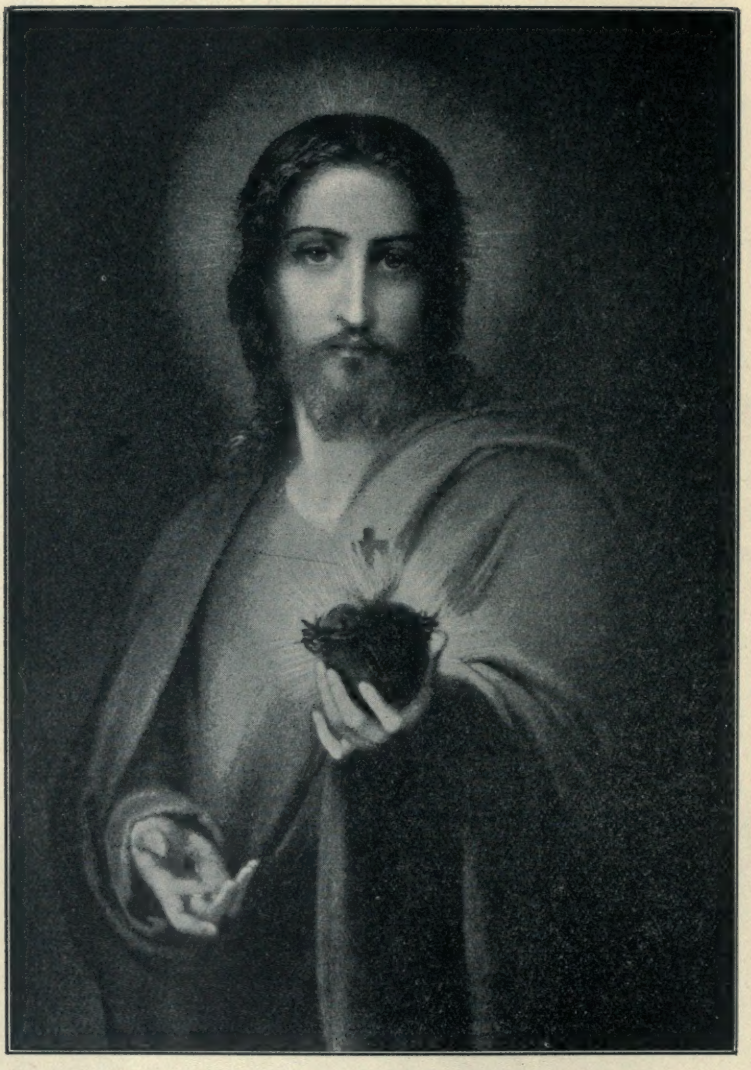
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Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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A Lyric for June

Roses in the garden,
Lilacs in the lane;
Summer with a foam of flowers
Drenches hill and plain.
Sweetness in the meadow—
Where the daisies nod—
Earth is drowsed in happy dreams
At the feet of God.

Fairyland of blossom,
Edenlands of bloom;
Man for naught of sadness now
In his heart has room.
Steeped in golden sunshine
From the founts of noon,
Earth is all one Paradise
'Neath the smile of June.

For the gift of beauty,
For sweet life restored,
All things lift a hymn of praise
To creation's Lord.
Flowers with breath of fragrance,
Birds with dulcet voice,
Bless the Lord of life and love
In Whom all rejoice.

P. J. Coleman.

HOW NUNS LIVE AND DIE

By the Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D.

ONE of my earliest memories of Victoria, B.C., on my going thither as Bishop in May, 1909, is seeing a tall, slender girl in St. Ann's Academy, which is also the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Ann of the West. Her name, I learned, was Katherine Lyter, and her native land Seattle, Washington. Though her father was a Jew, the reputation of St. Ann's Academy as a training school for girls had led him to send his daughter there, and she, before the end of her course, embraced the Catholic Faith, and, on graduating, joined the Sisters. It was in the garb of a novice that I saw her first.

Naturally, the loss of a beautiful and accomplished daughter was a severe blow to the father. Nothing was left undone to win her back. As a last resort, there came to Victoria a young man, friend of her school days at home and a favourite, to seek an interview. But his object he did not attain. She had chosen the better part, which should not be taken from her.

Katherine Lyter, known in religion as Sister Mary Loretto, was highly gifted and a woman of great personal charm, fitted to shine in any walk of life. She had a fine literary taste and considerable poetic talent, but forbore cultivating it, I think, of set purpose. The doing so would have been too much of a distraction to her. She had given herself wholly to God, and for God she spent herself gladly and unreservedly in the humdrum tasks of every-day religious life. By word and by example she instructed many unto righteousness, having joy in knowing that those who do so shall shine like stars for all eternity. She spent not many years in religion, some eighteen in all, but being made perfect in a short time she fulfilled a long space. On the twentieth of February, one who was a mother to her among the nuns and a cherished friend writes me she spent the day, as usual, in her classroom, and

on the twenty-ninth, a victim of pneumonia and pleurisy, she breathed out her beautiful soul to God. She was conscious all through the nine days, realized her condition, and prepared calmly and trustfully for the end. The precious remains were brought to Victoria on the first of March, a beautiful, sunny, spring-blossomy day, such as she had always loved, and on Saturday, the third, she was laid to rest in the Sisters' plot at Ross Bay, where surges chant a ceaseless requiem. Our loss, continues this more than friend with a mother's sorrow, is indeed her gain; we know it, we even realize it, and yet we cannot but feel the loneliness that her going forth has left.

All this is but by way of preface to the moving account that follows of Sister Mary Loretto's last hours, the vigil that loving friends in Victoria kept over her mortal remains, the funeral that resembled more a triumphal procession, and the burial beneath the greensward in Ross Bay Cemetery, one of the loveliest spots on God's earth. The writer is a young Sister, pupil and close friend of the deceased:

At five o'clock, there was a change. Sister received Holy Viaticum. She lingered until half-past eight, perfectly conscious until the last. When the priest started the prayers for the dying, Sister raised herself to a sitting posture. All during the prayers, Sister had a far-away look in her eyes, and just before she breathed her last, a heavenly expression lit up her face. Those who witnessed it, say that Sister surely had a glimpse of the Beatific Vision. This radiant smile remained on Sister's face. The holy missionary who assisted Sister said that he had seen many religious on the bed of their agony, all very edifying, still the remembrance of our dear departed will ever remain as one of the most inspiring spectacles God has granted him to see.

Twenty hours before Sister died, she offered her life for the Novitiate. And the message she left for her former pupils now in the Community is: "May they all strive to beautify their souls in the every-day life and be useful each moment in some obedient task for the glory of God." Isn't that so indicative of the life she herself led? Surely nothing else matters but

to promote God's glory, and how better can one attain holiness than by leading "the everyday life." Of to-morrow we are not sure. Death comes when we least expect.

Sister's mortal remains were brought to Victoria on Thursday. The Forty Hours' Devotion was going on at the Convent, so many prayers were said for her before our Eucharistic King, Him Whom she loved so well and to Whom she had been so devoted. All through the night, Sisters whom she guided into the Community, pupils of the past, converts whom she had instructed, kept watch beside all that was left of their dearly loved friend and counsellor. The peace, I might say joyful peace, that we experienced while gazing on that dear face was remarkable. It was impossible to feel sad, for that radiant smile seemed to say: "Are you not happy for me that I have fought the good fight" and that I am enjoying the reward exceeding great?" The usual, or rather customary silence seemed impossible to keep in presence of such joy, so we talked to her, talked of her, and sat for hours at a time gazing on the smiling countenance of our dear one.

The funeral Mass was at nine o'clock. The day was one of those sunny Victoria days in the early spring when the birds are heralding joy and life, and Mother Nature is decking her children in her own colours. All the way to the cemetery a saucy pink ribbon floated and danced in the breeze. (Just as the hearse was leaving, someone placed a floral offering of pink roses on top of the hearse. It was done before the Sisters could prevent it). I fancy Sister must have enjoyed the incongruity of that pink ribbon,—she had such a rich sense of humour. But how indicative it all was of her joyful spirit! Truly, it was more a procession of joy than of sorrow. Even the dear old sea was gay: white, lacy waves made merry on its blue surface. Oh! I like to think that she lies there in that sacred spot overlooking the old sea, so dear to her heart.

But I do not think of her as dead. To me she is nearer and dearer than she was during life. I never knew how sweet it would be to have one's dearest friend in Heaven. In the past, I should have looked upon her death as the greatest loss,

but I find that instead, it is a gain. I am happy to think that our Father has had the joy of welcoming her home. I rejoice with Sister in her enjoyment of her reward and for myself, although I long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. I thank God for the grace of having my dearest friend praying for me before the Great White Throne. It will not be long before we shall all meet in that "Better Land," and what a blessed re-union that meeting will be!

* * * * *

So far this young Sister of the fearless faith and the sure hope, and the ardent longing for immortality. Green grow the grass, and brightly bloom the flowers, and softly croon the winds over the grave of Sister Mary Loretto, in the sunny burial ground that slopes so gently to the sea. The snow-clad Olympics, earthly types of the eternal hills, look down upon her as she sleeps, and the waters of the great Pacific Ocean, tumbling through the Straits of San Juan, shall roll their stately anthem round her rest, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

Sunset at a Woodland Shrine

(At a Closed Retreat)

Across the knolls of green,
Along the terraced sides of the ravine,
Silence and peace are brooding, still,
While in her grotto shrine of stones
Our Lady waits our coming and our going,
Her peace bestowing.
The wild, wee things astir,
As we, her clients are,
Trilling their praise of her
In oak bough galleries,
Garnering food beneath the swaying trees,
Drinking from out her spring;
A chant the wild bee drones,
While flit on flower-like wing
White moths that seem the wraiths of thought and prayer
Of happy souls who walked these sylvan ways
With Christ and Mary in sweet vanished days.
The peace they wrought we share
With squirrel, bird and bee whose trust is sweet
To us who kneel among them at her feet.

Out of the spring a rill winds down to join
The river rushing seaward and abroad,
So may our prayers, uniting, reach that Heart
Who folds the wild, wee worshippers in rest,
As the red sun sinks in the west
Beyond the city's towers.
Our last "Hail Marys" said, good night, a while
Dear Mother, but from thee, let us ne'er depart;
But let the fadeless light that is thy smile,
Shine on our lives in hallowed after-hours.

—Catharine McPartlin.

THE LUTHERAN "REFORMATION"

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

What is Reformation?

"There is a manifest, marked distinction which ill men with ill designs, or weak men incapable of any designs will be constantly confounding, between change and Reformation. Change alters the substance of the objects themselves, gets rid of all their essential good as well as of the accidental evil annexed to them. Change is novelty; and whether it is to operate any one of the effects of reformation at all, or whether it may not contradict the very principle upon which reformation is desired, cannot be certainly known beforehand. Reform is not change in the substance of the object or in the primary modification of it, but a direct application of a remedy to the grievance complained. So far as that is removed, all is sure. It stops there; and if it fails, the substance which underwent the operation, at the very worst is but where it was. To innovate is not to reform. The French revolutionists complained of everything; they refused to reform anything; and they left nothing at all unchanged."—Burke.

Much more might this be said of the Russian Revolution, and equally of the Lutheran revolution in religion.

The Debate at Leipzig

Franzthum drangt in diesen Tagen, wie ehmals
Lutherthum es gethan, ruhige Bildung zuruck.
—Goethe (at the French Revolution).

Those who know what true religion is and real reform cannot bear, for shame and grief and indignation, to see them disgraced by a theological demagogue with high-sounding words in his mouth. John Eck of Ingolstadt was the principal defender of Catholic truth and true reform. A public disputa-

tion was now arranged between him and Carlstadt, who pressed for it, to take place at the university of Leipzig. Luther pushed himself into it under the pretext that his theses as well as Carlstadt's were impugned. Eck was a man of great learning in theology and philosophy, with great readiness and command of all his resources, and with a perfect temper and good humor. Carlstadt was ignominously routed, and Luther too defeated in the judgment of his own friends. "He felt the difference between addressing a sympathetic audience which was swayed by his powerful personality, and arguing with an experienced disputant before a coldly critical assembly," says Creighton.*

He had been forced to let the mask fall off and let it be seen that he denied the infallibility of both Councils and the Pope together, and that he agreed with the Hussites in some points condemned at Constance, and set up his own interpretation of the Bible against the Church; in short he was a heretic, and his pretended reform was an intended revolution. Bishop Creighton says; "The notion of a mighty institution founded by Christ and endowed with His gifts, which watched over the individual from the cradle to the grave and by its observance disciplined him into saintliness, this splendid ideal dropped entirely away from Luther. Hence he was not desirous to reform abuses in the institutions of the Church."

It was at Leipzig that the name of Lutheran began to be used. In other countries sectarian men dislike to be described by the name of the founder of their religious system, but in Germany and Sweden there are thousands proud of the name of Lutheran, in spite of the command to call no man master.

It is sometimes said by simple people, Protestants who do not go as far as Luther, and who wish that he had not gone so far, that he would never have developed his latent errors to such an extent if he had not been provoked by contradiction and controversy chafing his irascible temper. But this argument forgets that Luther was the first aggressor, and assumes that the Church must not be defended against erroneous and

*But it was not all coldly critical. Mosellanus, who presided, was his partisan.

rebellious teachers. After all, Catholics who are loyal and zealous will defend the Church and her principles when they are assailed—

Cet animal est très méchant;
Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.

But in truth this argument in favor of Luther pays him a very poor compliment. Then he believed his doctrines to be necessary for the salvation of mankind, yet he would not have divulged them if he were not greatly provoked. He was benevolent from spite and malice. His oracles were like those of Proteus, who never would give his responses until he was treated as ill as you were able. This evangelical man was after all a tom-cat who would not have emitted his electrical light if his fur had not been rubbed against the grain. But in fact Luther needed no irritation to propagate his new doctrine, which had been developed before. His apostasy in truth was not due to indignation against abuses in the indulgences or in the collection of money or in anything else in the Church. They were only the occasion and the pretext. He had gone wrong in principle, first against the religion and then against the authority which taught it. There is a wide difference, as Burke says, between a man acting from a sense of grievance and a man acting from zeal for some opinion. Man is naturally inclined to propagate his opinions and may become a zealot for them. The question of the goodness or badness of a government, ecclesiastical or civil, is nothing to a man who is heated by speculation and furious from system against it; indeed its good conduct only irritates him further against it. Luther was now under a judicial benightment because he had not love of the Truth.

With the low cunning of an abnormal mind he had come to Leipzig determined to be as patient and winning as he could. But people noticed that he, who had been a fresh and rosy man, was now quite thin-spared and had a lean and hungry look. He departed a disappointed man in sullen and vindictive mood.

If he by this exposure lost reputation with some, he gained popularity with others, particularly with the young pagan men of letters headed by Hutten, and the proud and poor Ritterschaft or lower baronage led by Franz von Sickengen, both of whom now recognized that Luther was the man for their purpose.

For this is the great stain on the character of Luther—this is the great crime of his career, that he would neither unite, as his countryman Cochlaeus did with the strictly orthodox reformers in the Oratorio dell' Amore Divino in Rome nor even with the Liberals like Erasmus, but was bent on destruction.

A Daimonic Man

Goethe speaking of a "daimonic" principle, element, or spirit in the world, says that he could not comprehend it under one idea or name, because it had contradictory attributes;—it was not godlike, for it was irrational, nor human because it was not intellectual, nor angelic, for it showed a pleasure in mischief, yet he did not like to call it diabolical, for it had some good effects; it resembled chance, for it had no consistency; yet it showed some resemblance to the providential because there was some continuity in it. It was a force at least cutting across if not directly contrary to the moral world. "The most fearful manifestation of the Daimonic is when it is seen predominating in some individual character. Such persons are not always the most eminent men either for intelligence or for special talents, and they are seldom distinguished by goodness of heart; a tremendous energy seems to emanate from them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures; all moral forces combined are powerless against them; in vain does the more enlightened portion of mankind attempt to excite distrust against them as either deceivers or dupes; the masses are led away by them. Seldom if ever do they find their equals among their contemporaries." Goethe had such men as Napoleon and as Byron in mind; and it is likely that he was thinking of Luther also, for Goethe said of Luther

that he proffered to every man the right to form his own religious opinions from the Bible without imparting to any man the ability to form them correctly, and thus threw back the progress of the world. The anti-Catholic Hume observes that the rapid spread of the Lutheran doctrine proves that its success was not due to reason and reflection. It was if men travelling by night saw far off the lurid and foul glare of subterranean fires in a volcano and were so color-blind as to mistake it for the dawn of light from heaven.

Hutten had been dismissed from the court of the Primate at Mainz, and then came out openly with ribald anti-Romanism; and now that he saw Luther's real character, he embraced his cause enthusiastically. But besides this he had political dreams. He belonged by birth to the Ritterschaft, or so-called Knights, perhaps we should say Baronets or Barons; and he had a personal quarred with one of the princes about the manslaughter or murder of his cousin. Therefore unlike Luther he was not friendly to the territorial princes, and hoped to form an alliance between the Ritterschaft and the Emperor for the purpose of humbling them and clipping their claws by a general government. For this purpose he struck up a friendship with Franz of Sickingen, the wildest of the robber barons and their chief, and had won his patronage for the new Humanists. He now secured the support of Sickengen and the Ritterschaft for Luther and conveyed to the latter an offer soon after of a refuge if he needed it, in their stronghold. One wonders that Luther was not ashamed of such supporters. There can be little doubt that a scheme was now formed for robbing the monasteries, which were both richer than the secular clergy and less needed by the people. The atheist Morley observes with quiet contempt: "From its first phases in all countries the Reformation of the Faith went with designs upon the Church lands." Frederick of Prussia, who knew the history of his own family, confessed that the success of the "Reformation" in Germany was due to the love of wealth, in England to the Monarch's love of a woman, and in France to the love of novelty. Eobanus, though he could drink a

bucketful of beer at once, for a bet, kept up attacks on the monasteries: "O monachi, vestri stomachi Sunt amphorae Bacchi."

It now began to be seen in Rome that the matter was more serious than Miltitz was thinking. In January, 1520, the Pope ordered the question of Luther to be discussed in Consistory. An Italian member of the Curia shrewdly saw that the Elector had ceased to be a Catholic. He charged Frederick with obstinacy, tyranny, and cruelty, by which he had kindled a fire that it would be difficult to quench; it was to be feared that the Elector in combination with the mortal enemies of the Holy See would seduce all Germany to his errors; religion would be undone if the evil were not boldly faced and the wound cauterized.

Foreseeing a struggle between the Emperor Charles and the King of France for the possession of Italy—to which neither of them had any real right—Hutten cried out to the upper class: "Will not the Germans take up their arms and make an onslaught on Rome with fire and sword?" And Luther, knowing that he deserved to be excommunicated, and anticipating that he would be so, speedily echoed this cry to the masses: "Instead of fighting the Turks in the East, you should rather attack those who are at your very door. . . . The Emperor, Kings, and princes should attack these pests not by words but by the sword . . . . why should not we wash our hands in the blood of Pope, Cardinals, and the brood of the Roman Sodom?" In the course of the year 1520 he published three utterly heretical and revolutionary attacks on the Pope and the Church, and to the third of them he appended an insolent letter addressed to Leo X. personally, the date of which is disputed. His insolence tended to make him popular, for the Germans admire insolence, like all inferior peoples, and as Goethe confesses, "what is vulgar is more apt to prevail with them than with other nations." He set himself to stir up the narrow nationalism, anti-Roman and anti-Catholic, latent in the princes and politicians, and especially (as he knew) in the monasteries more than in the people, and to persuade them that

their ancestors had been simpletons and dreamers when they submitted to Rome, and especially when they supported Gregory VII. against the Emperor Henry IV. And he appealed to the laity by the seductive but delusive doctrine that all members of the Church are equal, that there is no difference between the ordained priest or prelate and the layman, that all Christians are equally priests and equally capable of administering any Sacraments—a doctrine apparently democratic but which soon reduced the Lutheran Church (or rather churches, for there was a distinct one in every province) to the slavery of a department of the State, in a worse than Babylonish captivity. "Of all things what most terrifies wisdom," says Burke, "is epidemical fanaticism, because of all enemies it is that against which she is least able to furnish any kind of resource." Cieco toro avaccio cade che cieco agnello—The blind bull falls with steeper plunge than the blind lamb. (Dante Par. XVI. 70.)

The Apostle tells us that the servant of the Lord must not wrangle but be mild towards all men, admonishing with meekness those that resist the truth. Luther was never a reasoner but a sophist and debater and literary swashbuckler. Whatever abuses may have prevailed, his remedy was worse than the disease. We do not set fire to our house to warm our fingers when they are frost-bitten, or burn it down to roast our pig when we are hungry. The man was not wise who in order to get rid of a hare nibbling his cabbage called the huntsman and the hounds into his garden. A man will not try to repair a clock himself when it is out of order but will take it to the clockmaker; nevertheless, he may be presumptuous enough to think he knows how to revolutionize State or Church, and such men followed Luther; while the great multitude of indolent good, those who lead inoffensive lives but are never alert, allowed themselves to be overborne by an active and violent minority. To Luther it was a matter of indifference whether his revolution was effected by the earthquake of popular commotion or by the thunderbolts of despotism, and his aim was to unite both against the Papacy and the

Church. He poured out a succession of pamphlets like the flood of water out of the Apocalyptic Serpent's mouth..

The "Reformer" was now living in constant fear of assassination, and his friends amused themselves by playing upon his alarms. "Hutten cannot often enough warn me against the danger of poison," he writes. "Some of my friends in Halberstadt have been warned by generous and merciful enemies of mine that a physician who by magic can make himself invisible, has been employed to murder me, and is on his way here for the next Sunday of the showing of the relics." "There is here among us a Polish Jew—a physician of incredible cunning and daring—who has been sent, at a hire of two thousand gold pieces, to destroy me by poison; he has been given away to me by letters from some friends of his." Such was the childish nonsense which filled the mind of this great hero. The excommunication, in case he would not recant, and the probability of the Ban of the Empire now came to add to his alarms. This Papal measure was necessary in order to warn those who were faithful (for even the Primate was so foolish and weak as to be friendly to Luther) and in order not to receive his insults and contumely with passive humiliation and abject imbecility. The publication of the Bull in Germany was entrusted to Aleandro, who was appointed Nuntio, and Eck who had been summoned to Rome by the Pope and now created a Prothonotary, and was selected as a trusty and zealous champion; Cardinal Pole called him the Catholic Achilles. Luther having received assurance of protection from Sickingen and another German Ritter in case that the prudent Elector should fail, now indulged in his love of a sensation by theatrically burning both the Bull and the Body of Canon Law for the entertainment of the youngsters of Wittenberg University and town. He probably is not so proud of this act now as he was then. This provoked an explicit excommunication.

The young Emperor now came over from Spain to be crowned, and held his first Diet at Worms from January to May, 1521. The Nuntio found here that Sickengen, the chief supporter now of the Emperor, was practically Sovereign of

Germany; a legion of armed barons under the leadership of Hutten were thirsting for the blood of the clergy; Hutten's songs in the vernacular threatened bloodshed; the prelates were timid; the clergy, except the parish-priests, were infected. The dragon was already dragging after him with his tail a third part of the stars of heaven. It was the conflict of the world, the flesh, and the devil against the Spirit. The Nuntio was duped by Frederick the hypocrite and thought him right at heart and pious, though surrounded by heretical advisers. He considered Erasmus' gentle and bland ways more dangerous than Luther's violence. The Emperor was sincere and thoroughly in earnest, but Luther had so many partisans that the Emperor was obliged to give the excommunicated and ribald apostate a hearing before the Diet. The Emperor's confessor, a French Franciscan named Glapion, a "liberal and reforming" Catholic akin to Erasmus, now betook himself to Sickengen's castle of Ebernsburg a few miles from Worms, and there met both Hutten and Bucer, an apostate Dominican Friar, and laid before them a plan of reform with which they were satisfied, or professed to be so (for it is difficult to believe that Hutten would regard it as anything more than a first step in the destruction of the Church). Luther was met a few miles on the other side of Worms by Bucer with a message from Glapion and from Sickengen, to escort him to the Castle. The reform which had satisfied Bucer, and Hutten, and Sickengen, —the Pharisee, the Sadducee, and the Herodian—must have gone very far—farther perhaps than any Catholic could lawfully go. But it was at once rejected by Luther. The truth is that his Satanic delusion that the Pope—and the Church too —was anti-Christ kept him from any compromise or the acceptance of any reform.

A Star Fallen from Heaven

The burghers of the towns were naturally the first to welcome the innovators. Luther had a safe-conduct from the Emperor, and the Pope sent word that it should be respected; many of the princes and margraves were more intent upon

other things than upon the defence of the Faith, and agreed with Luther in disliking works of penance and satisfaction. There was therefore no occasion for Luther's braggart defiance of dangers which did not exist. Those who like Frederick had been unable to obtain benefices for their illegitimate sons or brothers were particularly concerned about the abuses in ecclesiastical appointments and about the "grievances of Germany"; and those who aspired to plunder the Church were piously shocked at what they called the avarice of Roman officials. The outcome of Luther's appearance before the Diet was that he was asked to renounce at least the Hussite errors condemned by the Council of Constance, declined to do so, and was allowed to return. A month later, the Emperor having found the majority of the Diet indifferent and neutral, himself placed Luther under the Ban of the Empire; and having received and published the news of the conquest of Mexico, he departed to wage the war with France which had already broken out, in which the predestined defender of the Faith against Protestantism, a young Spanish officer named Ignacio de Loyola, had just received the wound which was the turning-point in his life.

Meanwhile by a secret arrangement of the Elector, some of his men at arms kidnapped Luther on his way home, and secretly conducted him to the Wartburg, a castle on the hill above Eisenach. Frederick appeared surprised at Luther's disappearance and offered to swear that he knew not where he had vanished. The Wartburg was a castle of the old Thuringian Margraves, looking down on the "golden vale" (goldene Aue) of Thuringia with its smiling monastic lands now for plunder. There St. Elizabeth of Hungary had lived, and there a little before her time had been held the Sangerkrieg or Minstrels' Contest, the "War of Wartburg." "The Lutheran theology is crumbling away" wrote George Lewes, three-quarters of a century ago, "but the minstrelsy of which the Germans are proud, daily receives fresh honors." It was now reported that Luther was dead,—that his body had been found in the Thuringian forest with a sword sticking in it;

and the next thing was that the Papists had murdered him. In the Wartburg he laid aside the Friar's habit and was known as Squire George; he let his hair and his beard grow, and wore a sword; he learned to shoot and killed a deer. With all his merry life he suffered mental tortures. The famous Conference with the devil, which may have occurred now, was only a debate in his own imagination, if it is not altogether a deliberate fiction; and his vision of the devil was an hallucination. The devil at whom he threw the ink-bottle was only a blue-bottle fly that had been tormenting him, and pitched on the wall.

He soon showed the world that he was not dead. His great work here was the mistranslation of the New Testament, which was only wax in his hands. There were eighteen German Bibles, and he used some of them. But he now knew his own mastery of direct, clear, and forcible German, and determined to newfangle the Scriptures in the spirit of "Higher Criticism." The book was published in a handy and cheap form. By the force of mere assurance and boldness and of literary style he was able to benumb the intelligence of the simple Germans and hypnotize them to think that they read his doctrine in St. Paul, for the unstable and unlearned wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction. The world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. Mean and abject spirits admire a bold and artful man, though a villain. When he said as to the word "alone" which he inserted after "faith" in Romans III.-28, "Tell them that Luther willed it should be so," he well knew the power of audacity. "If the educated classes in Lutheran Germany were to inform themselves," says Acton after Doellinger, "the dishonesty of Luther in those very things on which the Reformation depended could not be concealed from them. In Prussia there was a conscientious clergyman who taught his parishioners Greek, and then showed them all the passages, especially in the Epistles of St. Paul, which were intentionally altered in the translation. But one of the Protestant leaders impresses on the clergy the danger of allowing the people to know that which ought to be kept

a secret among the learned." 'In truth Luther did not really hold the Scripture to be the supreme judge; the appeal to the Bible alone was meant for the public and the ignorant masses. He was in his heart a rationalist and a fanatic, and a "Higher Critic," for whom the supreme authority was his own mind. He twice said at Worms that he would not abandon his doctrine unless he were convinced by the testimony of Scriptures or "by evident reason." The second time, in the private conference with the Archbishop of Trier, the Chancellor of Baden said to him, "But then you admit a reason superior to the Word of God?" Luther did not answer. Silence gave consent to this inference. His first principle was the infallibility of Martin Luther, and naturally the real genuine infallibility was disgusted with the pretensions of the Church.

The Bottomless Pit is Opened

His ally Bucer was now taken up by the Elector Palatine as his Court Chaplain. The liking for the new religion spread with the rapidity of Arianism. The innovators were welcomed by some of every variety—by lax men desirous of license from good works; by princes eager to appropriate the prerogatives of the Pope and to form churches as mere pillars to their thrones; by nobles impatient to share the plunder of the abbeys and the cathedrals, and adventurers ambitious to found new families; by anti-clericals or men filled with a spirit of opposition and insubordination against the bishops; by simple men allured by the glitter of novelty, weak men estranged by abuses in the church, narrow nationalists who considered a universal church contrary to national independence, suitors irritated by the charges of the Roman Curia, and university professors full of intellectual pride feeling that they were not admired by the Italians,—by all these the spirit of innovation was embraced. Thus, as the author of Hudibras pleasantly says of a later kind of enthusiasts, they—"Had lights where better eyes are blind, as pigs are said to see the wind."

From the Wartburg Luther sent forth his torrent of personal scurrility in reply to the book of Henry VIII. in defense

of the Seven Sacraments. He always could be bold where he was safe from danger, and no doubt his nerve and cheek and his rich store of images from the stable and dunghill were admired by many of his countrymen and feared by others. Its insolence was equalled by the servility of his apology to Henry a few years later when he began to form hopes of winning that king, —an apology which Henry received with the contempt that its meanness deserved. The habitual grossness of his language in public as well as in private growing worse with his years, seems to indicate some disease of the nerves and the brain. And he drew after him with his tail a third part of the stars of heaven.

Luther had already denounced the celibacy of the secular clergy; and now he followed this up by a tract against the monastic vows in fulfilment of his youthful design. Such writings were intended to attract all lax priests and monks who did not want to submit to the discipline which the Church was now beginning to enforce more strictly. Many in order to escape from discipline. did go over to the life which he offered to them. For "the servants of sin are free from righteousness."

From here, too, he wrote the notorious letter to Melanchthon—"Pecca fortiter—sin fearlessly, etc." At a later time his conscience became so darkened and seared that he went far beyond this. He wrote to Jerome Weller: "You have temptations . . . When the devil comes to tempt you, **sin** in hatred of the evil one and to play him a trick . . . Follow my example. I would not enjoy myself so much in eating and drinking were it not to vex Satan. I wish I could discover some new sin that he might learn to his cost that I laugh at all that is sin, and that I do not think my conscience charged with it. Away with the Ten Commandments when the devil comes to torment us." "Christian freedom," said he, "consists in the belief that we require no works for piety and salvation," that is, in freedom from the restraints which the virtues impose on the passions. Can this be called anything but benightment? a judicial blindness by which the very light

within him became darkness, and his conscience seared, so that he took evil for good, and darkness for light.

What austerity, or the profession of it, has been to other religious movements, laxity and license was to Luther's, as it was to Voltaire's irreligious movement. The severe discipline of Calvin and the Puritans was a reaction against the licentiousness encouraged by Luther's and Zuingle's doctrines; yet, as the Presbyterian Sir W. Hamilton remarks, British Protestants have been taught to believe that the Reformation peculiarly promoted chastity against the immorality of the Papists. Luther's preaching and writing were often pious, and in a very enthusiastic strain. But the general tendency and spirit was pernicious, and the more seductive for this mixture of piety; for complete falsehood or evil is not conducive to eloquence, and the human mind, which is corruptible but not constitutionally and utterly vicious, would reject unmixed error and depravity. Luther's piety crying peace, peace! where there is no peace with God, is in effect a pander to laxity and license, Satan disguising himself as an angel of light.

Luther remained hidden in the Wartburg for a year. Carlstadt and other religious Jacobins or Bolshevists were trying to outdo their master in radical revolution, and were inciting the mob of Wittenburg to tear down statues of the saints, smash the windows where the saints were pictured, and abolish the Mass altogether. The pious Elector, who made no effort to repress these disorders, wished Luther to remain at the Wartburg. Luther, however, was unwilling that the people should escape from his own leading and follow others; he had no natural liking for popular tumult. So he hastened to the scene. On the way, he shaved off his beard, had his hair cut, and resumed the religious habit. In his new character of conservative, he hastened to the pulpit and by his wonderful oratory cast a spell upon the people and in a week had restored order, dethroned Carlstadt's influence, and re-established his own.

The Blind Leading the Blind

The right of private judgment and the equality of all men in the church were awkward instruments for a man who wished to put down sectarianism and disorder. He had to establish some distinction by the belief in which he might keep the spirit of schism and heresy safely bottled up and sealed for his own purposes, without endangering himself with the fumes of the poison which he had prepared for the Church alone. Luther appealing to the authority of Tradition is an amusing sight to us. It was not for the purpose of establishing moral order and chastity that he returned to the place where by his aid and Satan had planted his throne. In this spring he preached there the notorious sermon on marriage, which cannot be described in detail in these pages, and with which he was so delighted that he translated it into Latin that it might be circulated abroad. This sermon opened the eyes of Staupitz at last, who wrote to him—"You are applauded by the licentious." And in the same year Luther wrote his letter to the Knights of the Teutonic Order in which he informed them that the concubinage would not be so bad as keeping vows of celibacy, or as obtaining a Papal dispensation to marry. I will let Sir William Hamilton speak of this teaching: "There is no obligation more inculcated by the Gospel than chastity. Take this precept, and take it in the hands of the Reformers. I pass by the Anabaptists, and look to the great authors and guides of the religious revolution itself—Luther and Melanchthon. Even they, great and good as they were, if they had been permitted by the wisdom of the world to carry their speculations into practice, would have introduced a state of things which every Christian of every denomination will now confess would have subverted all that is most sacred. Whither did Luther's zeal carry him? Not content to reason against ecclesiastical celibacy his fervour led him to deny the existence of chastity, as a physical impossibility in every relation—led him publicly to preach (and who ever preached with the energy of Luther?) incontinence, adultery, incest even as not only al-

lowable but even praiseworthy if practised under the prudential regulations which he lays down. The epidemic spread; a fearful dissolution of manners throughout the sphere of his influence was for a season the natural result. The ardour of the boisterous Luther infected others, even the timid and ascetic Melanchthon."

When I reflect on the magical power of Luther's oratory, I am sometimes inclined to think of it as I think of the anti-Christian mockery of Voltaire, and the gross humour of Burns, and the atheistic and immoral poems of Shelley, and perhaps those first books of the Paradise Lost in which Milton makes Satan appear so grand and heroic,—I am inclined to believe that there is a diabolical inspiration, the ape of divine inspiration, assisting men to do what is beyond man, and really the work of the devil even though they do not know it. For there appears to be something great and superhuman in such oratory and poetry and wit, and since it is not divine nor angelic it looks to one as if it were aided by the demon.

"Polygamy," continues Hamilton, "was never abandoned by Luther and Melanchthon as a religious speculation; it only awaited the permission of the civil ruler to be promulgated as an article of the Reformation; and if this permission had not been significantly refused, it would not have been the fault of the fathers of the Reformation if Christian liberty has remained less ample than Mohammedan license." They wrote to Henry VIII. to suggest that he might have two wives at the same time; no doubt they hoped to convert him to the new religion of liberty. They had previously dissuaded the licentious and diseased Landgrave of Hesse from bigamy because it would disgrace the Reformation in the eyes of Catholics and of waverers. When Philip discovered their correspondence with the King of England he insisted on the same privilege. On this occasion certainly the oracle philippized. Luther consented as well as Bucer; and Melanchthon witnessed the marriage, on condition that the Landgrave should keep it secret and tell "a downright lie" (as Luther said) for the good of their religion. "The worst church that ever existed," says the

atheist Morley, "cannot be so disastrous to society as a gospel that systematically relaxes self-control as an unnecessary curtailment of human happiness." The only condition on which Luther could spread his religion widely and obtain influence and authority was that he should connive at moral depravity. His system rested on habitual compromise with corruption. Hence it grew into the very worst element that has appeared in the whole course of European society, until at last the natural conscience of his own spiritual descendants revolted against his doctrine, when they saw its consequences in the Voltairean movement.

This seductive system with its prospects of robbing the monasteries, if not the clergy generally, beginning to be practised in German States and by the Zwinglians in Switzerland, soon began to excite a sympathetic interest in neighbouring countries. In Denmark, the Court appeared to be infected with the spirit of apostasy. The Queen, who was sister of the Emperor, when she visited Germany, associated with the Lutherans and received Holy Communion under both species from them. The King invited Carlstadt, when driven out of Wittenberg, and countenanced him in the capital. The example of Saxony showed for the first time in the history of the world that it was possible to subvert the Church and the whole order of society which was identified more with the Church than with the State, by corrupting princes and nobles and Free Cities (or petty republics) and bad monks with the spoil of church-property. It was by this instrument that the apostate preachers subverted the Church in Northern Germany and throughout the whole North of Europe. The effect of erroneous doctrines might be checked or cured, but the example of shameless licence and successful pillage is a thing that speaks more forcibly to the interests and passions of selfish and corrupt men whether high or low. In 1524 Gustavus Vasa, the upstart King of Sweden, picked a quarrel with Rome and favoured Lutheran innovators.

The wicked and scandalous war waged by the two great Catholic potentates for the possession of Italy and for supre-

macy in Europe kept Catholics in the dominions of both countries and in Italy from caring for the interests of religion. We know by our own bitter experience how war absorbs the whole mind.

The Catholic Reformation

But Spain was full of religious life and missionary zeal; and meanwhile a great regeneration was beginning within the Church in Italy. "Signs of this," says Professor Beesly of London University, "can be detected quite as early as the first rise of Protestantism. It is therefore not to be attributed to Protestant teaching and example, though doubtless the rivalry of the new religion stimulated the best energies of the older." The Cardinals now, on the death of Leo X. elected a reforming Pope, Adrian VI. who might hope for the support of the Emperor, as an earlier Pope Adrian had enjoyed the support of Charlemagne. The Oratory of Divine Love founded in 1516 now had branches in many Italian cities. Very soon came the revival (1522) of the strict observance among the Camaldolese at Masaccio in the Papal State; and the foundation (1524) of the first Order of Clerks Regular by St. Cajetan of Thiene and Archbishop Caraffa who resigned his see, Chieti (Theate) and other benefices from whom their name of Theatini was derived, and who finally was elected Pope (Paul IV.). Immediately after came the Capuchin Strict Observance among the Franciscans; and almost every year saw the institution of one or more new Orders of men or women.



OUR LADY OF GAUDALUPE

Our Lady of Gaudalupe—1531

'Tis noon among the rugged, rocky hills
Of Mexico. Around the mountain's base
The swampy pastures lie, where, drowsily,
The hornless cattle graze. No sound disturbs
The silent air. Up step Tepayacac
(Nose of the Mountain as this hill is call'd)
One solitary figure slowly toils.
His dress bespeaks the Indian race; his name,
Juan Diego (so the legend runs),
An humble convert to the Christian faith.
While toiling up the mountain-side his ear,
Tunèd to the lays of his own people,
And the melodies the Spaniards sing, hears
An unaccustomed song; a sudden burst
Of sweet, harmonious sounds. He turned aside
To learn from whence they came, when, lo, before
His startled eyes, a white, transparent cloud!
Within the cloud, surrounded by a soft
And lovely-tinted rainbow, stood a maid
Of fair and placid countenance, richly clad
In garb of Indian Lady of high rank.
The peasant fearlessly approached. His soul,
So lately bathed in cleansing waters, felt
No superstitious fears; he simply knelt.
"I am the Mother of God," so spake the maid,
"And 'tis my wish a temple should be built
Upon this spot in honor of my Son;
Go tell the Bishop all you've seen and heard."
The vision fades; the lovely fleecy cloud,
Like a light whiff of incense, floats unseen:
Only the rich perfume left, ambrosial;
That hung around the garments of the Queen.

Sweet glimpse of heaven! now gone, and left behind
Only the landscape bare, the whisp'ring wind.

* * * * * * * * * *

Now down from steep Tepayacac
The rustic backward turns;
To tell the wondrous things he's seen
His soul impatient burns;
Nor paused he, till the stately gates
And domes and turrets high,
The city fair of Mexico,
(Rose 'gainst the evening sky).
He passed the gates, with head erect;
He reached the palace door;
But hard to get an entrance there,
So travel-stained and poor,
At last he gained an audience from
The Bishop of the See,
Don Fray Juan de Zumarrago;
A mighty churchman he!
He listened to the Indian's tale;
He heard the message given;
"But how am I to know," quoth he,
"This message comes from Heaven?
This youth, no doubt, a convert is,
Zealous and true perchance;
Yet tinged with superstition's curse,
I see it at a glance.
The chimeras of his old belief
Cling round him still I see;
No visions cometh in these days,
Well! not to such as he.
Go home and tend thy flocks, poor boy,
And leave to wiser brains
Such things mysterious. Dream no more, I pray,
Or keep thy dreams for night, not bright noon-day."

* * * * * * * * * *

Disheartened and dismayed, the Indian turned
Back to his home beyond the hills again.
There, finding that his uncle lay at point
Of death, and no one near to shrive his soul,
He went next morn in search of confessor;
No short-cut o'er the mountain did he seek,
For fear he would the Indian Lady meet;
But skirting round the hill-side base, he came
To where the mineral spring upgushed its spray;
And, dancing in the sunlight, shed a ray
Of joyfulness and peace upon his sight.
And, standing by the fountain's brink, once more
He saw the face and form he dared not meet;
But she, with smile angelic, and with voice so sweet,
Said, "Be of good cheer, my son, thy uncle still
Shall live. His malady is cured. And thou,
Go up yon mountain-height, and bring to me
The roses that on the summit grow."
Now, Juan knew full well no roses grew,
Nor any flower, or herb, or tree, upon
That rocky ridge; but how could he refuse
Obedience to his Queen? So, cheerfully,
He went to do her bidding. There, indeed,
Upon the mountain top, fresh bloomed the rose!
He gathered all the blossoms sweet, and came,
Radiant with pleasure, down the rocky path,
That led to her, and placed them in her hands.
One moment her soft fingers fluttered o'er
The rosy blooms; then with a heavenly smile
Of thanks, she bade him hold his tilma forth
(A sort of cloak it was the Indians wore).
Into the outstretched folds she threw the flowers,
And bade him hasten to the Bishop's feet,
And bear them as a token of his truth.
So Juan sped, on wings of love, yet still,
With many a backward glance upon the hill
Where bloomed the rose; and on the fountain's brink

Where stood the Maid; but all in vain! in vain!
The sighing winds low murmur the refrain;
"That vision thou shalt never see again."

* * * * * * * * *

Once more within the palace halls he stands,
His tilma tightly clutch'd within his hands;
So earnest and impassioned were his words,
So firm and calm his look, that no one dared
To bar his way. And this was audience day,
And scattered round the spacious hall in groups,
Full many a high ecclesiastic stood:
In serious converse some, of sombre mien;
While others chatted low, in merry strain,
Or told, perchance, the latest news from Spain.
And through the storied windows many-rayed
The morning glory of the sunlight strayed.
A sudden hush! Down the white marble steps,
With stately trailing robes, the Prelate came;
His keen eye glancing o'er the waiting throng
Rested on Juan. He approached the boy
With a faint suspicion of surprise, to see
Such calm persistence in such humble guise.
Juan, full mindful of rebuke bestowed,
Erewhile, in faltering tones, began his tale;
But, gathering courage as he went, let fall
The ends that held his robe, that he might show
(Triumphant proof) the Roses there concealed.
He dropt the folds, and down they softly rolled
Upon the tiled floor. Glistening with dew,
In rosy splendor bright, unheeded there
They lay; for every eye within that hall
Was riveted upon the outstretched robe
From whence they fell, and this was what they saw;
A common cloth of native fibre wove:
Two yards in length, and 'bout a yard in width,

And, painted on this background rough, there glowed
In colors, rich, harmonious, startling, clear,
A life-like picture of the vision seen
By young Diego. On the perfect lip
The smile still lingers; o'er the shapely brow,
Serene and guileless, rests the golden crown;
The hands are meekly folded on the breast.
Her robe, the color of the rosy hue
That floods the sunset-west when day declines,
Glinted with gold embroideries. Like a veil
Her sea-green mantle falls from head to foot
In graceful folds. Set in the sunrays bright,
Beneath her feet the crescent moon's pale light.
A Queen indeed! the gracious Queen of Heaven!
But yet, in Indian guise to mortals given.
One moment's breathless calm! One thrill of awe
Then down on bended knee, bishop and priests
With reverent fingers gather up the robe,
And bear the precious relics to the shrine,
Within the oratory. Then poor Juan,
Who, with unconscious grace and sparkling eyes,
Had stood aloof, a stranger mid the throng,
Slowly turned, and said, "*You have the painting,*
Masters; but I have seen the living Queen."
But later on he guided them beyond
The city's gates. Through the long avenues
Of cypresses in close procession file
They followed him to steep Tepeyacac,
And to the Mineral Spring, the lonely spots
Where Heaven's Mistress deign'd to seek our earth,
And chose as medium for her sweet commands
A simple Indian boy, that all his race,
Down-trodden 'neath the Spaniard's yoke, might know
They had a patroness, an advocate,
To plead for them before the throne of God
Till time shall be no more.

Obedient to this Heavenly Queen's behest,
Upon the sacred spot where she appeared,
There rose at once an humble hermitage,
Which grew in time to that most glorious fane,
That gem of art, dear to the Mexican heart,
The grand Cathedral Shrine of Guadalupe.

M. O'C.



THE VIRGIN MOTHER

To Honest and Intelligent Inquirers.

By Rev. Michael Joseph Watson, S.J.

MANY from their earliest years are misinformed regarding Catholic doctrine and grow up full of false knowledge and prejudice. Their imagination presents them with a revolting caricature of the Church: and it is no wonder that they cry out against Catholicity as something evil and hateful. They never reflect that three hundred and fifty millions of Catholics are not devoid of common sense and honesty in a matter that is inseparably connected with peace of conscience during life and with eternal welfare after death. Nor do they consider how a multitude of sober-minded and learned men have rejected Protestant systems and embraced Catholicism. Those converts acted thus, because they were convinced that in the Catholic religion alone God's truth was to be found.

Catholics surely are the best judges of the faith which they hold and which they prize above every earthly blessing; and it is only reasonable to accept the statement which they put forward as expressing accurately their personal belief; it is absurd, they allege, to regard as trustworthy the misrepresentations of their opponents.

One chief point which Protestants condemn is the honour which Catholics pay to the Virgin Mother of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Even those who eventually become Catholics say that, when they were Protestants, they held in good faith that such honour was wrong.

THE TEACHING OF COMMON SENSE.

To find out the real nature of an action or a statement, a principle of plain, practical common sense urges us to get at the belief and intention of the maker of the statement or the

doer of the action; and it is reasonable in business and politics to accept the view which an opponent puts forward as the only one which expresses his mind with truth and accuracy. In a similar reasonable spirit we should obtain from Catholics an account of their belief and accept willingly the statement of their views and intentions in the practice of their religion. In paying honour to the Blessed Virgin no Catholic dreams of according Divine worship such as he gives to the Infinite Creator, and underlying any exuberance of his language or posture is the implicit denial to her of any such divine worship. He knows well that, however holy she is and whatever gifts she has received from her Maker, she is but a human being like himself, and he would rightly regard as heresy and blasphemy the deliberate giving to her the honour which is due to God alone. This statement sets forth clearly the true mind, the true intention of every Catholic, as well as the true doctrine of the Church, in honouring her who is the Mother of the Divine Redeemer of the human race. The Collyridians in the 4th century were a sect who worshipped Mary as a goddess, offering her sacrifice. They were condemned as guilty of the heretical assumption that the Blessed Virgin was something more than human, and St. Euphanius, an ancient Doctor of the Church, denounced in his writings their pernicious beliefs and practice. A Catholic, no doubt, asks the Blessed Virgin's prayers, for he is intimately convinced that God enables her to know His suppliant invocation and that it is just as lawful to request her to intercede for him as it is to ask the prayers of fellow-Christians on earth. Her prayers are heard by God in the same way as He hears the petitions of good men still living in this world.

The continual prayers of a just man availeth much."—St. James, V., 16.

When, after Our Lord's Ascension, the Apostles returned to Jerusalem and in an upper room were preparing for the coming of the Holy Ghost, they were assisted on that solemn occasion by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, for Holy Scripture says, "All these were persevering with one mind in prayer with

the women and Mary, the mother of Jesus." Christians were then blameless in seeking Mary's intercession, and is it not absurd to consider them worthy of severe condemnation if they did precisely the same the moment after her death?

II.

If, in estimating the number of Protestants,, we take no account of agnostics, sceptics, and those who do not admit that Christ is the Second Person of the Trinity made flesh, we find that they are not more than 160 millions, while Catholics with the Christians of Russia and the East make up the vast majority of professing followers of Christ and certainly exceed 450 millions. These millions, as is well known, are united in the honour which they pay the Mother of their Saviour and in the constant practice of invoking her intercession with God. Is it reasonable to suppose that, desirous as they are to secure for themselves entrance into God's eternal kingdom, they deliberately rob the Almighty of the worship which is His due and give it to a being created by His hands? Is not such a supposition manifest nonsense?

Again, when Protestants enter the Catholic Church, as so many have done within the last 50 or 60 years in England and America, one of the first errors they are instructed to renounce is the Protestant view of what they had themselves perhaps often called Mariolatry. By their conversion their eyes are opened and they see clearly how mistaken were the opinions which they had held on the subject.

Let us now examine the plain and straightforward teaching of the Catholic Church regarding the Virgin Mother of Our Saviour. In the first place, it is well to state what the Church does not believe or teach on this important subject:

(a) She does not teach that Mary is, in any respect, the equal of God, nor does she allow her children to set the Blessed Virgin, in theory or practice, above Our Divine Lord.

(b) She does not believe or teach that the Virgin Mother has the power to grant us any gift or grace independently of God; and prayer inspired by the persuasion that Mary has

such power she holds in abhorrence and condemns. In sanctioning devotional practices in Mary's honour she does not believe that this honour is displeasing to God, or that it lessens, in any degree, the supreme adoration which belongs to the Creator.

(c) She does not believe or teach that Mary's intercession, or that of any of God's servants in Heaven, interferes with Christ's mediation as our One Advocate. Mary's prayers are accepted by the Father through the infinite merits of His Son, exactly in the same way as He accepts the prayers we offer for one another on earth. If it is not wrong to ask the living to pray for us, how can it be wrong to make a like request of those who are living in Heaven? St. Paul says (I Tim. ii., 5, 6): *For there is one God and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus, Who gave Himself as a redemption for all.* Here Christ is declared to be our One Mediator of Redemption and of intercession by His own merits. All others have access to the Father only through the Son, and can act as intercessors in this sense alone, that they must present the merits of Christ's Passion and Death as the sole reason why their prayers should be heard. Hence, all petitions in the Sacred Liturgy and in our prayerbooks conclude with the words, "Through Our Lord Jesus Christ." The power of interceding which the Blessed Virgin and Saints possess is a privilege granted them by Christ. and is based on His merits.

(d) In calling Mary the Mother of God the Church does not mean that she is the Mother of the Divinity, which is eternal and infinite. The General Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, decreed that this title of Mother of God (Theotokos) should be given to Mary in order to safeguard the true Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation attacked by Nestorius. For if the Son that was born of her was not truly God, then the reality and efficacy of the Redemption cannot be maintained, since, in that case, the Blood shed upon the Cross for the world's ransom would be the blood, not of an Incarnate God, but simply of a man. From the substance of the Holy Virgin, God the Son, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, took the perfect human nature, which He united to Himself hypostatically, and hence she is rightly called the Mother of God, the Person to whom she gave birth being "God of God, Light of Light, True God of True God." To deny her this title betrays ignorance of the doctrine of

the Incarnation, and is the act, not of a true Christian, but of a Nestorian. Luther, after breaking away from the Catholic Church, speaks thus of Mary's dignity as Mother of God: "Therefore in a word all dignities are embraced in her when we call her the Mother of God; no one can speak greater things of her, or to her, if he had as many tongues as there are leaves and blades of grass, stars in the firmament, and grains of sand in the ocean" (Luther's Deutsche Schriften," vol. xiv., p. 250). And at page 287 of the same volume xiv., Luther concludes his commentary on the "Magnificat" with these words: "Here we shall come to a conclusion, and beg of God a right understanding of this 'Magnificat,' that it may not only enlighten and speak but burn and live in body and soul. May Christ vouchsafe this grace through the intercession and favour of His dear Mother Mary." Calvin, too, speaks in a similar strain. He says: "We cannot acknowledge the blessings brought us by Jesus without acknowledging, at the same time, how highly God honoured and enriched Mary by choosing her for the Mother of God." ("Comment. sur l'harmon, Evang., p. 30, Geneva. 1563).

IV.—What Catholics Do Believe.

The teaching of the Catholic Church regarding the honor given to the Virgin Mother is summed up in the following paragraphs:

1. God is the Creator of all things, visible and invisible, and the whole universe, in comparison with Him, Who is eternal and infinite, is absolutely insignificant and as if it had no being whatever. To Him is due the highest worship, the supreme adoration, which it is not lawful to give to any other. "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." Hence, to Him alone is offered in the Church the highest act of adoration, that of sacrifice—namely, the August Sacrifice, or "Clean Oblation," daily renewed for the living and the dead on the Christian Altar, the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

2. Mary is merely a creature—that is, a created and finite being, the work of God's hands. All that she is, and all that she possesses, she has received from Him, and it would be both

blasphemy and heresy to worship her as the Eternal and Infinite God is worshipped. Every Catholic, every convert, holds most firmly that the honour accorded to Mary detracts in no wise from the reverence and worship which we owe to the Creator.

3. Neither reason nor faith forbids us to honor Mary and the Saints with an inferior or creature worship and veneration. The principle on which we accord them this worship is that of honouring God in His works. If the heavens show forth the glory of the Creator, that glory is shown still more strikingly in the wonders of holiness which His right hand has wrought in Mary and His other faithful servants, and for those wonders He is infinitely adorable and worthy of praise. The Saints are saints only because the Lord bestowed on them His grace and favour, and in crowning them He crowns, as St. Augustine says, His own gifts. Thus we seek to honour the Workman by honouring His works, and to imitate God Himself, Who honours the Saints here on earth, and gives them in Heaven a crown of glory that shall never fade.

4. We acknowledge frankly that, to an outsider who does not look at the matter from our point of view, the prominence which the Church gives in her rites and ceremonies to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints must appear excessive. But let such a one put away prejudice, and, for the moment at least, take to himself a Catholic frame of mind, and all difficulty will speedily vanish. He will then see God, the Triune God, as the supreme object of all Catholic worship, especially in the great Sacrifice of the Mass, offered throughout the earth every hour from the rising to the setting of the sun. He will behold how, in the Church, which is the Mystical Body of Christ, Jesus as the Head abides, lives and works; and how He gives Himself to us at the Consecration in the Mass to be the companion of our exile in the Adorable Eucharist, and bestows Himself in Holy Communion by a perfect union, through His Sacred Flesh, of grace and love. Jesus Christ is the centre, or sun, round which all our great Catholic rites revolve—Mass, Vespers and Benediction. We place upon the walls of our churches a series

of pictures which represent the various scenes of His Passion and Death, and we go in pilgrimage from one to another, meditating with sympathizing heart on His sufferings. We set above the altar His crucified image, and in many shapes, by sculpture and painting, we keep before us His beloved figure lest we should forget what we owe to Him for the immense benefits of His Redemption. It is this passionate devotion to Jesus Christ which lends meaning and justification to every Sacrament, every sacramental, every symbol, and every ceremony in the Catholic Church. And it is for His sake, too, that we honour His Mother and His friends the Saints. His Mother especially do we honour, for no good son could feel otherwise than pleased at the honour shown to the mother who gave us such a Son; and if, on earth, the queen-mother is honoured because of her close relationship to the King, why should not Mary be honoured, since she is the Mother of the King of Kings? No honour (short of the adoration due to the Godhead) that we can offer could equal the honour conferred on her by the Eternal Father in making her the Mother of the Word Incarnate. To safeguard as completely as possible the adoration which must be given to God alone, the Church calls it "latria," while she designates the veneration or inferior worship accorded to the Saints by the term "dulia," a distinction which is approved by St. Augustine in his treatise "De Trinit," L.I., c. 6, and "Contra Faustum," L.XX., c.44. The inferior or creature worship which we honour the Blessed Virgin on account of her exalted dignity is the same in kind as that given to Angels and Saints, but greater in degree, and hence it is called "hyperdulia," which is a subdivision of "dulia." Such distinctions are not a mere matter of education or theology, but one of common sense, practical and obvious to the humblest and least educated of the faithful, who are carefully trained, from earliest years, in the correct exercise of worship and prayer.

5. (a) As the God Man's honour and infinite sanctity demand, the Church teaches, and all Catholics believe, that His Mother was conceived and born free from original sin

through the merits of her Son and Saviour; this immunity, or exemption, from all original stain is called the Blessed Virgin's Immaculate Conception.

(b) The Church, also, teaches, and all Catholics believe, that the Mother of Jesus was at all times a virgin—that is, a virgin before the Birth of Christ, a virgin in His birth, and a virgin ever after.

(c) Moreover, the Church holds as a certain truth, which all Catholics believe, that after death the Blessed Virgin's body was, by God's power, preserved from corruption, and was borne, united with the soul, into Heaven.

6. The only power which Mary possesses is that of interceding for us before God's throne. In asking her prayers, we can never go higher than the words, "Pray for us," because, no matter what may be the exuberance or seeming extravagance of our language or posture, it is not lawful to do more than ask her intercession. The nature of the worship must be judged by the doctrine, not the doctrine by the worship; in other words, external prayers and rites should be interpretated by the internal intention of him who exhibits veneration, and the internal intention in such veneration must always be that which is in consonance with the Church's teaching. Should anyone rush to excess in this matter, he would be quickly set right in the tribunal of penance, for no spiritual director would for a moment tolerate any theoretical or practical error in doctrine.

7. The prayer which is approved by the Church to be offered to the Blessed Virgin consists mainly of the words addressed to her by the Angel Gabriel and her couin, St. Elizabeth. From its first words it is called the "Hail Mary." It runs thus:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The first prayers learned by every Catholic child are the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," and these prayers are repeated many times every day all through life. They are repeated thus in the chief devotions in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and in particular in the Rosary.

Little Wild Rose

Little wild rose,
Do you suppose
I could pass you by
With your peaceful eye?
Although you lie
Close to the mold
And earthy mire,
You've a heart of gold
And lips of fire,
Blushing, half seen,
In the shady green.

Little wild rose,
You grow as grows
True Modesty—
Simplicity,
That draws not nigh
The public gaze,
Veiling virtue
With becoming grace,
Known to but few;
Tenderly blithsome,
Gracefully lithsome.

Little wild rose,
Your seclusion shows,
Pretty child
Of the woodland wild,
You are meek and mild.
How like the way
Of the very best
In Life's hard day,
Put to the test:
Praying and soothing,
Tending and loving.

Frederick B. Fenton.

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

"Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God, Who made him, sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray,
For the glory of the garden, that it may not pass away,
And the glory of the garden *it shall not pass away!*"

—Kipling.

THE garden, as a "thing of beauty" and "a joy forever," is a product of the Orient. Long before the dawn of European civilization, while that continent was still clad in gloomy forests, the haunt of the wild bear and the wolf, Assyrian and Persian monarchs gloried in their Paradises, or pleasure gardens. Indeed, since that first day when "The Lord God planted a Paradise of Pleasure, wherein He placed the man whom He had formed—and brought forth from the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold and pleasant to eat of,"—the garden has been the invariable expression and accompaniment in the East, whether in the palace or more humble habitation, of all that in which the soul of man could find delight. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, so elaborately described by Strabo and Diodorus Siculus and reckoned by them as one of the seven wonders of the world, were perhaps among the first of these delectable retreats to impress themselves upon our early recollections. But the gardens of Solomon, and of Cyrus must have been close seconds in artificial magnificence, while possessing far greater natural advantages. Central Asia is the home-land of flowers; Byron's "land of the citron and myrtle." Within its sunkissed valleys have bloomed immemorially the rose, the lily, and the laurel, jasmine, pomegranite, and orange blossom, whose praises have been sung by Eastern poets of every age. From their association with the Persians, the Greeks, first of all Europeans, learned the art of gardening, which in turn, they communicated to the Romans who, later, became apt pupils of their Greek subjects in all parts of civilization. The Vale of Tempe, the Academus of Athens, and other public gardens in Greece were noted for

their beauty. But as wealth and luxurious tastes advanced, the whole coast of the Mediterranean boasted a series of flower-embossed villas, while Roman nobles vied with one another in the splendor of their gardens. The pride of the Roman garden was perpetuated in those of Italy. It is on these Italian gardens that we love to linger,—partly because they became later, with certain modifications for climate and local flora, the model and exemplar of all modern, European gardens, and especially of the stately gardens of the English aristocracy,—but more largely because around them cluster so many historic and literary associations. They are the gardens where the Medici held their court—where Tasso composed and recited his "Jerusalem Delivered," encouraged by the smiles and plaudits of the fair Leonora D'Este: Where Petrach sang of his "Golden-haired Laura," or where a Cardinal D'Este looked down from the commanding heights of his villa, at Tivoli upon the softly playing fountains and shady groves below. In gardens such as these, Dante walked amid the olives and ilexes of his native Florence, or in exile, amid the more gloomy cypresses of Ravenna. They are the gardens, too, as we shall see later, of the great Religious foundations. Both Nature and venerable traditions urged the modern Roman and Tuscan to revive the art of gardening brought to such high perfection in earlier days. "Men read Quintillian and Varro and pondered over the pages of Pliny and Colurnella," all famous lovers of gardens. Dame Nature did the rest. Tuscan poets and Renaissance humanists alike; Boccaccio and Bembo; Poliziano and Ariosto, with many a minor singer, raised their voices in praise of fair bowers filled with singing birds and gaily colored flowers, of the joys of the fresh Spring breezes and bright Italian sunshine;—of shady groves as well, to temper the heat, where hidden waters purled and fountains shed a misty spray, exhaling delicious coolness. Even a grave jurist of Bologna, Piere Crescenzi, stole time from his legal duties to write a treatise on agriculture, the 8th book of which was devoted to the "giardino," or pleasure garden, as distinguished from the humbler "orto" for fruit and vegetables:

and so arose gardens fair and stately; also "piccola ma graziocs," like that in which the Poet Petrach, already alluded to, spent his declining days. Such was the "glory of the garden" in the days of Italy's Renaissance! That her gardens surpassed those of other countries was largely due to the political disturbances of the times. Southern Spain possessed indeed some enchanting gardens, but there were few or none to sing of them, and it is an Italian poet who acquaints us with the happy lot of certain monks in an Andalusian "Certosa," who at death, had only to pass from "an earthly to a heavenly Paradise." The States of Northern Spain were far too fiercely engaged in expelling the Moslem invader to bethink themselves of gardens, while France, exhausted by her hundred years war with England, needed all her resources to rebuild and defend her feudal towers rather than surround them with pleasant enclosures. It was not until the time of the "grand Monarque," Louis XIV., that the gardens of France became noted, through the fame of Versailles and the Petit Trianon—The gardens of which the Hollanders boasted at about the same time, were rather the result of a passing extravagant speculation in the import and culture of certain flowers (which has become known to history as the "Tulip-Mania,") than of any deep-seated love of nature. As speculation and the prospects of gain ceased, these same gardens sank into humble mediocrity. Meanwhile, the fame of Italy's culture in the golden days of her Renaissance attracted many well-known English scholars thither; men, too, of the deepest spirituality who dreamed of a universal Utopia about to be realized, in which all earthly art and science were to become the handmaids of Religion. Sir Philip Sidney wrote, in pastoral phrase, of this fair dawn, which "did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun." While Sir Thomas Moore merely states in more sober prose that the citizens of his Utopia "did set great store on their gardens." Although the bitter fruit of the Protestant Reformation shattered these Utopian dreams, yet the tie between Italy and England has never been wholly broken. Shake-

speare still drew from her the material for his plays. Evelyn and, later, Byron and Shelly, still carried on the Anglo-Italian tradition, while Italy's influence as we have stated, is still noticeable in the garden architecture of England's stately homes. Not only the pleasure lovers of the Renaisance, however, but the great Religious foundation of Italy, both monastic and charitable, boasted their gardens of great extent and beauty. The princely character of these latter are doubtless largely due to the patronage of the noble houses of Italy almost all of whom founded or patronized some famous monastery or "ospedale," endowing it generously with works of art within and surrounding it with luxurious gardens. Often retiring thither themselves for rest or spiritual consolation. Well known are the grounds of the famous Pavian Certosa, said to be the most magnificent monastery in the world, built by Lodovico Sforza, who chose it for the resting-place of his young wife, Beatrice, and passionately loved daughter, Bicinca. Scarcely less beautiful from its position and charming prospects, is the sister Certosa of the Vale d'Erna, near Florence. While the fame of the Vatican Gardens is world wide. Less widely known than the monastic gardens of Italy, but scarcely less worthy of fame, are those of her "ospedale." "Italy kept the palatial style, or established hospitals in cool, lofty ceiled cloisters, surrounding luxurious gardens, well adapted to a hot climate," writes Miss Dock in her excellent "History of Nursing." The stately "Ospedale Civile" in Venice, 600 years ago a Dominican Monastery. The Ospedale Maggiore of Milan, with that of the Santa Maria Nuova, at Florence, founded by the father of Dante's Beatrice, and some of the monastic hospitals of Naples, are examples of this, at which we can only glance. A final thought suggests itself in connection with the "glory of the garden," on which we would willingly linger for a brief moment. It is that of the spiritual application of the imagery of the garden to the needs and aspirations of the soul. There would seem to be a special fitness in such application, as attested by the many books of popular devotion published in the Middle Ages, based upon such sym-

bolism, and known under the titles of the "Garden," or the "Paradise of the Soul." Its usage, too, has been confirmed by the sanction of Holy Scripture itself; and surely nothing can approach in beauty of diction and symbolism to the inspired language of the Canticle of Canticles, the true garden of the soul; the treasure-house of mystical communion of the Bride with her Divine Lover. Once more we are brought into the glowing atmosphere of the East, redolent with the sweet odors of balsam and spice. The plants of this garden are a "Paradise of pomegranites with the fruits of the Orchard, Cypress with Spikenard;—Spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of Libanus: myrrh and aloes, with all the chief perfumes. The fountain of gardens; the well of living waters, which run with a strong stream from Libanus. Arise, O North Wind, and come, O South Wind! Blow through my garden and let the aromatical species thereof flow forth! Let my Beloved come into His garden and eat the fruit of His apple trees! I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valleys and to look if the vineyard had flourished and the pomegranites budded—In our gates are all fruits; the new and the old, my Beloved, I have kept for Thee."—In the language of the garden then, we would wish to each loving heart, to each wistful soul who would reach out "through nature unto Nature's God," all the sweet flowers of the Springtide, the lily of purity, the violet of hiddenness, the rose of charity; and in the summertime of life, the ripening fruit, glowing, luscious, "fair to behold and good for man to eat of; which may need the sacrifice of leaf and blossom, such pruning may expose them to the ripening action of the sun. But when autumn is come and the fruit is garnered, when the warning voice of the Wind is heard sighing through the trees, then may the very leaves of your garden turn to scarlet and gold that clad in the livery of her King and scattering sunshine to the breeze, the soul may sink to her rest beneath a bridal veil of whitest snow.

Edith R. Wilson.



Rev. Bro. M. Vital, F.S.C.

A YOUNG WORKMAN'S VOCATION

By Rev. Brother M. Vital, F.S.C., a Client of the Sacred Heart.

"Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection."—*Eighth Promise of the Lord.*

IN the midst of the strain and stress of the modern world and the tremendous strides towards material and scientific progress wherein the place of religion and the very existence of the supernatural are often ignored, it is encouraging, not to say inspiring, to come across a life of deep spirituality and of remarkable religious influence and achievement. Such lives are most often "hidden with Christ in God," yet sometimes, through the action of Divine Providence, they are suddenly thrust upon the world's notice and serve to remind us of the active presence of the Holy Spirit and of the one supreme purpose of our earthly existence. But a few years ago there passed to his reward a humble religious—a Brother of the Christian Schools—the story of whose edifying life is attracting the attention of many. To the readers of the "Lilies" it should be of interest and to some soul it may even prove a beacon-light, indicating a haven wherein to realize its life's ambition.

Early Life.

In the village of St. Margaret, Dorchester County, Que., Joseph Eugene Gagnon, the subject of this sketch, was born November 8, 1868. He came of one of those sturdy French-Canadian families wherein the deep religious spirit prepares and maintains a soil most favorable to the production of ecclesiastical and religious vocations. In fact, of the fifteen children with which God blessed this happy home, two entered the sacred priesthood, two became Christian Brothers, and two joined religious sisterhoods. What Catholic home would not envy such a record as a result of the proper training of the children!

From his pious mother, Eugene learned to fear sin as the greatest of evils; and from his hard-working father, the lesson of industry and a love of prayer. In this school of virtue, thanks to his own good dispositions, the boy became the model for the children of his age. As he grew older, his modest demeanor, his reserve in speech, and his respectful submission to his parents were especially noted. It seemed evident that the young man was destined for some special calling and, indeed, our dear Lord, Who gazed with love upon his pure and generous heart, was leading him gently towards the religious life.

While awaiting a more definite call, Eugene hesitated as to his future career. The world, though as yet little known to him, smiled upon him; even marriage was suggested; but a trip to California, which gave him a glimpse of the dangers and deceits of the world, thoroughly disgusted him with its moral miseries. Fearing for his soul's salvation amid such perils, young Gagnon returned to his native land and determined to enter a religious congregation.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, which one of his brothers had already entered, seemed to attract him, but not having had the opportunity of much education, he hesitated to apply for admission to a teaching community. In his perplexity he was reminded by a friend that in a large religious family like that of St. De La Salle everyone's talents can be utilized. Was he not strong and robust and a skilled tradesman? And his friend added under his breath: "No religious congregation would refuse so pure and brave a soul as his."

Religious Career.

On January 31, 1895, Eugene Gagnon entered the Novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Montreal, and on May 4th of the same year—then the feast of the holy Founder, St. De La Salle,—he was clothed in the holy habit of the Teacher-Saint and received the name Brother Vital. From the first he ranked among the most fervent novices. Older

than most of his companions—he was then twenty-six—he was distinguished from them only by his greater silence, spirit of prayer, and regularity. These virtues were to distinguish his whole career.

When his period of probation was completed, Brother Vital left to obedience the assignment of his duty. He had but one desire: to live hidden and unknown of men. This was fully gratified, for his whole religious life was passed in the humble offices of gardener and carpenter at the Brothers' Mother House at Montreal, save for one year spent at the Agricultural College conducted by the Brothers at Igny, France. So modest a career as this furnishes little matter for curiosity. No one would dream of reviewing such a life-story were it not one of intense spiritual activity, of fervent piety, perfect obedience, and self-mastering mortification.

The chief characteristic of this holy Brother's life was his uninterrupted union with God in prayer. It occupied his whole day and part of the night. Going to and fro about his work, he prayed, and frequently paused in his occupations to adore God. As the Holy Eucharist is the center of the Church's worship, so did Brother Vital's mind and heart gravitate towards the Chapel wherein dwelt the Prisoner of Love. His reverent posture of adoration and his glowing countenance before the Tabernacle recalled the adoring angels so often pictured around the Altar Throne. It is not surprising that, according to the testimony of his confessors, God bestowed upon him the rare grace of lofty mystical contemplation in reward for such a life of prayer.

But with this good religious, obedience controlled everything, his prayers and his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament as well as the details of his daily labor. When his services were requested for other duties than those prescribed to him, he sought permission and then gladly and kindly responded to the call of charity. His penances were constant and universal, but they too were subject to obedience. The hair-shirt, the discipline, fasts and vigils, all the various forms of mortification practised by the saints were familiar to him.

Still, in the exact observance of his Rule he recognized the authentic penitential practices that God asked him. "My Rule," he would say, "is my life; I reserve all my strength for its faithful observance." He was, in fact, a living copy of the Rule and, when occasion offered, its support and champion.

A striking characteristic of Brother Vital's devotions was what we may call their catholicity. Neither in his prayers nor his penances was there the least selfishness; his intentions included all the souls of the just and sinners. "O Jesus," he wrote, "extend the kingship and the love of Thy Sacred Heart unto all souls and all hearts for time and eternity." The indifference of the lukewarm and the estrangement of sinners made him sigh: "Is it possible that souls created for God can serve Him so badly?" He had likewise a great devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Early in life he had made the Heroic Act in their favor and he multiplied his penances for them.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus was the source of this apostolic zeal. This holy religious may be said to have adopted all the practices of this devotion. He never let pass an opportunity to speak of the Sacred Heart and then he was especially eloquent. A long formula of Consecraton that he often repeated shows that his entire life was but one Act to the Sacred Heart. Every Thursday night he made the Holy Hour and on the First Friday of the month he would spend the greater part of the day before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Every year he practised special mortifications for thirty-three days before the Feast of the Sacred Heart. His favorite subjects of meditation were those two miracles of Our Lord's love: The Cross and the Eucharist. Perhaps he had made a vow, offering himself as a victim of love. At any rate, the following prayer of his is expressive of that idea: "My Saviour Jesus, I offer myself to Thy agonizing Sacred Heart as a victim of love, even as Thou didst offer Thyself to Thy Eternal Father in the words: 'Thy will be done.' "

It is not surprising that the Divine Heart of Jesus seems

indeed to have granted to His fervent client an extraordinary supernatural strength to carry on to the end a life so fervently begun. His unswerving constancy was not the least remarkable of this good Brother's characteristics. Throughout the twenty-nine years of his religious life, he never relaxed a moment. This is the unanimous testimony of the Brothers who lived with him until he died.

Last Illness and Death.

Already on two or three previous occasions a notable decline in Brother Vital's health had alarmed those about him, so that a weakness which overcame him in March, 1924, was not, at first, a cause of surprise. However, it obliged him to be removed to the Infirmary of the Mother House at Laval des Rapides, Que., where for three months he sanctified himself yet more by prayer and suffering.

When the month of June came the sick Brother had a presentiment that the end was near. He hoped that, in answer to his prayer, our dear Lord would call him to Himself on the Feast of His Sacred Heart, but in postponing that call till the feast of the Visitation, He seemed to wish to leave to Our Most Blessed Mother the pleasure of presenting this holy soul to Him.

It was, then, on July 2, 1924, that the news spread that Brother Vital was dying. His two brothers, priests, and many of his Brothers in religion hastened to his bedside, desirous to witness "the death of a saint." The dying man was so perfectly calm that it seemed incredible that death was near. However, as his weakness increased and he had previously received all the last rites of the Church, one of the priests began the Prayers for the Dying. When the "Proficisoere" was reached, as though the departing soul were awaiting the command of obedience, it quietly passed away at the words: "Go forth, Christian soul, out of this world."

All who were present at this blessed death felt the impression as of a profound peace. They had lost a great ser-

vant of God on earth, but had gained an intercessor in Heaven. The ordinary prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of the dear departed, but many felt rather inclined to confidently invoke his aid and God appeared to confirm this sentiment. It has been affirmed by many that they have received great spiritual and temporal favors after making novenas to the departed Brother.

While the body of the deceased lay in state in the Chapel of the Mother House, the Rev. Chaplain's mother was relieved of a large swelling by the application of a piece of linen that had belonged to him. A Brother who had been suffering from nervous prostration for six months regained his health on the second day of a novena in which he had appealed to the intercession of Brother Vital. A boy who was dangerously ill was, likewise, declared out of danger following a novena.

Even during his life-time, Brother Vital's prayers were sought and remarkably answered. Rev. J. DeBray, pastor of St. Edward's parish, Napierville, Que., wrote on February 21, 1928:

"For more than fifteen years my mother had a tumor on her right knee of about five inches in diameter. On Ash Wednesday, 1924, this tumor opened as the result of a blow and the wound was very ugly. Dr. Gariepy advised an operation, but remarked that, in view of the patient's age—she was eighty years old—there was little hope of a cure. Another doctor from Laval, brought into consultation, made the same remark, but agreed to dress the wound, though assuring me that it would be always suppurative. This doctor came twice a day for more than a month to wash and dress the wound, but finally gave the patient up when the wound had become somewhat less ugly but was still open and discharging. Then one day the good Brother Vital, knowing my great anxiety not to lose my mother, said: 'I shall pray for her; she will get better.' In fact, a few days later the wound healed up completely and the tumor entirely disappeared. The doctor was astonished when he returned to find a complete cure.

To-day my mother is eighty-four years of age; her knee remains a little stiff, but there is not the slightest trace of the tumor."

It would seem that the Sacred Heart of Jesus is pleased to come to the aid of those who appeal to Him through the intercession of His humble servant. May He deign to continue to manifest the power of Brother Vital with His Divine Heart!

The story of this devout and simple life of one of God's chosen souls, of little or no account to the world, yet of great moment before Him, may well bring home to us the lesson so beautifully expressed by Cardinal Newman in these words:

"O that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing that lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great—nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed, compared with this one aim, of 'not being disobedient to a heavenly vision?' What can this world offer comparable with that insight into spiritual things, that keen faith, that heavenly peace, that high sanctity, that everlasting righteousness, that hope of glory which they have who in sincerity love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ! Let us beg and pray Him day by day to reveal Himself to our souls more fully, to quicken our senses, to give us sight and hearing, taste and touch, of the world to come; so to work within us that we may sincerely say, 'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsels, and after that receive me with glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison with Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

Brother Simon, F.S.C.

(In obedience to the decrees of Pope Urban VIII., we protest that we wish to ascribe to the above facts, etc., only a purely human authority, and we submit entirely to the judgment of our holy mother, the Church).

"CHRIST THE KING"

Written by a Sister of St. Joseph—Presented at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, March 26th-31st—Pronounced by the Press of Toronto "A Distinct Triumph."

Presented by the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, under the patronage of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, the mystery play, "Christ the King"—depicting the life of the Saviour on earth and emphasizing His kingly qualities—scored a distinct triumph in its premiere of a week's run played before a crowded house last evening.

Magnificent scenic arrangements and effects, ingenuous lighting, unique equipment, including two swinging stages and a vision screen, provided an ideal setting in which a cast of 187 artists entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the play, combining real dramatic talent with enthusiasm and sincerity of effort. Dextrous transitions of scenery gave the much-desired continuity and brevity required by a production which entailed more than a dozen different changes of setting, and eliminated all unnecessary delays.

Intensely Realistic.

Intensely realistic, interest-compelling throughout and tenderly sympathetic in appeal, the heart-throbbing "sweet story of old when Jesus was here among men" was unfolded with a dignity and religious reverence which gripped the hearts of the twentieth century spectator with a keener realization of the significance of His message and of the beauty and richness of the familiar Gospel narrative.

With a striking realism that made one forget that he was merely an onlooker at a panoramic review of incidents in the life of Christ, "the greatest story ever written" was told, for the most part, in the text of the Gospel. And throughout its eight acts, with more frequent changes of setting, commencing

on the hillside of Judea, where shepherds watched their flocks and where the young Zara, in later life, "the Seeker of Truth" and follower of Jesus, saw the guiding star of Bethlehem. The play ran its interest-sustaining course—the preaching and teaching of the Master, His love for little children. His compassion for the lame, halt and blind and His miracles, the cure of Blind Bartimeus, the raising of the son of the widow of Naim, the Last Supper, His commission to His disciples, His denunciation by the leaders of the Temple, His Passion and Crucifixion and His glorious Resurrection.

Play in Capable Hands.

The play was written under the supervision of highest ecclesiastical auspices, by a talented Sister of St. Joseph's Community. Its stage direction was in the hands of Rev. Brother Gabriel.

Out of a cast of 187 artists, each of whom contributed a share to the general success of the production, it is difficult to specialize. John K. Boles, the Herald, lucidly gave the curtain monologue. As the Christus, John W. Corbett, did exceptionally well a most difficult part. Harold Hunter of Hart House, as Zara, distinguished himself once again. Muriel Smith, as Veronica, and Thomas Newton, as Gerson, the rich young man, added to the production a touch of delicate romance. Billie Clancy, as Stephen, and his sister, Muriel (Margaret Glennon), won the hearts of all. Howard Rutsey, as Pilate; Bunnie Higgins, as Claudia; Christina Collins, as the Widow of Naim, and Frank Tobin, as Bartimeus, the Blind Beggar, were among the leading characters. The music, which added materially to the general success of the affair, was under the direction of Peter Leon of St. Michael's Cathedral Choir. The interpretative dancing was directed by Miss Beth Weyms.

The "Globe," March 28th, 1928.

THE SLEEPING PLACES OF THE RACE

BECAUSE some poor fellow must whistle to keep up his courage when passing a graveyard, is no evidence of absence of awe, mystification, compelling reverence, if not holy fear, of ordinary mortals visiting the cities of the dead or veiwing the tombs where their kin, remote or proximate expect the Great Awakening—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone that liveth and believeth in Me, shall not die forever," says St. John. The most beautiful eulogies in all languages have been evoked by feelings and impressions such as these:

"The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."—Grey.

Viewing ancient cities, like Rome, one no matter his likes or dislikes, cannot help entering the cemeteries, columbaries and catacombs, to be met with at every turn. Some of the most ancient and imposing ruins are monuments to the dead. The pagans took infinite pains in sheltering and commemorating the "restes" of their dear departed. Their ashes were enshrined in sepulchres, mausoleums, memorials, or in vaults and columbaries. The deified emperors had monuments amounting to temples, where rites were offered, on state occasions. The cities they inhabited, lined their great highways outside the gates, with these memorials, and lavished upon them all that art and riches could bestow. Great ruins of tombs still flank for miles the Appian Way, and, as other highways came into use, they, too, were filled with mounds and sepulchres. The ancient city of Osto is another example of extramural sepulture; within the walls are numerous mortuary memorials, even the grand Decamanus sheltering them,

amongst its stately columns and porticos. The same can be said of Pompeii and of so many other ancient cities, whose remains still permit of scrutiny.

The Jews of Rome continued to excavate sepulchres for their dead in the rock as was their wont in Jerusalem; and the Christians, when they came hither, naturally followed their example. For this reason, the many entrances to sand-pits and stonequarries were used to descend to the middle stratum of tufa, some forty or fifty feet below the surface, in which they cut great lines of galleries, five or six feet wide and fifteen high; in the sides of which they fashioned tombs, closed with marble slabs and mortar. These galleries which were very numerous, often opened into rooms, or Cubicula, and apsidal Arcosolia, where family interments of the noble and wealthy, and, also, those of Popes and martyrs, took place. There were altars built over the saints' remains; and, on them, the Mass was offered, and from them the Gospel preached to the faithful, in quiet and stealth, during the long and terrible centuries of persecution. Other galleries extended from these chambers, in all directions and these groups of underground passages, from the name of the locality where the first one was made, came to be styled "catacombs." There were as many as fifty of them, all within a radius of three miles of the city's walls. Strung together they would go all round Italy; and, in them, more than two million interments were made.

When Constantine accepted the Cross and the Christian religion was recognized by the State, churches began to be built in sufficient numbers for the worship of the faithful, and, in the first instances, at least, they were placed over the resting-place of some martyr-saint and about them the new interments began to be made, superficially. In 760, Paul I. ordered the removal of the relics of the martyrs from the Catacombs to the churches, for security against desecration. His successors completed the transfer. The Catacombs were no longer an attraction to later generations of Christians; and, in the 12th Century we find them completely abandoned, forgotten,

and fallen into ruin and decay. Almost in our own day the great archaeologist De Rossi, had to rediscover and reconstruct them under the Popes, bringing to the light in the process many proofs of the indefectibility of the Church and the uniformity of her cult. De Rossi practically spent his long and valuable life in the Catacombs (the principal of which are called after Callixtus, Domitilla and Priscilla) where engravings, both rude and astistic were found, in great numbers, with scrolls or inscriptions referring to the remains they contained. There were also many sculpted and painted emblems connected with spiritual and temporal subjects. There were lamps, vases, vessels of glass and pottery, and stones and odd pieces of metal and ceramics stuck into the plaster of the tombs which indicated the period to which their occupants belonged and disclosed the means in use in those times of overcoming disagreeable odors and the dangers and discomforts of decomposition.

The Romans seem to have inhumed their retainers, freemen and slaves, in the gardens or plots round the imposing family mausoleum, and to have marked their graves with stone, inscribed slabs, similar to those in use amongst us. This was the system of the Turks and others of the East. The Christians come forth from the Catacombs followed this form of consecrated cemetery which had, even before the period of their liberation, been adopted, wherever the ground was purely alluvial, like round St. Peter's, in the Vatican. About this ancient Basilica there were many graves; and within these Vatican limits there is still the German Cemetery, which although fairly modern, fully discloses the system of interment followed. In all the old pagan burial places the urns containing the ashes of the dead may still be seen; and it is a weird and mysterious sense they arouse when we gaze upon them, and their trivial content of all that was mortal of some human creature like ourselves:

> Great Caesar dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole or keep a draught away!

There are numerous burial places in present day Rome, but the principal in extent and wealth of sculptural mortuary decoration, is surely that called "Campo Verano," or San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura Cemetery. It is attached to the ancient Basilica of St. Lawrence, the glorious martyr who chided Pope Sixtus II. for going to offer sacrifice without his deacon, when they were dragging him from the Catacomb of Praetextatus (where he had been taken whilst preaching to his people, under the edict of the persecuting Emperor Valerian, who coveted the reputed treasures of the Church and carried before the Praetor for sentence, which was executed, by beheading him with the sword in the same Chair where they had taken him in Praetextatus. As Sixtus had replied, the faithful deacon was not long in following after him, suffering the terrible cruelty of being roasted on a gridiron; and his heroic bearing during the awful execution makes him always a faforite saint in Rome (where he has many churches) aye, throughout the whole Chrstian world.

This Cemetery spreads all over the hill, behind the ancient church; and monuments, sepulchres and columbaries are built up and down its sides, and graves located in the pavements, and open level spaces everywhere. It is approached by a great quadrangular stone construction, porticoed and filled, as to the walls, with wonderfully sculpted sarcophagi and statues like the famed Campo Sancto of Genoa. And even the marble pavement of the great court is full of vaults and graves. Beautiful lines of cypresses follow the massive walls of the entire enclosure which covers many hundred acres, and even these walls are filled with row upon row of sealed openings something like the compartments of a modern safety-vault. You may descend down deep into the earth by well designed ways, filled on every side with sepulchres; or you may mount up by winding, flower-bordered terraces, to a height which commands a wonderful view of the grey Alban Hills, all the while passing innumerable tiers of tombs and columbaries. It is truly one vast city of the dead. Gazing down upon it one wonders if all the world is not

buried there—in the great tombs and vaults; in the storied murial compartments; in the interminable rows of graves, their little metal crosses carrying humble representations of the dead, in pigment of photography, and brackets for votive candles and ancillary flowers. Will there be more to rise at sound of Gabriel's trumpet? Who were they all, anyway? What stranger amongst them may have found a common home in this sad state, from which none of us may escape? O the confusion and restriction of all human understanding even in the things purely human! Shelly is commemorated in the English Cemetery, which he saw and liked in life; and designated as a cheerful resting-place afterwards. But who is here who went out into the Great Beyond with a sigh for the clasp of the sweet mother-earth of his native land! I search among the multitudinous graves for someone of my kith and tongue; and when about to relinquish a task seemingly so hopeless, this scroll rewards my straining eyes:

JOHN JOSEPH PAETT
of
San Francisco, California
Who died in the Eternal City
January 7th, 1891
Aged 23 Years.
R.I.P.

All the soul's tenderness encompasses this poor soul, from a country many thousand miles away on the other side of the world, but here for education or adventure, and who found Italy, so like his home that he met her embrace in death, hoping to awake in even a prettier land. He was of my faith, and asks the assistance of my prayers; and surely are they unstintedly accorded him. We are narrow and provincial in our Catholicity, after all. What should move one to emotion and such fervent petition beside this boy, when myriads

of similar graves in their Italian garb and hailing touched no such tender cord? God only knows. It is the unaccountable that counts. He was from my own Continent; from a most beautiful portion of it, a land of sunshine and flowers like this. He was an exile, a condition which ever excites sympathy. He was a youth, a comely youth, with all the world before him, when the Avenger struck. He spoke my tongue. He asked my suffrage for his sweet repose. Who could help being touched, who restrain the gentle tear, who withhold pious supplication, in a presence more than living?—*Defunctus adhuc liquitur!* Yes, he lived, and spoke, told me things I dare not venture here, but may ask the gentle Grey to say:

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God!

A.E.B.

TWO BOOKS BY BISHOP MACDONALD

A FEW years ago we noticed and praised one of these books which was entitled "The Sacrifice of the Mass." Now His Lordship's indefatigable energy in study and research, in reflection and writing has added a sequel, which is entitled "It is the Mass That Matters," a saying of Mr. Birrell concerning the real difference between Catholicism and Protestantism.

I must remark in the first place what chiefly appeals to me, that is the solidity of his work. I have now been using for some years his book on the author of the Apostles' Creed and I admire it no less than I did at first. The Bishop will always have the honor of being the man to say, "They shall not pass." He was not overawed by the assurance of German critics or swept away by their numbers and organization and mutual advertisement, and the childlike praise of them by British and American scholars.

Now, however, he is not engaged in a conflict against enemies outside, but on a theological question about which the Church allows theologians to differ. And he is not putting forward any new and personal theory, but he lays down a thesis and undertakes to show from Scripture and Tradition that this is the opinion which has always been taught, explicitly or implicitly, more clearly or less clearly by the Church and her accredited organs. This thesis is that "Christ our Lord in the Last Supper offered His Sacrifice under the forms of bread and wine, con-summated it on the Cross, and continues it in the Holy Mass by the ministry of His priests." In tracing and clearing the tradition of doctrine concerning the Mass, the Bishop follows a course which I for one strongly approve. It is not for me to decide between the different schools of theology or between the advocates of this thesis and those who criticise it, but I may say that I think he goes the right way about discovering

the truth and settling the question in dispute. He studies the discussions which took place in the Council of Trent among Catholic Bishops and theologians; and when he comes to those who discussed the question outside of the Council he turns away from the controversialists who were defending the Mass against heretics to the theologians of countries which were scarcely troubled by heresy at all. Thus when he is clearing and unfolding the meaning of St. Thomas' propositions, he turns to Cajetan in Italy and to Melchior Canus in Spain. For it is the misfortune of the Controversialist that his purpose is rather to refute error than to teach the truth. He has to use arguments "ad hominem" rather than "ad rem." Moreover, it is one of the evil effects of heresy that its direct opponents are always impelled and almost forced to exaggerate some point they are defending and thereby appear to disparage some other truth, and so to alter the proportions of the whole; and thus it often happens that their real opinions are misunderstood on their own side both by those who agree and follow with docility and by those who disagree—not to speak of the misunderstandings on the part of the enemy. No one now will deny that Molina, for example, in opposition to Calvinism, went too far in some particulars, though his opinion in substance, has been accepted and prevails. I therefore consider the Bishop wise in neglecting Bellarmine for Cajetan and Melchior Canus on this question.

A writer in The Tablet pronounces that this little book of the Bishop is "not the best presentation of Père de la Taille's view." But then the Bishop is not formally presenting Père de la Taille's view; he is not a disciple of Père de la Taille. He is an independent thinker, who arrived at this opinion in perfect unconsciousness of the learned Jesuit. And this seems to me one of the strongest arguments for the truth of this view. It has sprung up in the different minds in different places—in the Far West, in the mind of the Archbishop of Toronto, in the mind of Père de la Taille in Rome; and I have heard that he told some one it was suggested to him by something he heard at a Catholic summer-school at Cambridge in England. The

Tablet critic has some indefinite dislike or distrust which he does not specify for the phrase that the Mass is "a liturgical completion" of the Sacrifice of the Cross. But surely if the Mass is a continuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary, and if the offering of the sacrifice is now outward, sensible, public, with rites and ceremonies, it may without offence be called a "liturgical completion." The critic, however, though not sympathetic, says that the Bishop "makes good his main arguments—Christ offered Himself only once; the Fathers of Trent for the most part combine the last Supper and the Cross in one act of sacrifice; and there is mention of the important article of the Summa (iii. 83. 1) on the immolation of Christ in the Eucharist."

Criticism at least helps people to understand one another. Newman remarks that when people understand one another's opinions, argument is either superfluous or useless. But when concerned with truths which are above reason, though not contrary to it, it is easy to misunderstand one another. And sometimes critics find fault perhaps to show their own cleverness. A very slight historical mistake in the Bishop's book on the Apostles' Creed was pounced on by a critic who had once described the Scourging of our Lord at the pillar as the third sorrowful mystery of the Rosary. Yet I suppose that Father Thurston (whom I greatly respect and find very helpful) would have thought it unfair if any Dominican had seized on this slip to prove that Father Thurston does not know the Rosary. Such things are but the froth blown by the wind from the waves.

These two books of the Bishop contain uncensured doctrine; they are written not only with solid learning, but with reverence and piety. I heartily recommend them to all priests and to all people who are buying books to present to young priests.

Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

COMMUNITY NOTES

A new Catholic College for women will open at Chicopee in the Diocese of Springfield, Massachusetts, next September. The Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, Bishop of Springfield, will be its president, and the Sisters of St. Joseph will compose its teaching staff. The charter, recently granted by the Massachusetts Legislature and signed by Lieutenant-Governor Allen, gives the institution the privilege of granting all degrees usually granted by similar institutions in the Commonwealth, except law and medical degrees. Thus, the college can grant baccalaureate and scientific degrees in course and advanced degrees in both branches for post graduate work. This is the first Catholic College for women in western Massachusetts.

This year the college will only open with the freshmen class, and will add one class each year until the present freshmen class becomes the first graduating class four years hence Though new buildings are planned, the college is well equipped at present for its opening year. The new O'Leary Hall will accommodate more than two hundred students. A beautiful chapel, a large dining-room, ample classrooms and a well appointed gymnasium and assembly hall are already on the spacious campus, situated in one of Chicopee's beauty spots.

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On the feast of St. Michael, May 8th, two devoted members of our Community, Sister M. Pius and Sister M. Cleophas, observed the Fiftieth Anniversary of their consecration to God in holy religion. High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered at the House of Providence by Rev. Father Bognasco, Chaplain of the Institution, for Sister M. Pius whose fifty golden years have been generously spent in the kindly deeds of charity for the poor, the sick and the afflicted whose blessings and prayers were the Jubilee gifts Sister most appreciated on her golden anniversary.

For good, saintly Sister Cleophas, grown old in God's service, and for some time incapacitated, High Mass was offered at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake by the Reverend Dr. Markle, Chaplain. Assisting at the holy Sacrifie besides the members of the Community were a number of the Jubilarian's relatives who had come from out of town to rejoice with her on that happy occasion.

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Rt. Rev. Bishop Kidd of Calgary, former President of St. Augustine's Seminary, was a very welcomed visitor at St. Joseph's on May 15th.

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During the month of May Reverend M. Victoria and Sister M. Waltrude, Directress of Schools, visited our Schools and Institutions in the West.

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At the Mother-House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, London, Ontario, there assembled representatives of their Convents throughout the diocese on May 19th to rejoice with Mother M. Celestine on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee. High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered by Rt. Rev. D. O'Connor, V.G. During the day the venerable Jubilarian received many congratulatory letters and telegrams from relatives and friends who were unable to be present at the Jubilee functions.

Ad Multos Annos.

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On Thursday, March 29th, at St. Michael's Hospital, there occurred the death of Sister Adelaide Kolbe, one of the youngest Sisters of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto. Sister Adelaide received the holy habit last August at the early age of nineteen. It seemed to all that hers would be a long life in the Community, but her years of service were fulfilled in a short time and God called her to Himself in the flower of her youth.

Sister Adelaide came from St. Joseph's Parish, Winnipeg, where she had been educated by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Her short religious life was passed chiefly at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, where she endeared herself to all by her kindness and cheerfulness. She was always smiling and happy. Besides her love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, her special devotion was to Our Lady of Sorrows, to St. Joseph, and to the Little Flower.

There was nothing extraordinary in her life, yet it contains many lessons—lessons of how God can sanctify His chosen ones in a very short time. For this was a privileged soul—on her death-bed, only a few days after taking ill, she was permitted to take her vows, although only in her first year Novitiate. Two days after her profession she died. She had longed for death, for with a great faith she knew that it meant Heaven.

The funeral Mass at ten o'clock on Sunday, 1st of April, was said in the St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, by Right Rev. Monsignor Blair, and the prayers at the grave were said by Father C. Kehoe, O.C.C.

A solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered on Monday morning in St. Joseph's Chapel by the Right Rev. Msgr. Blair, with Rev. Father O'Donnell, C.S.B., as deacon and the Rev. J. Flanagan, C.S.B., as sub-deacon, while the music was very sweetly rendered by the Sisters' choir. The mother and sister of the deceased were present at all the funeral services and the High Mass on Monday.

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Sister M. St. Peter Schill.

On March 20th, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, after only a few days illness, Sister M. St. Peter Schill remitted into the hands of her beloved Saviour her zealous and ardent soul. Cheerfully and with perfect resignation to God's will she approached the end of a life-span of over sixty-seven years of which thirty-six were spent in the Community of St. Joseph as a fervent and very capable member. The scene of her labors has been mostly in Toronto at the Mother House and the Novitiate with brief terms at St. Mary's Convent, Bathurst Street,

and at St. Catharines, Ont. She was earnestly devoted to duty, most industrious and very ingenious at her work. She had an artistic sense and very deft fingers to execute her original designs for greater beauty and utility.

Sister St. Peter was naturally quick and of a nervous temperament, but she schooled herself to patience and self-control. Her faith in the efficacy of prayer was extraordinary, her special devotion being to the Mother of Sorrows on whose feast she passed away. She loved the cross and carried its burden generously along the toilsome way which has led her, we trust, to the mountain-top where peace and light and blessed repose will be hers for all eternity.

Of her surviving relatives several nieces and nephews motored from their home in Kitchener, Ont., to pay a last tribute of love, respect and gratitude to her who was an unfailing petitioner in their behalf before the altar of God.

The funeral Mass was celebrated in the Novitiate Chapel by Rev. R. Dobell, of St. Augustine's Seminary, and he also recited the last prayers at the grave in Mount Hope Cemetery.

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On Friday, May 11th, the Community of St. Joseph, Peterborough, mourned the death of one of its pioneer and most loved members in the person of Sister M. St. Edward Gormly. Although incapacitated for active work by illness for the past two years, Sister St. Edward had not been confined to her room. In the early hours of the morning of May 11th, she suffered a stroke which terminated her life that afternoon at three o'clock. Fortified by the Last Sacraments of Holy Mother Church and in full consciousness of mind, Sister St. Edward's courageous soul passed forth to meet her Master for Whom she had labored so joyfully during the past forty-five years.

Entering from Cobourg in 1883, Sister St. Edward became a Sister of St. Joseph in Toronto. Owing to the stress of work incumbent on the newly-opened Community of St. Joseph in the Peterborough diocese, which in those days also comprised the present diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, Sister St. Edward

offered her services which for nigh half a century were to be fraught with fruitful issues even when trials seemed more than sufficient to crush the energy and initiative of the bravest of hearts. This valiant woman, so forgetful of self, labored in Cobourg, Lindsay, Peterborough, Fort William and Sault Ste. Marie. Her zeal was illimitable, but perhaps among the children whom she educated, and the New Canadians in whom she enkindled a sense of their religious duties, was she most successful. A woman of the old school, with thoughts that were deep, clear, lofty and strong as her own soul, she won her way into the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. Latterly, her one great sorrow was her forced inactivity. To her practiced eye, the harvest was white for the labourers and she, formerly the most active, was obliged to stand by idle. But they who knew her best, realize that in God's eyes, she was accomplishing far more by her hours of ceaseless prayer. No person, no condition in need of petition was too little for her attention, but received its measure of her intercession.

And thus her life passed—a life so dear to Our Lord—a life which bears a mighty power to lift us to higher thoughts and impress upon us the sublimity of the religious calling.

A solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated on May 14th, by His Lordship, Bishop O'Brien, assisted by Reverend Fathers McAuley and Costello. Present in the sanctuary were the local clergy and Very Rev. Dean O'Sullivan, Port Hope. In an impressive eulogy, His Lordship commended the life of Sister St. Edward, who, in her effacement of self, devoted all her natural gifts, strengthened and enhanced by the divine gift of grace, to the uplift and advancement of others.

May the souls of these dear Sisters rest in peace.



Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association

1927—1928

Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.
Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of St. Joseph.
President—Mrs. Paul Warde.
First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.
Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.
Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.
Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.
Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.
Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.
Press Secretary—Miss Dorothy McMahon.
Historians—Mrs. A. J. Holmes and Miss Helen Monkhouse.
Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley, and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

PRO DEO ET ALMA MATER.

(*Alumnae Motto*)

The eighth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will be held at Niagara Falls, Ontario, August 24th-29th with headquarters at Hotel Clifton.

Ten Ontario Chapters, including the Loretto Niagara Alumnae, who tendered the invitations will be the hostesses of their American Sisters.

Wednesday, August 29th, will be Toronto Day, when the Delegates representing the Catholic Colleges of America will be guests of Loretto and St. Joseph's Alumnae Associations. All members are invited to take part in extending hospitality to them.

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A much enjoyed social function was the Alumnae Bridge and Tea, held in the spacious Auditorium of St. Joseph College, Thursday afternoon, April 12th.

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Mrs. W. T. Kernahan and family, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. J. Northgrave, Miss Edith Northgrave and Miss J. Gillooly were among the many who went to Atlantic City for Easter.

Mrs. J. McMillan, Baltimore, Md., visited her sister and mother, Mrs. Morrow and Miss May Morrow, before going to her new home in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. F. P. Brazill, has been elected to represent The Catholic Women's League, No. 2 subdivision of Toronto, at the National Convention of the Catholic Women's League, to be held in Calgary.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Subdivision No. 1, Catholic Women's League, the treasurer's report showed that $500 had been paid to the Sisters of Service. Among the commendable achievements were the foundation of two cots in St. Mary's Hospital; the furnishing of a room in the China Mission Seminary, and the awarding of the Rt. Rev. Neil McNeil Scholarship in the University of Toronto.

Mrs. T. W. McGarry, on behalf of the organization, presented to Dr. Lawler, the retiring president, a basket of roses.

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One of the most pleasing "get together" gatherings of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was held on May 13th in the College Reception Rooms, it being the last quarterly meeting, and the culminating event of the Alumnae's seventeenth year. It took the form of a Musicale and Tea. Mrs. Paul Warde, the President, very graciously introduced the artists who were: Miss Constance Martin, L.T.C.M., Mrs. John Ferguson, Misses Mary Mickles, Betty Grobba, and Roland Gauthier. Members renewed acquaintances and lived again their school days over the tea cups. Tea was served from a most attractive table done with mauve sweet peas and pink candles. Mrs. Tom McCarron and Miss Theresa O'Connor poured tea, while a number of the College young ladies assisted. Miss May Morrow was hostess.

Mrs. J. A. Thompson spoke of the coming convention of the I.F.C.A., to be held in August at Niagara Falls.

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Mrs. W. A. Wallis brought as the guest Mrs. C. A. McClellan of the St. Louis Alumnae, Halifax, N.S.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae were glad to hear that Madam A. Belanger of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. is improving after her very serious illness.

Miss Isabel Dwyer was honored by the members of the Catholic Women's League, Subdivision No. 1, at a luncheon in the Blue Room of the King Edward Hotel, when she was presented with a white gold watch, and a silver mounted handbag in appreciation of her services as honorary secretary to the executive.

Several members of the League were present with the members of the executive and following the business meeting, gathered at the luncheon at which Dr. Gertrude Lawler, the president, acted as hostess for her organization.

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The marriage of Miss Ruth Warde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Warde, to Mr. Henry R. Day, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Day of Guelph, took place quietly Saturday morning, April 21st, in St. Basil's Church. Rev. Father Forestal officiated at the ceremony and Rev. John E. Burke assisted. The church was decorated with massed palms, flowering rhodadendrons and hydrangeas, and the altar was a profusion of banked lilies and roses. Tall antique urns of wrought bronze filled with garlands of flowers were used effectively.

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At St. Michael's College on Saturday, May 26th, Miss Kathleen Hilda Gray became the bride of Mr. Bruce Haken Wright, with Rev. Father Forestall, C.S.B., officiating. The ceremony was conducted in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother on Roxboro Street, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Wright receiving with the bride and groom.

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Very cordial felicitations to Mr. John T. Mulcahy, Barrister, who has recently been appointed County Judge of Renfrew, Ontario, in succession to Judge McNamara. Judge

Mulcahy is a brother of our esteemed Alumnae, Mrs. F. P. Potvin and Mrs. William Ross.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. V. McCarthy (Aileen Halford) on the arrival at their home of a precious little daughter, Mary Alexandrine, and to Dr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Connor on the coming to them of another young son, Thomas Gerald.

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To Miss Dorothy Teresa Rosar, whose marriage to Mr. Harry Francis Fleury is announced to take place late in June, greetings and best of good wishes for a long, happy and prosperous future.

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The late Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, who designed the Crest and chose the motto for the I.F.C.A., was a member of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association and an honorary member only of the Loretto Alumnae. Mrs. Cassidy was graduated from St. Joseph's in June, 1878.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends:

Rev. Father Michael O'Brien; Rev. Father T. J. Hayes, Mrs. Dudley Gough (Mary Cashman); Mrs. D. J. O'Connor, Mrs. J. B. Strathern, Mrs. Ellen Boland, Mrs. Thomas Dawson, Mrs. J. P. Fitzgerald, Mr. John Harrison, Mrs. John A. MacGregor, Mrs. James Hughes, Mr. Michael Scollon, Miss Annie Dixon. and Mr. Boland. Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them!



MRS. MARY B. FINAN, B.A.,

President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

The President's Message.

Dear Canada:

In the name of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae I thank you for the many and hearty welcomes sent from your distinguished Churchmen and citizens, your Sisters and Alumnae. The sacred soil of Canada whereon the French missionaries labored to sow the seed of Faith and suffered heroic martyrdom, is to us a Land of Pilgrimage. Gone are the Huron Missions and the holy Jesuit Martyrs, six of whom have been beatified, but Ontario has cherished their memories and restored their shrines. To us who have chosen Mary Immaculate as our Patroness, it is significant that the first Mass celebrated on Canadian soil was offered by a Franciscan on the fifteenth of August, the Feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption. The great Huron Mission, the headquarters of those Jesuits whose names shall be forever identified with the history of the Church in early Canada, was named Fort Ste Marie, and we know that this holy house was the one place in America that the Martyrs called home. Therefore, the members of the Federation are not unmindful of the privilege Canada offers with her sincere welcome and cordial hospitality and many will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit Canadian shrines and the natural beauty spots hallowed by pioneers in upbuilding faith and civilization.

In this, the first Canadian Convention of the I.F.C.A., I call upon all members to show forth that spirit of kinship that our respective governments have evinced in the symbolic and unfortified border line which is maintained in the spirit that Christ gave us, "that we love one another." It is in this holy hope of helpful interchange we come to report and discuss the work of the I.F.C.A. Truth and culture, science and religion, charity and service know no boundary line, nor do we, the Catholic Alumnae. Our hearts for the past fourteen years have warmed to the thrill of each succeeding Convention because we know that there we shall again meet in Convent har-

mony, the great body of Catholic Alumnae who have united to represent in the world the Sisters of our Catholic Schools.

Mary B. Finan.

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I.F.C.A. Motto, Pro Deo et Doctrina.

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, while organized primarily for the fostering of friendship among the women of the United States, Canada and Europe, who are alumnae of Catholic academies and colleges, this organization has from time to time sponsored other important projects, scholarship funds for the nuns, translation of good books, including leading Catholic books into the Braille, the Mary Memorial Altar, and many others.

All of these are most praiseworthy, but the movement, which should be of particular interest to our Catholic members, is the establishment of Alumnae Saturday Communion, that is the practice of receiving Communion on the First Saturday after the First Friday of each month in honor of our Blessed Mother, that she may shower blessings on us, our homes, our schools, and the Federation.

How very appropriate, that in this month of May, which is dedicated in a particular way to the Blessed Virgin, every member of the I.F.C.A. belonging to the Ontario chapter and every school included in that chapter, should resolve that from now on this practice will be as much a part of our lives as the practice of making the First Friday in honor of the Sacred Heart. If this is begun among our convent girls in their school days it will naturally be followed out in after years.

Will each Mother Superior and Mistress of Schools do all they can to foster this devotion among their girls?

Will each alumnae president and her executives, by their example and interest, induce the Catholic members of their particular association to include this devotion in their monthly practices?

We would also suggest that the various presidents plan to have those of their members who are congregated in certain territories, to receive Communion in a body each three or six months, or annually, on the Alumnae Saturday.

The reward of sponsoring this devotion will be a renewal of the childlike faith of our school days, special graces to carry out the duties of our state of life and the assistance of Mary, our Immaculate Mother, at the hour of our death.

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The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has a committee of 40 members serving regularly in the studios of New York, previewing and classifying films. In the past eight months they have reviewed and reported in writing more than 900 pictures.

Out of this number they have prepared a list of selected pictures suitable for Catholic school and church hall entertainment which they hope will be helpful to the heads of Catholic colleges and schools in the planning of motion picture programmes. The members have tried to select pictures free from those vulgarities and situations that make some pictures unsuitable for convent presentation.

Hereafter, the list will be mailed to any of our Catholic Schools desiring it, the first of each month, without cost. You will help the work by telling your school and college students what the best pictures are, so that they may select that type for their entertainment in vacation days.

If you have any motion picture problem or inquiry, a letter addressed to Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, A.B. Chairman, 294 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. Motion Picture Bureau, will bring you prompt and full information.

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Alumnae Saturday Communion.

The Alumnae Saturday Holy Communion Committee is most desirous of having the devotion of the Federation established in all Chapters, and requests Governors, who have not done so,

to appoint Chairmen at their earliest opportunity. The Resolution Cards to be distributed among members are $1.00 per hundred, the proceeds to be used to defray the expenses of this Bureau. They are explanatory and serve as a reminder of the day of General Holy Communion, the spiritual bond of our members.

Our President, Mrs. Finan, requests the co-operation of Alumnae members, schools and religious of affiliated Associations in the present intention for the Federation, by the recital of the following prayer to the Precious Blood, for the "relief of Mexico and the restoration of the Blessed Sacrament to her Altars and Tabernacles":—

Efficacious Novena to the Precious Blood.

By the Voice of Thy Blood, O Jesus, I would press Thee, solicit Thee, importune Thee, though Thou seemest to reject my supplifications, I will not leave Thy bleeding feet until Thou hearest me. Too many graces, too many mercies have gushed from Thy Blood for me not to hope, even to the end, in its efficacy.

Then, O Jesus! by the Precious Blood seven times shed for the welfare of men, by each drop of that Sacred Price of our redemption, by the tears of Thy Immaculate Mother, I conjure Thee, I supplicate Thee, hear my earnest prayer.

(Here specify your request)

O Thou, Who during all the days of Thy mortal life, consoled so many sufferings, healed so many infirmities, raised so often a sinking courage, Thou wilt not fail to have pity on a soul who cries to Thee from the depths of her anguish! Oh! no, it is impossible! Another profound sigh from my wounded heart and from the wound in Thine own and there will flow to me upon a wave of Thy merciful Blood the grace so ardently desired. Oh, Jesus! Jesus! hasten the moment when Thou wilt change my tears into joy, my signs into thanksgivings.

Holy Mary, Source of the Divine Blood! I conjure Thee

not to lose this occasion of glorifying the Blood which made Thee Immaculate. Amen. (50 Days' Indulgence).

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of Holy Church. (100 Days' Indulgence).

"All things whatsoever you shall ask when you pray, believe they shall come unto you. Ask, therefore, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

To A Violet

"Are you bowing to the robin on the door-step
And wishing him a pleasant summer day?
Or is it maybe that you're boldly flirting
With the valley lilies just across the way?

I'm sure I don't approve of such manners,
Not even though the season may be spring;
So I'll put you in my fern bowl on the window
Where you cannot hear the valley lilies ring."

Lucille Bennett.

COLLEGE NOTES

PRIZE LIST AND DISTINCTIONS.

The Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship for French obtained by MISS MARYBELL QUINN, 1st Year.

Prize for Pass English in Third Year obtained by MISS KATHERINE KERNAHAN.

The F. J. Hughes Prize for Honour English in Second Year, MISS HELEN GRANT.

First Class Honours in the Pass Course of III. Year, MISS M. McCARTHY; of II. Year, MISS C. SMYTH; of I. Year, MISS H. KNOWLTON.

EXAMINATION RESULTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Fourth Year.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss I. B. Jones; Miss M. McGarvey (Aegrotat).

ENGLISH AND HISTORY—Class II.: Miss M. McNamara; Class III.: Miss A. O'Brien.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE—Pass: Miss E. M. Quinlan.

PASS COURSE—Grade "B": Miss M. Thompson; Grade "C": Miss A. C. Hayes, Miss G. M. Graham, Miss A. A. Murphy, Miss M. R. Fitzgerald; Miss B. Dunn (Eng.), Miss M. C. Hayes (Eng.), Miss R. H. Kelly (Lat.).

Third Year.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss L. A. Driscoll.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, VIEWED FROM THE CAMPUS.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS—Miss H. S. Farrell (Ethics. II. French).

PASS COURSE—Grade "A": Miss M. McCarthy; Grade "B": Miss L. Breen, Miss K. Kernahan; Grade "C": Miss D. Enright (Aegrotat); Miss T. McDonald.

Second Year.

CLASSICS—Class II.: Miss Alice Quinlan and Miss Gertrude O'Malley.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss Helen Grant and Miss Marie Crean. Class III.: Miss Mercedes French.

PASS COURSE—Grade "A": Miss Catharine Smyth. Grade "B": Miss Julienne Gauthier; Miss Myrtle McQueen; Grade "C": Miss Margaret Downey, Miss Ena Harrington, Miss Winnifred Parke (Gen. Sc.). Without Grading: Miss Aileen Berney (Eng.), Miss Catherine Harris (Span.), Miss Alma LaForest (Hist., Gen, Sc.), Miss Eleanor McBride. Aegrotat: Miss Bernardine Simpson (Econ.).

First Year.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Mary Desrocher, Class II.; Helen Dolan, Class II.; Ronona Laplante, Class II.; Wilhelmina Keller, Class III.; Elizabeth Miller, Class III.

ENGLISH AND HISTORY—Isabel O'Rourke, Class II.; Eileen O'Brien, Class III.; Catherine Carroll, transferred to General Course.

CHEMISTRY—Evelyn Scully, transferred.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY—Anna McLinden, transferred.

PASS COURSE—Helen Knowlton, Grade "A"; Pauline Bondy, Grade "B"; Dorothy Greening, Grade "B"; Marybell Quinn, Grade "B." Without grading, i.e., credited with subjects of Hon. Matric: Germana Donati, Mary Gardiner, Marie McGarry, Alma O'Connor, Rose Burns (Alg. and Geom.).

RECEPTION FOR GRADUATES.

On the evening of Convocation Day, Friday, June 8, a reception was held at St. Joseph's College, 29 Queen's Park Crescent, Toronto, in honor of the graduates of 1928, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Arts had been conferred in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, that afternoon.

At 7.15 p.m., Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in the College Chapel by Rev. Dr. Welty, C.S.B., at which the graduates, undergraduates, and many friends assisted.

Following Benediction, supper was served to the guests in one of the spacious rooms of the College, which presented a very pleasing picture, with its artistically arranged and tastefully decorated tables. Rev. Father McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, the Federated College of the University of Toronto, to which St. Joseph's College owes its affiliation, presided, and in an opening address, congratulated the Graduates of 1928 on the success they had achieved, exhorting them to remain true through life to the ideals set before them during college days, and to value above all things the inestimable gift of their Catholic Faith and Religion, which would ever prove an unerring norm of standards, by which they would be able to measure the true worth of their own and others' words and actions.

Other members of St. Michael's College staff present were Rev. Dr. Phelan, Professor of Philosophy; Rev. Dr. Welty, C.S.B., Professor of Philosophy; Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Professor of Church History, and Rev. Father Murphy, C.S.B., the college chaplain. At the close of the supper, delightful and much appreciated speeches were made by the latter.

A very pleasant hour was then spent in the Common Room, where the guests were entertained with beautiful violin solos rendered by Miss Gertrude Bergin, A.T.C.M., and with piano solos by Miss Hermine Keller, A.T.C.M.; Miss Alice Hayes, B.A., and Mr. G. Ketiladsy, a Russian pianist, who charmed

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES



N. WYLIE, B.A.



D. SMITH B.A.



R. HARRISON, B.A.



L. BRADLEY B.A.



D. O'CONNOR, B.A.



E. YOUNG, B.A.

the audience with his skilful and artistic execution of several of his own exquisite compositions.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAS OF FRANCIS BACON.

Next to Shakespeare, the greatest name of the Elizabethan age is that of Bacon. He was born in 1561, of clever and influential parents. As a boy he was delicate, yet at the age of thirteen years he was sent to Cambridge. In his mind, even at this age, he judged and condemned ancient philosophers, Aristotle included. He resided in France for two years, but was recalled by the death of his father to find himself comparatively poor. He solicited a political position of his uncle, Lord Burleigh, but did not get anything, so he turned his attention to law, which he studied from 1580 to 1586. In 1588 he was given an office as counsel to the Queen, but this was not profitable, and many hours that might have gone to Philosophy were spent on Politics and Law, which eventually led to his disgrace.

"The true object of philosophy must be either to increase our knowledge or add to our power. The ancient and scholastic systems seemed to him to have failed in both. They aimed at self-culture by self-inspection rather than by the inspection of nature and, so he thought, had neglected the great world of God for the little world of man; early in his life Bacon busied himself in discovering a method of investigating the secrets of nature in order to wield her powers.

Bacon invented a new method of induction, a system of precise rules to guide induction, a new logic, which was to supersede the Aristotelian logic, but he did not invent induction itself, for this latter has existed since the earliest times.

His method proceeds on the notion that all the phenomena of nature are capable of being referred to combinations of certain abstract qualities of matter,—simple natures which are limited in number if difficult of access. Such different elements are density, rarity, heat, cold, color, levity, tenuity,

weight, and the like. These are the alphabet of nature and as all words result from the combination of a few letters, so all phenomena result from the combination of a few elements.

We can see from this how little foundation Dougald Stewart had to remark that Bacon avoided the fundamental error of the ancients to whom "philosophy is the science of causes"; and also the assertion of the School of Comte that Bacon was the father of Positive Sciences, for there is nothing more hateful to a positivist than the introduction into science of causes and essences; yet it was after these that Bacon aimed.

The object of Bacon's philosophy is the investigation of the forms of simple nature. His method was the course of reasoning necessary to arrive at this object.

This method collects, tables, sifts, tests, and rejects facts of observation and experiment which have any bearing on the subject under invesigation. It begins with inclusion and proceeds with exclusion. From the large amount of individual facts first emassed everything is eliminated until nothing is left but the cause which is sought. "The field of induction is confined, as it were, within a triangular space, at the base of which are facts obtained by observation and experiment. From these the investigator proceeds inwards, by comparison and exclusion constantly narrowing the field as he advances, until at last, all non-essentials being rejected, nothing is left but the pure form."

Macaulay and many others who have criticized Bacon while pretending to depreciate all rules as useless, still say that Bacon's analysis of induction is a true and good analysis and that the method has since his time been instinctively followed by all successful investigators of nature. But it is plain that the method of discovery is still a debatable question, and with all our superiority to the age of Bacon in the possession of facts on which to build a method, we have settled on no philosophy of the objects or processes of science. But we know enough to give the reasons for Bacon's failure. First, he was no mathematician, and Playfair admits that "in all physical inquiries where mathematical reasoning has been employed,

after a few principles have been established by experience a vast multitude of truths have been deduced from them by the mere application of geometry and algebra." Bacon did not take into consideration the great part mathematical science was to perform in the interpretation of nature.

Second, Sir John Herschel, who followed Playfair in making Bacon the father of experimental philosophy, struck a blow at his celebrated tables when he admitted that the wisdom which enables one to assign an instance or observation to its proper class, enables him to recognize its proper value.

Third, Sir James Mackintosh refers to the 104th aphorism of the first book of the Novum Organum as containing the condensed essence of philosophy. Unfortunately for Bacon this theory is exactly opposite to the one facts have approved. But Bacon can be excused here by saying that he would not have fallen into the error if any of the deductive sciences had existed then.

Fourth, Bacon's method of exclusion, the one element of his system which was original, proceeds on the assumption that a phenomena can have but one cause, which is not always justifiable.

Fifth, Bacon's method, although it is itself a hypothesis exploded, does not admit of hypothesis as a guide to investigation.

Sixth, though Bacon aimed to institute a philosophy of observation, he was not a sharp and accurate observer of nature. He spread his mind over a space so large that its full length was not concentrated on anything. As a courtier, lawyer, jurist, politician, statesman, man of science, student of universal knowledge, he has been practically excelled in each department by special men, because his intellect was one which refused to be arrested and fixed.

And in conclusion, the essential defect of the Baconian method consists in its being an invention of genius to dispense with the necessity of genius.

Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" is full of quotable sentences in which solid wisdom is clothed in the aptest, most

vivid and most imaginative expression. One principle stands out in his writings,—the intellect of man when purified from its idols is capable of the conquest of nature and to this task, more than any other writer, he gave a loftiness and dignity which is unsurpassed. It was in the knowledge of human nature more than nature itself that Bacon excelled. It was the combination of the abstract qualities of the human mind into concrete character that interested Bacon.

The most important characteristic of his theories is that he not only points out what should be done, but how it can be done. He indicated the method by which relations of individuals to the household, society and government may be known and the duties they imply performed. The "Advancement of Learning" is an inexhaustible storehouse of such thoughts. But in admitting Bacon's just claims as a philosopher of human nature we should avoid the mistake of supporing him to have an acuteness to the same degree in which he possessed comprehensiveness.

Now, neither in his life nor writings does Bacon indicate that he had studied individuals with keen attentiveness. His knowledge of human nature was the result of tranquil deposit from year to year into his receptive intellect of the facts in history and his own wide experience of various kinds of life.

The work by which his wisdom has best reached the world in general is his collection of essays. Their originality can scarcely be appreciated now, for most of their thoughts have been absorbed by their readers and have been continually reproduced in other volumes. They combine great brevity with beauty of expression. The thoughts follow each other with rapid ease; each thought is an addition, not an expansion of the preceding; each matter is dealt with from every angle; and each sentence has possibilities of being developed into an essay of its own. The work requires long pauses for reflection and frequent re-perusal to be estimated at its full worth. Bacon is never impassioned, never becomes borne away by overmastering feeling or purpose. There is no rush of ideas and passions in his writings, no direct contact and close hug

of thought and thing. Serenity, not speed, is his characteristic and majestic as is the movement of his intellect it feels into the object under contemplation.

K. Potvin, '30.

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FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Turning to the pages of "An Anthology" of Modern Verse, we find that poetry is not dead nor is it even asleep, as some would have us believe. They bemoan the passing of men like Shakespeare and Wordsworth as the death of poetry. Truly, this world would not be the same without their works, they will live forever. But, is it not possible that some of the modern poets, even of our own times, will also be remembered? How do these modern poets differ from those of other days? Their form, you may say, is so irregular, so revolutionary, but, is poetry the only straight-cut path from which this generation has strayed? Machinery, never dreamed of in the Victorian period, is indispensable now. Is it not possible that these new stanzas, rhymes and lines, now frowned upon by many, will becomes models? Men, as yet unborn, when old will say to their children, ah, these were poets, now there are no great poets. And they, too, will likely be wrong, for as long as there is life, love and beauty on the earth there will be poetry for no other form of language is adequate to express deep sorrow or other emotion.

The themes are so varied, so well carried out, that life, its different phases, success and failure, hope, love and despair and every human emotion has been traced by some modern pen. Poets are all one big family though each is different from the other, all are gifted to a greater or less degree. Having considered them all together, though very briefly, let us turn our search-light on one alone. There are so many that this is difficult. Since you allow me to make the choice, my selection is Francis Thompson.

Childhood is so important in anyone's life, the impressions formed then are very apt to last forever. It would be inter-

esting, then, to note the childhood of a man who was to write such a poem as "The Hound of Heaven." It can best be described in "his own idea of what it is to be a child." It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism, it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief. It is to be so little that elves can reach to whisper in your ear, it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowliness into loftiness and nothing into everything. For each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul, it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself king of infinite space, it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life nor petition that it be commuted to death. When we become conscious, in dreaming, that we dream, the dream is at the point of breaking. When we become conscious in living that we live the ill dream is only beginning."

Thompson's ill dream began when he went to school. He was teased and tormented by his fellow-students. Reserved and observant, he could see and appreciate the wonders of nature. Physically he was always a little weak and he devoted little, if any, time to sports, he read a great deal and his talent for English was soon noticed. It was intended for him to enter the priesthood and he studied for a time, but he soon learned that this was not his vocation. "Indolence is one name for the abstraction of Francis' mind and the inactivity of his body, but he was not indolent in the struggle against indolence." Rising early in the morning was for him a great task. In his last months he wrote out in large letters such texts as were calculated to frighten him into his clothes. "Thou wilt not lie a-bed when the last trumpet blows."

Religion was the centre of his life, but at the same time he was not as practical in his service as others. "His rhymes were the only alms he gave. A.M.D.G., as aften found inscribed in his exercise books, was, nevertheless, a perfect dedication of his work. To the Greater Glory of God was already his pen's motto."

A shadow passes over the next years of his life. They seem dark and futile and on the surface they seem to be

worthless failures, but if he had never suffered his poetry would have lacked the deep sincerity that has made it so appealing to us. His father, a doctor, decided that he should study medicine and although he had no inclination for it, nor for anything except literature, he complied with his father's wishes. Year after year of failure followed. Having no interest in his work, he did not attend the lectures and was therefore unable to pass the examinations. His health was failing and he began to take opium.

He fled to London in despair, and although his family tried to find and help him, he remained in abject poverty in the gloomy streets of London. Although he associated with the lowest classes, he never lost his delicacy of feeling and his love of beauty. This love of beauty helped him through those trying days. No matter how dark things were he could see beauty in the simple things around him. He makes us see and appreciate the wonders of nature. Although I had seen snow falling hundreds of times and had recognized its beauty, I was blind to the beauty of an individual snowflake until I saw one through the eyes of Francis Thompson, having read "To a Snowflake." I thought that I knew a snowflake, but a "filagree petal" was as new to me as snow is to a native of the torrid zone.

During those terrible months he had several small positions, but nothing seemed to last very long. One thing after another failed to satisfy him, pleasures, love, children, nature, even poetry, seemed lost until he found them all in religion. All this is expressed in one of the most religious poems in the English language, "The Hound of Heaven," at last one of his poems brought him to the attention of the editor of a magazine, Mr. Meynell.

The last years of his life were more happy. He received good care and appreciation. His writings were mostly of a religious nature and his language and style are so exquisite that he has been compared to Shelley, whom he read and admired. Disease sapped his strength and he died young. He left his friends to be busy not with his death but with his

works. "This tribute to Francis Thompson seems fitting to those who understand and love his poetry." Devoted friends lament him, no less for himself than for his singing. But let none be named the benefactor of him who gave to all more than any could give to him. He made all men his debtors leaving to those who love him the memory of his personality and to the English poetry an imperishable name.

Pauline J. Bondy, '31.

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SCHUBERT. 1828—1928.

Franz Peter Schubert, indeed a son of the people, as his immediate ancestry were peasants, was born in Vienna, January 31st, 1797, and died there in November just one hundred years ago. A love for music, which existed in the Schubert family, was early kindled in the little Franz, who soon advanced beyond the teaching of his father and elder brothers, and was sent to the parish choirmaser, Holzer, for intsruction. Holzer said of Schubert, "Whenever I wished to teach him anything fresh he always knew it already."

When twelve years of age Schubert became a pupil in the Imperial School known as the Convict, and soon distinguished himself by his many compositions. Even his early works bear the stamp of genius, and from the outset, Schubert was never common-place. Whatever came from him was sure to be something that no one else would have thought of and was sure to be rich in beauty.

This spontaneous genius found its truest expression in vocal song, and it is commonly agreed that Schubert was the greatest composer of songs that ever lived. The emotional reaction in the ordinary reader and lover of poetry, was to Schubert a sudden thrill of musical creation. We are told that on a July evening in 1826, the thirsty Schubert strolled into a beargarden after a long walk and found a friend sitting at one of the tables with a volume of Shakespeare. Schubert picked up the book and alighting upon the song in Cymbeline, "Hark!

Hark! the Lark!" set it to music which he wrote on some staves hastily drawn across the back of a bill of fare. In the same evening and in the same manner he set to music the drinking song in Antony and Cleopatra and also "Who Is Sylvia," in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. The latter alone in its matchless perfection would suffice for a composer's reputation.

In carrying the Lied to the highest point of development it has yet reached, Schubert became one of the chief sources of inspiration for modern music in all its departmens. Towards the latter part of his life his progress towards perfect achievement in instrumental music became noticeable, particularly his fine string quartets in G and D minor and his last two symphonies of which the delightful fragment known as the "Unfinished," is perhaps the most popular.

Even in the smaller works for piano the influence of the Lied is marked and in piano music, not only Mendelssohn and Schumenn, but Chopin as well, drew copies of inspiration from Schubert, who thus stands as one of the principal founders of the modern imaginative and romantic schools.

Schubert was a man faithful and true, of thoroughly sound character disinterested and unselfish without a particle of envy or jealousy in him,—a man to whom friends became devotedly attached. Schubert's feeling towards Beethoven came to be little short of worship, though for thirty years the two great men lived in the same city without meeting more than once until the very end. It was during Beethoven's last illness, in 1827, that Beethoven first came to know Schubert, and he studied his songs with interest, declaring that their composer was destined to become a great power in the world. But it did not happen thus, for Schubert died the year following Beethoven's death and was buried in the Wahring cemetery in a grave as near as possible to that of the great master.

Church to Glorify Name of Schubert.

Of all the solemn honors that will be paid during 1928 by the Church of Franz Schubert, who wrought such grand tri-

umphs of the musical art, those on the days from July 19th to July 23rd will be the most outstanding. During that period the Tenth German Choral Congress will be held in the City of Vienna, 100,000 singers will take part in the exercises.

The International Office of Music has set aside the date, June 3rd, as a special festival day. During June there will be an international congress of scholastic musicians. The Minister of Instruction has organized a week of concerts to be held in November. In the various churches the six Masses composed by Schubert will be heard. Special commemoration will also be held in the house in which the immortal master was born and in which he died.

Hermine Keller.

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO HAVE OBTAINED DEGREES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, 1914-1927.

Name	Graduate	Present Address
1. Agnes Murphy	1914—	Sr. Mary Agnes, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
2. Emily Johnston	1915—	Sr. M. Josephine, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
3. Mary McSweeney	1915—	Sr. M. St. Charles, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
4. Madeline Burns	1916—	Mrs. C. E. Fraser, 7 Avalon Blvd., Birchcliffe P.O., Ont.
5. Eileen Dowdall ..... Home: Almonte, Ont.	1917—	36 Earl St. Toronto
6. Emily Quigley	1917—	Penetanguishene, Ont.
7. Muriel Gendron ..... (Home: Penetanguishene).	1917—	Parry Sound Collegiate.
8. Edna Madden	1918—	Penetanguishene, Ont.
9. Florence Quinlan ..... Home: 1 Delisle Avenue, Toronto.	1917—	Lecturer in Physics, University of Toronto.

10. Kathleen Gilmour ..... 1918—Mrs. M. E. O'Grady, 187 Pearson Ave., Toronto.
11. Geraldine Kormann .... 1918—Sr. Mary Alicia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
12. Mary Hodgins ..... 1918—Sr. M. St. Leonard, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
13. Madeline Murphy ..... 1918—Sr. Mary Augusta, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
14. Helen Duggan ..... 1919—10 Vermont Avenue, Toronto.
15. Marion Allen ..... 1919—Mrs. Stephen H. O'Brien 932 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont. Apartment No. 1.
16. Theresa Murphy ..... 1919—Stamford High School, Niagara Falls, Ont. Home: 239 Melita Ave., Toronto.
17. Geraldine O'Connor .... 1919—Harriett Judson, Y.W. C.A., 50 Nevine Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. R.R. No. 1, Islington, Ont.
18. Mathilde Sears ..... 1919—Scarboro High School, Kingston Road, Scarboro, Ont. Home: 647 Euclid Ave., Toronto.
19. Frances Whalen ..... 1919—Mrs. J. Ryan, Cornwall, Ont.
20. Emily Foy ..... 1919—Port Hope Collegiate, Port Hope, Ont. Home, 163 Concord Ave., Toronto.
21. Anna MacKerrow ..... 1920— Home: 49 Cecil Street, Toronto.
22. Ruth Agnew ..... 1920—Professor of English, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
23. Frances Ronan ..... 1920—Sr. M. St. Fergus, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

24. Cleo Coglan ..... 1921—
Home: 1390 Laurier Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
25. Susan McCormick ..... 1921—Mrs. F. Halloran, 501 Markham Street.
26. Elizabeth O'Meara ..... 1921—Sr. M. Loretto, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
27. Kathleen O'Brien ..... 1921—Sr. M. Emerentia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
28. Irene O'Malley ..... 1921—Sr. M. St. John, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
29. Wanola Collins ..... 1922—19 Chestnut Street, St. Catharines, Ont.
Home: 1020 Niagara St., Niagara Falls, Ont.
30. Catharine Tuffy ..... 1922—Sr. M. Bernard, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.
31. Kathleen O'Leary ..... 1922—Sr. St. Catharine, Sacred Heart Convent. London, Ont.
32. Mary McCardle ..... 1922—High School Teacher, Mimico, Ont., or 36 Earl Street, Toronto. 'Phone: RA. 5245.
Home: Linwood, Ont.
33. Agnes Simpson ..... 1922—High School Teacher, Midland, Ont.
Home: Port McNicholl, Ont.
34. Naomi Gibson ..... 1922—
Home: Scarth Road, Toronto.
35. Lillian Latchford ..... 1923—High School Teacher, Deseronto, Ont.
Home: 359 Brock Ave., Toronto.
36. Ernestine Gravelle .... 1923—
Home: 29 Blevins Ave., Toronto.
37. Veronica Ashbrook .... 1923—
Home: 308 E. Wheeling St., Washington, Pa., U.S.A.

38. Vera Gibbs ..... 1923—
Home: 499A Brock Ave., Toronto.

39. Monita McDonald ..... 1923—Clerk in Imperial Life Insurance Company, Toronto.
Home: 182 St. Clair Avenue E., Toronto.

40. Laura Wilson ..... 1923—Mrs. Neylan, Teacher H.S. Midland, Ont.

41. Dorothy Agnew ..... 1923—72 Gardner Street, Allston, Mass., U.S.A.

42. Mrs. Lillian Charlebois.. 1921—On High School Staff, Haileybury, Ont.
Home: Haileybury, Ont.

43. Lois Gibson .....—Mrs. J. Murphy, 44 Granfield Avenue, Chicapee, Mass., U.S.A.

44. Evelyn Burke ..... 1924—Barrie Collegiate, Barrie, Ont.
Home: 116 Henderson Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

45. Mary Dobell ..... 1924—
Home: 195 Leslie Street, Toronto.

46. Isabel McCormack ..... 1924—
Home: Battleford, Sask.

47. Eleanor Murray ..... 1924—
Home: 6 Springbank Ave., Birchcliffe, Scarboro, Ont.

48. Anna Bauer ..... 1925—
Home: Waterloo, Ont.

49. Helen Kramer ..... 1925—
Home: Guelph, Ont.

50. Averille Kavanagh .... 1924—On High School Staff, Haileybury, Ont.
Home: Haileybury, Ont.

51. May Benoit ..... 1925—Mrs. E. D. O'Brien, Timmins, Ont.
Home: La Salle, Ont.

52. Muriel English ..... 1925—At the Historical Museum, Bloor St. W., Toronto.
Home: 94 Pleasant Blvd., Toronto.

53. Madeline Enright ..... 1925—Mrs. J. Trepanier, Brampton, Ont.

54. Anna Hayes ..... 1925—On St. Joseph's H.S. Staff.
Home: 306 Wright Ave., Toronto. 477 Jarvis St., Toronto.

55. Grace Houlihan ..... 1925—
Home: 90 Garden Ave., Toronto.

56. Catherine Kehoe ..... 1925—High School Teacher,
Home: Bolton, Ont. Chapleau, Ont.

57. Blanche Larochelle .... 1925—Sr. Marie Thérèse,
St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

58. Kathleen McNally ..... 1925—
Home: Utterson, Ont.

59. Constance Shannon .... 1925—Mrs. Wm. B. Greenwood,
Home: Biscotasing, Ont. North Bay, Ont.

60. Clara Moore ..... 1925—
Home: 59 Woodlawn Ave., Toronto.

61. Kathleen Young ..... 1925—Glebe Collegiate Institute,
Home: 8 Valleyfield Gds., Toronto (9). Ottawa, Ont.

62. Isobel Pamphilion ..... 1925—Mrs. Basil Ryan,
Home: 112 Spruce Ave., Toronto. 112 Spruce Ave.

63. Winnifred Schenck .... 1920—McDonald Institute.
Home: 23 York Street, St. Catharines, Ont. Guelph, Ont.

64. Pauline M. Blake ..... 1926—Sr. M. Dominica,
St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

65. Grace Cooney ..... 1926—21 Church Street,
St. Catharines.

66. Mary Coughlin ..... 1926—
Home: 37 Erskine Ave., Toronto.

67. Camilla Coumans ..... 1926—
Home: Chepstone, Ont.

68. Margaret Crummey .... 1926—Office of Minister of Mines
Home: 542 Euclid Ave., Toronto (4). Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

69. Norma Duffy ..... 1926—
Home: 151 Wellington St., Hamilton, Ont.

70. Lillian Duggan ..... 1926—College of Education.
Home: 84 Mineral Springs Road, Buffalo, N.Y.

71. Marie Foley ..... 1926—
Home: 245 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto.

72. Helen Kernahan ..... 1926—Mrs. Arthur Holmes, 80 Chatsworth Drive, Toronto, Ont.

73. Eleanor McCarthy ..... 1926—
558 Bruce Ave., Windsor, Ont.

74. Helena McCarthy ..... 1926—High School Teacher, Port Rowan, Ont. Box 28.
Home: Dixie, Ont.

75. Rita O'Grady ..... 1926—
Home: 172 Leslie Street, Toronto,

76. Gertrude Quinlan ..... 1926—
Home: 182 Walmer Rd., Toronto.

77. Ida Wickett ..... 1926—High School Teacher, New Liskeard, Ont.
Home: 35 Der Park Cres., Toronto (5).

78. Camilla Wright ..... 1926—
Home: 39 Langley Ave., Toronto (6).

79. Loretto Bradley ..... 1927—
Home: Farrellton, Que.

80. Norine Wiley ..... 1927—College of Education.
Home: 235 Main Street, Weston, Ont.

81. Eileen Young ..... 1927—College of Education.
Home: Ennismore, Ont.

82. Dorothy O'Connor ..... 1927—College of Education.
Home: Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

83. Regina Harrison ..... 1927—College of Education.
Home: Tamworth, Ont.

84. Doreen Smith ..... 1927—
Home: 43 Jackman Ave., Toronto.

COLLEGE-SCHOOL NOTES

On Monday, March 19th, the Chopin Club gave an entertainment in St. Joseph's Auditorium. The programme opened with a brief address by the President, Miss Mary Palmer. Several pleasing numbers followed, but the main feature of the evening was a group of selections by the College-School Orchestra, which made its first public appearance that evening.

PROGRAMME.

Address ..... Mary Palmer
Irish Airs ..... College-School Orchestra
Two Piano Piece .....
First Piano ..... Nora Welsh and Helen Wallis
Second Piano .... Augustine Consentino and Helen Locke
Essay on Chopin ..... Audrey Sinclair
Vocal Solo ..... Antoinette Haynes
Recitation ..... Mary Consentino
Southern Airs ..... College School Orchestra
Piano Solo—Nocturne-Chopin..... Bernice Fischer
Vocal Solo ..... Eileen Potvin
Piano Solo—Rainy Weather-Poldini ..... Nellie Flynn
Mary Palmer, Form IV.

* * * * *

The Art Club is the youngest of St. Joseph's Clubs. It s composed of the members of the more advanced art classes, who are interested in the advancement of the subject in the school.

Here in Toronto we have some wonderful advantages for seeing much that is beautiful.

The Art Gallery of Toronto is visited frequently. This spring we had the opportunity to see the four hundredth anniversary exhibition of Albrecht Durer. There we also saw the sculpture of Paul Manship and Tait McKenzie, and last,



SUMMER SCENE, ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

but perhaps the most enjoyed by all, the flower exhibit of Robert Holmes, R.C.A., the most eminent Canadian flower painter.

The members of the Club realize that it is not only painters who are artists. An artist is one who fits some beautiful form of expression—the expression may differ—for instance, in the musician it takes the form of sound; in the painter form and colour. Our Art Club is taken in a broad sense; the members not only aim to bring beauty into their own souls, but intend to cultivate the gift of art that enables them to communicate the beauty to others by giving it a form visible to the eye.

Our aim is high, but you will not blame us, for art is man's highest expression of his reverence for, and joy in beauty.

* * * * *

One of the many advantages enjoyed by the young ladies educated at St. Joseph's Convent is that of making an Annual Retreat under wise conduct of an experienced director of souls. The Retreat this year was conducted by the Rev. Joseph McMahon, C.P., which opened on Thursday evening, April 19th, with an instruction on The Advantages of a Retreat and The Dispositions Required for Making It Well. Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

During the following three days silence reigned throughout the school and the Retreatants with due recollection entered whole-heartedly into the exercises. An interesting feature of the Retreat was "The Question Box," which was well patronized and proved a great source of interest and enlightenment.

On Monday morning, April 23rd, at eight o'clock, the Retreat closed with holy Mass, Papal Blessing and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Spiritually refreshed, all resumed their respective school tasks determined to be faithful to the good resolutions made and returning gratitude to Rev. Father McMahon for his interesting instructions and painstaking manner in which he directed the never-to-be-forgotten retreat of 1928.

On the night of April 17th we were the appreciative audience of the "Sorcerer," presented at the Regent Theatre under the auspices of the Conservatory Opera Company.

Sprites! Sorcerers! Love potions! What fairy tale was this, to enthrall a modern audience? The magic of song and sorcery combined to carry us back to Old England, when that country's quaint people placed their simple trust in "spells" and "magicians."

The theme was simple and refreshing in contrast to the heavier plots of contemporary drama. The whole story revolved around the ardent wish of the newly-married squire, that all his tenants enjoy such happiness as his. To his aid he called a sorcerer, Wellington Wells, to concoct a love potion. This "reliable Family Sorcerer" delighted and held the audience by his quaint appearance and remarkable acting.

In fact, the portrayal of each character was so picturesque and entertaining that, as the play drew to a close, the audience found that it too had been under a spell, which was only broken by the final falling of the curtain.

Betty Arnold, Commercial Class.

* * * * *

In our Auditorium, Friday evening, April 27th, we enjoyed a very delightful recital given by the pupils of Miss Frances Tollhurst, L.C.S.E.

PROGRAMME.

Grandma's Angel ..... Rita Dever
Spreading the News .....Melba Calquhoun
Her Treasure ..... Margaret Chambers
The Little Red Canon ..... Marie Roque
Violin ..... Geraldine Stubinsky
Accompanist—Clara Becker.
Joseph ..... Mary Mickles
The Stove-Pipe Hole ..... Rolande Gauthier
The Minuet ..... Betty Grobba

Dance .....Agnes Ryan, Olive Griffin, Ursula Montag, Bernice Fischer.
The Wild White Rose ..... Ruth Snider
The Obstructive Hat .....Norma Ruthven

MUSIC.

The Going of the White Swan .....Angel Preu
The Burglar ..... Mabel Green

The girls who took part are to be complimented on the skilful manner in which each performed her part.

Frances Wright, Form IV.

* * * * *

Ganci's Model of the Holy Land.

On May 14th, Form IB. visited Ganci's model of Palestine. This model is as nearly correct as human skill can make it. The representation is based on the Bible History and is also a magnificent exhibition of art and mechanics. It shows events all through the life of Our Lord. There are about nine hundred figures of people and animals; there are palaces, synagogues, lakes, rivers, and seas. The small buildings have windows of stained or coloured glass so that when the little lights inside are on, a beautiful scene is produced.

The great cities of the three provinces are shown, including the majestic city of Jerusalem, with its tall buildings, the watch-tower of David, and the Jaffa Gate over which stands a representation of the clock-tower built by the German Emperor not many years ago. One of the most interesting scenes is the grotto of the Nativity with angels playing harps above the cradle of the Infant Jesus and animals bowing their heads reverently before the Holy Child.

Ganci's model is of great value as an educational exhibit and perhaps no other miniature demonstration of people and places has ever been so complete and so mervellous.

Helen Richard, Form I.B.

The ambitious Third and Fourth Forms have profited by and enjoyed the social periods devoted to improvement in French Conversation. After some weeks' practice marked improvement was evident. The Class disbanded with the pleasant superior feeling of having a fair mastery of the language.

Eleanor Godfrey, Form III.

* * * * *

A number of the Senior Students had the pleasure of attending the annual Conservatory Closing given at Massey Hall on Wednesday evening, May 16th. They all appreciated this privilege because of its educational value in the help it afforded them in their study of music.

Margaret Ryan, Form III.

* * * * *

A Bridge and Tea-dance was given by the Senior Literary Society on Saturday, May 19th, for the High School pupils of St. Joseph's College-School. Approximately one hundred and fifty were present. Tea was poured by Miss Margaret Thompson ,and Miss Alice Hayes assisted by Miss Helen Carmichael, Mis Bernice Fischer, Miss Mary Frawley and Miss Eleanor Godfrey. The first bridge prize was awarded to Miss Ann Morin; the second prize to Miss Margaret Ryan. The Bridge was a great success and the gratitude of the High School pupils is due to the Literary Society for a very pleasant afternoon.

Ray Godfrey, Form II.A.

* * * * *

Aren't you glad to be alive just now, and in your glorious teens? Glad to greet the birds, the iridiscent green of the blades of grass thrusting upwards, pulsating with life—glad to see the earth gleaming in a flowery glow, and the mists of the distance quivering with life, love, hope and contentment?

The girls of St. Joseph's paid their tribute to Mistress Spring on Wednesday, May 2nd, when assembling in the gymnasium jauntily attired in the new spring uniforms. It con-

sists of a plaited blue skirt of soft serge and a simple white middy with navy blue collar and cuffs and a chic black tie.

This spring uniform gives the student body an air that is distinctive and charmingly youthful.

Patricia Murphy. Commercial Class.

* * * * *

May 8th, the day of judgment, is near at hand. At least for the weary toilers in their search for knowledge. For several long weeks, and short week-ends, they have alternately worked and played. For some, it is to be feared play has received the more enthusiastic attention. Now, examination, the stern judge of their efforts, is coming to look upon them with the gentle gaze of success, or the icy stare of failure. To some, success is a stepping-stone to the fulfillment of their ambitions, and is an opening for them to higher University education. To others it is their stopping-place: they do not wish to travel further along the scholastic path, and will now occupy themselves with lighter social duties. But are the latter to be envied more than those who have a definite goal in life, with limited hours of leisure? And the failures—may they be few! Whether success or failure be the result, it may be asked, "Breathes there the girl, with soul so dead, who never at exams hath said, I wish I were at home in bed."

Margaret Lyon, Form IV.

* * * * *

The Grange Art Gallery was again the centre of attraction on May 14th, when the girls of both Second Forms had the pleasure of revisiting it. As is always the case, we were delighted with the exhibition; however, this time we were privileged in viewing one of the best exhibits of the year.

A great part of our time was occupied in examining the room devoted to Canadian wild flowers. Among those by Robert Homes, the popular favorites were "Solomon's Seal," "Triliums," and "Spring Beauty," all of which were exquisitely lovely in shape and colour. The remainder of our visit was spent in the room given over entirely to the works of

Tait MacKenzie, the sculptor. His figures of Scotch soldiers were especially fine and one entitled "The Call to Arms," was the cynosure of all eyes. It represented a young Highlander, symbolic of Scotland, sitting with his rifle across his knees, looking upward in answer to an imaginary call. Directly behind this was "The Response to the Call," a magnificent frieze in bronze, picturing many men marching to war. For sheer rythmical beauty this surpassed everything, in our opinion, to be seen at the exhibit.

It was with great reluctance we quitted the Grange, but the impress that our visit left with us is one that will not easily be forgotten. Jane Swift, Form II.A.

* * * * *

A scene of wondrous beauty and phantasy was presented by the junior pupils of St. Joseph's College-School in a colorful operetta entitled "In a Flower Garden." The stage was transformed into a land of exquisite beauty; and the audience was spell-bound and mutely enthralled as the years stealthily slipped away and they were children again in the fairy land of youth. The scene was that of a woodland dale, and swaying in the gentle breeze were the fairy-like forms of the children daintly clothed as the frail petals of fragrant flowers. Flitting in the sunshine among the flowers were brilliant metalic butterflies, and the dance of the latter charmed the audience with their childish grace and simplicity of manner. The intervening choruses sung by the Sunbeams, Dew-drops, Spiders and Fireflies were most appealing in their poignant sweetness of tone and expression. Another pleasing feature of the entertainment was the picturesque presentation of Dawn, Noon, Dusk, Sunset, Fair-weather and Rain by the Misses Patricia McClosky, Yvonne Dalton, Kathleen Munro, Adele Parsons, Rosamond Pocock and Norma Ruthven.

* * * * *

The Members of St. Catharine's Literary Society feel deeply indebted to their Honorary President, Dr. Gertrude Lawler, for her handsome gift of Twenty-five Dollars. Beyond the

stipulation that a special prize be awarded to the President, Miss Eleanor Godfrey, for her good-will and ability in directing the organization of the Society, the Officers are left free to decide how the money may be expended.

* * * * *

The members of the Mozart Music Club held their entertainment on Friday, May 18th, in the College Auditorium. A two-act play depicting scenes from the early life of Mozart was presented, followed by a musical programme. The evening afforded much pleasure to all present.

PROGRAMME.

1. God Save the King.
2. Address .....The President, Ursula Montag
3. Duet—Valse .....N. Cameron, R. Lee.
   Orchestra accompaniment.
4. Song—A Perfect Day .....Agnes Ryan
   Margaret Ryan, guitar; Catherine Ryan, piano.
5. Dance of the Robins—Piano Solo ..... M. Munro
6. Recitation ..... M. Colquhoun
7. Violin Solo—Polish Dance ..... Betty Grobba
   Orla Beer at piano.
8. Piano Solo .....Ursula Bailley
9. Playette—Scenes from the Life of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Act. I.—The living room of Leopold Mozart in Austria—1766.
Act. II.—Scene at the Court of the Emperor of Austria.

CHARACTERS.

Leopold Mozart (Mozart's Father).....Orla Beer
Mother Mozart (Mozart's Mother).....Patricia Dever
Woifgang Mozart .....Josephine Scott
Maria Mozart (Mozart's Sister) .....Emily Boque
Herr Schachtner (Court Trumpeter).....Nora Phelan
Rohrs—Musician.
Neidemeyer—Musician, Friends of Mozart
Emperor of Austria .....Melba Colquhoun

Empress of Austria .....Madeline Wright
Duchess ..... Olive Griffin
Wagenseil (Court Composer) .....Dorothy Chambers
Gentleman in Waiting .....Mary McCormick
Pages.....Eileen Phelan and Florence McCarthy
Orchestra.....Selected.

* * * * *

Much credit is attributed to the players of St. Joseph's Orchestra, which is composed of a number of our outstanding musicians in their various lines of talent. During the scholastic year several choice entertainments were rendered in the College Auditorium by these young enthusiastics, who delighted all present by their artistic interpretation of the selections rendered.

* * * * *

Do convent girls know the meaning of "life" or "living," or have the years that have been spent in seclusion while seeking knowledge resulted only in the ignorance of the educated? Life is magnificent, noble, almighty, enveloping, alluring even in its most mute appeal.

Life is what we make it, living is made for us by ourselves, the employers of our actions. And how is one to make her individual existence not ephermal, shallow-living, but that of a deep-rooted, far influencing life? I think that the answer lies in watching the daily promenade of lives, as they are reflected in the windows of our souls. We all have eyes, and further we have the clear, unblurred vision of youth.

"All the world's a stage!" and we, the future women, are merely players, and our act endures for one transient hour; and then the candle glows, glimmers, fades and—the curtain, the eternal curtain is drawn. In my philosophy of life, if I may call my conclusions such, there are two shops. One, the shop on Main Street, where lives are spent in promenading between a series of mirrors, crystal ornaments, lounges, luxurious, entrancing veneer; these promenaders are the citizens of

the cosmopolitan school, gaily feathered birds wrapped in furs, draped in futuristic scarfs; egotistical, nonsensical, prideful, vapid and incipient creatures vainly striving for happiness by breathing the superficial nectar of life—and the other side of the picture, is the little shop around the corner so near and yet so far from the doubtful paradise on Main Street. I am not a citizen of either, of course, but through observance, association with humanity and books, and a knowledge gained by personal contact of the ups and downs of life, I made this startling discovery and I hope you will do the same before the fall of the eluding shadows.

Patricia Murphy, Commercial Class.

* * * * *

CANADA'S FOREST WEALTH.

The forests of Canada are a great source of wealth to her. Originally all Canada, with the exception of the prairies and the barren lands of the north, was covered with dense forest. In the southern part of the country much of the forest or bush land has been cleared by settlers. Much, too, has been destroyed by fire, and careless methods of lumbering, but enough remains to make Canada one of the most important lumber-producing countries of the world.

The forest lands of Ontario comprise two thousand one hundred square miles, an area larger than that of Great Britain. They contain great forests of red and white pine which are valuable, as well as very large areas of spruce, fir, poplar and other trees suitable for pulp-wood. Besides these there are other numerous varieties of valuable trees, viz., oak, beech, maple and cedar, which are fairly abundant, especially in the bush lots which still dot the farms of Southern Ontario.

Much timber has been destroyed in the past by forest fires and careless treatment of the trees. Fire rangers, however, guard the forests during the summer and autumn. The Government has set apart many splendid areas of land as forest reserves.

New Brunswick seems to be a province of trees, principally maple, spruce, hemlock and fir. Through the woods run many rivers, some of great size. These aid in the lumbering industry because the logs are carried down by the rivers to the saw-mill, thus saving the lumbermen a great deal of time and trouble.

The magnificent forests of British Columbia are her greatest asset. Throughout the coast region and to a smaller extent the wet belts of the interior, there are large tracts of fine trees which attain an immense size. A diameter of from eight to ten feet is not unusual, and there are individual specimens with a circumference of fifty feet or more.

Although an enormous amount of timber is being removed annually, the forests are growing just about as fast as they are being cut down. It is evident that with reasonable care the forest wealth of Canada will continue to be one of her great assets.

Helen Stephenson, Form II.A.

* * * * *

DREAM HOUSE.

I do not want a lordly mansion fine
Set amid the stately whispering pine;
I do not want a palace built of gold
Or marble, so white and strangely cold.

All I crave is a little cottage small
Where at night, the silver shadows fall;
A garden fair, with skies of blue above
A little place of rest and peace and love.

A fireplace, perhaps a book, a chair
With peace for company, free from care;
A little house of dreams come true,
Set beside the ocean wave so blue.

Frances Wright, Form IV.

CANADIAN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

In nineteen hundred and twenty-four the British Empire held an exhibition of art. To this many paintings executed by Canadian artists were sent and were claimed to have distinct evidence of the two qualities which create masterpieces—feeling and observation.

Before this some would-be prophets said there would never be any real Canadian artists; because there was no inspiration forthcoming from the great stretches of barren lands, rocky mountains and crude villages of Canada.

Tom Thompson put great beauty, and real nature in his picture "Jack Pine." This picture is a solitary pine with a natural back-ground of dark underlating shores of a great northern lake.

Other artists found great inspiration in the spreading prairies with their golden fields of grain. in the rapid streams rushing down the mountain side over fallen trees and rocks. The Rockey Mountains are a place of beauty and real life for artists who love nature and its work. The tall giant trees with a mountain of many colours blended together make a wonderful scene.

Small villages with their quaint cottages and streets attract many artists who like to paint the spots in Canada which are different from those in any other country. This is shown by Frank Carmichael in his pictures "Northern Villege" and "Jackfish Village" painted in water colours; also in the picture "Elevator Court" painted by Lawren Harris.

"Northern Night," the masterpiece of Frank H. Johnston, was received with great enthusiasm because of the wonderful way in which actual night is painted. Johnston was born in Toronto, so there is no doubt that he is a real Canadian Artist.

The snow in its sparkling beauty covering trees and hillsides is another of Canada's own artistic possessions and which artists delight to paint. Northern Ontario is a rough country of rivers, waterfall, lakes, canyons and great hills. This land has a peculiar magnetism for artists.

The seven artists called the "Group of Seven" are all Canadians and each found Canada a place different from all other countries and a place in which to paint their masterpieces.

"Western Sunlight" by Jefferys, "After a Snowfall" by Mary Wrinch and "Wolf Crossing a Lake" by Frank Hennessey, were sent to the exhibition in London and were received as the work of great artists.

The Masters of Art have now decided Canada will always produce artists fit to compare with the best.

Evelyn Stearman, Form II.-A., S.J.H.S.

* * * * *

TRAVEL TO-DAY, AND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Travel as we think of it to-day is a pleasure, whether we are on a business trip or a holiday trip. Take, for instance, our railways. How quickly we can cross this vast continent and in what comfort. Starting at Toronto we can be in Vancouver in four days. If we have a compartment, we can have our meals served in it and be saved the walk to the diner. If fond of music, we can go to the parlor car and listen to radio concerts. Now, compare this to travelling across America a hundred years ago. Think of those pioneers who braved the dangers and hardships of travelling slowly across, in prairie-waggons, which took months to make the trip. They suffered from hunger and thirst and were in danger of hostile Indians who regarded them as usurpers .

The inventions of the last years have added greatly to the variety of ways in which we may travel. The aeroplane is the greatest of these. Aeroplanes are not only useful for feats of daring, such as flying from one continent to another or around the world. In Canada especially they are used for the prevention of forest fires. The rangers fly over the forest areas, keeping a constant lookout for smoke. At the first sight of it the ranger communicates with the nearest station and the fire is extinguished before it has spread any distance.

Air mail routes are common in Europe and the United

States and are now being introduced into Canada. Passenger routes have not been started here yet, but are very common in Europe. Immense planes carrying ten or twenty passengers, fly between England and Paris every few hours. All the great cities of Europe are connected by aeroplane routes. Aeroplanes are extensively used in exploration trips, especially to the north and south poles. From the air accurate maps of the bays and inlets and surroundings of those hitherto unknown regions are made.

How crude and slow were the first ships in comparison to the swift, graceful, floating palaces of to-day. We may attend Mass at Notre Dame Church in Montreal on a Sunday and at Westminster Cathedral in London, the next Sunday. The trip across the Atlantic Ocean is one of pleasure too. Great steamers are provided with tennis and badmington courts, swimming tanks and even miniature golf courses. In the evening the passengers enjoy concerts and card parties. The first-class cabins are like hotel rooms and the food is excellent. How different it was when the early settlers were coming over here! The sailing ships were small, the cabins crowded and unsanitary; the voyage was never made in less than two months.

Now-a-days, nearly every one owns an automobile. When travelling by auto much can be learnt about our own country. Trips can be taken through the fruit belt of Ontario and through the lake and forest sections of the north. People who live in cities can travel through the great farming districts. In this way, one can realize what a great part the farmer takes in the building up of his country and of the nation. Years ago when people travelled only by stage coaches or waggons, they could not make such extensive trips. Many people did not even know how people in villages, only a few miles away, lived.

We should be thankful that we live in this age of comfort, but we should also be grateful to those who went before and opened up the country and made things easy for us.

Margaret Hunt, Form III.

SPRING.

Spring-time welcome comes once more,
With sunshine and warm rain,
Out comes the child with bat and ball,
Out peep the leaves again.

The bird returns from winter home
And builds high in the tree;
The animals frisk on the hillsides
To say "thank you." Then why shouldn't we?

Alberta Spreen, Form IV. S.J.H.S.

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MARY, IMMACULATE MOTHER.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Mater.

VOL. XVII. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1928 No. 2

The Holy Name of Mary

Mary, that holy name, hath scarcely died
Upon my lips—that name immaculate—
When my torn heart regains its placid state,
And in my eyes the tears of grief are dried.

Mary, I name her and a boundless tide
Of rapture doth my bosom inundate
With sweetness so unutterably great
That, to contain it, all its strength is tried.

Mary, that name secure shall bear me on
Amid life's perils; on that mighty name
The menaces of fortune I defy.
And, when my term of mortal life is gone,
In my last moment Mary's help I'll claim—
Her name upon my lips, content I'll die.

—Matthew Russell, S.J.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER

To Honest and Intelligent Inquirers.

By Rev. Michael Joseph Watson, S.J.

The Rosary.

IRELAND, Poland, and Spain, with other Catholic lands, are living witnesses (if evidence be needed for what is such a palpable fact) that countries which are faithful to the Rosary remain true to the Catholic faith. The Incarnation, the Redemption, the faith in the eternal life of glory, are the ground work of Catholic truth, and these three mysteries are the Gospel of the Rosary. Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical Letter (1892) . . . repeated this evidence in other words: "We may be permitted to say that with individuals, with families, with peoples who honour the Rosary, we need have no fear that either ignorance or error will destroy faith."—The Rosary Guide. —Rev. J. Proctor, O.P.

In the following dialogue the reader will find all necessary information regarding the Rosary.

Inquirer: What do you mean by the Rosary?

Catholic: The Rosary is a form of prayer in which the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" are recited reverently a certain number of times, while the mind meditates upon the events and mysteries of Our Lord's Life, Passion and Resurrection. The prayers are counted on beads, and are divided into "decades" or tens. Each "decade" is made up of one "Our Father," the "Hail Mary" repeated ten times, and one "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost." The complete Rosary consists of fifteen "decades." During the first five the person who prays meditates on five Joyful Mysteries of Christ's life, namely, on the Annunciation, the Visitation of St. Elizabeth by the Blessed Virgin, Our Lord's Birth in the stable of Bethlehem, His Presentation in the Temple, and His being found in the midst of the doctors asking them questions. The second five "decades" em-

brace the Sorrowful Mysteries, which are the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging, the Crowning with thorns, the Carrying of the Cross to Calvary, and the Crucifixion. The third five set forth for devout contemplation the Glorious Mysteries of Christ's triumph after death—the Resurrection, the Ascension forty days after His rising from the dead, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption and the Coronation of the Mother of God. The usual practice is to recite only five "decades" daily, with meditation on five of the Mysteries. Thus, in the Rosary we find two kinds of prayer united—namely, vocal prayer and what is called mental or contemplation.

Inquirer: Why repeat the prayers so often? The Bible condemns vain repetitions.

Catholic: The Bible condemns repetitions that are vain; but a good prayer, if repeated with a reverent and loving spirit, is not a vain repetition, no matter how often it is said. Before God's throne in heaven the Blessed repeat without ceasing, "Holy, Holy, Holy"; and Our Redeemer, when in agony in the Garden, repeated several times the same prayer.

Inquirer: But why do you pray to Mary ten times, while you pray to God only once?

Catholic: Here is the reason: After asking God the seven petitions contained in the "Our Father," we desire to obtain as much help as possible, conscious as we are how poor and cold is our own prayer, so we go to the Mother of God and ask her to unite her intercession with ours. Do you not remember how the Apostles prepared by prayer in Jerusalem for the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost? To make their preparation more perfect, they asked that great servant of God, the Mother of their Lord, to join them and help them by her prayers. We act in a similar way in the Rosary. A loving child, eager to get some good gift from his father, importunes his mother again and again to intercede and obtain the gift for him. In Longfellow's "Golden Legend" we find the same thought expressed thus:

"And even as children who have much offended
A too-indulgent father, in great shame,

Penitent, and not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak to their sister and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So, men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests, an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she in Heaven for them makes intercession."

Inquirer: How do you know the Virgin can pray for you?

Catholic: Of the fact that the Virgin knows our prayers we are certain, because such is the Church's teaching, though we have not been made aware of the precise manner in which she hears the petitions; but a probable and reasonable explanation of it would be to say that God makes the prayers known to her, for the Blessed, who see God "face to face," behold in His Divine Essence all that, according to His will, contributes to their happiness, and consequently He gives them a knowledge of the prayers of those on earth whom in their love they are desirous to save from eternal woe.

Inquirer: The Bible says nothing about saints being able to hear our prayers and to pray for us.

Catholic: The Bible says a great deal about it. But, first, allow me to repeat these words of the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne:

"We could make known our thoughts in a few minutes to our friends five or ten or twenty thousand miles away. Is it beyond the power of God to make known our prayers to those who dwell before His face, if only as science makes thoughts known to us? Such an objection betrays a sadly material state of mind."

Now, let us see what the Bible says. In Genesis xlviii., 26, we read, "*May the angel that delivered me from all evils, bless those boys.*" Here we have Jacob asking the angel in Heaven to obtain a blessing for his grandsons. Did he pray to one whom he believed unable to hear him? In the prophecy of Zachary (i., 12), we find an angel interceding for the inha-

bitants of Jerusalem and the cities of Judah. I quote the Protestant Bible: "Then the Angel of the Lord answered and said, '*O Lord of hosts, how long wilt Thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah, against which Thou hast had indignation these three score and ten years?*'" Just as we are told in the Apocalypse (Revelation), vi., 10, that the Blessed Martyrs in Heaven know what happens on earth, and cry aloud to God, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

In the New Testament we are assured that "there shall be joy before the Angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." The angels, then, know of the change of your heart when you repent of your sins, though you may give no external sign of repentance. How can they discover your hidden thoughts, if God does not make them known to them? Again, in the Apocalypse (v. 8) we read: "The four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints." These "elders" are the elect now reigning with Christ in glory, for they speak of themselves as "redeemed to God in the Blood of the Lamb out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation," and "the prayers of the saints" which they offer are the prayers of the faithful on earth, for it is well known to every one acuqainted with the New Testament, and especially St. Paul's Epistles, that the word "Saints" is there used in one sense only, namely, to designate Christians on earth who are bound by their baptismal vows to aspire to a life of sanctity. Thus, we see how the glorified elect in their adoration of the Lamb bear and present our prayers before His throne. This manifestly they could not do unless they know our petitions and pray for us. And in the 8th chapter (v. 3) an angel is represented as doing the same thing: "*And another came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne of God.*"

THE LAUREL-ROSE

From the Spanish.

By Caroline D. Swan.

Of all the handsome girls in Grenada, Inesille Romero was by far the most beautiful; singing on the flat roof of her humble dwelling, and wearing a brighter face than most of the rich senoras in their salons with golden ceilings, she reminded one of the linnet, which, never modulates its bold, rapid thrillings more perfectly than when on the topmost tree boughs.

Inesille was sixteen years of age, had eyes black as night, flowing raven tresses and a fine figure in a well-fitted basquine —to say nothing of a pretty mouth, a hand white enough to dazzle you and a charming foot fit for the fairy glass slipper. Yet Inesille was still without a lover.

How had the ardent Spanish girl kept a cold heart under the passionate rays of a Southern sun? Was it a miracle? For she was almost alone in the world, her father having been dead many a long year and her mother having breathed her last three years before in a hospital.

A seamstress, Donna Serraba, her neighbor, had received her, sheltered her beneath an humble roof and taught her needlework. So it came to pass that she soon had a trade. But she possessed no other source of income than her scanty earnings. Many a head was turned to gaze at her, fascinated by her beauty, as, at the close of day she quitted the busy workshop; but she had always a steady repulse for the crowd of gallants who beset her path with inconsiderate declarations. Yet why and wherefore was this? It was because she had in her window a laurel-rose which she loved with passion. Every evening Inesille watered it tenderly and lingered over it, admiring its brown stem, its glossy leaves and rose-tinted corollas. Sometimes she would pick off a yellow leaf which marred its beauty or a half-faded petal that the wind had partially

broken. But the perfect blossom clusters she gathered only on the rarest occasions.

In the morning her first glance sought the window and a blissful smile would irradiate her rose-bud face when she discovered a half-open flower which had been a green bud the night before. The young girl fostered her plant with the tender solicitude of a mother watching the progress of her son. When the hours of labor kept her away from her little room she would often let her needle drop, the work intrusted to her skill by Senora Serraba fall on her knee and her laughing companions would say she was dreaming of her lover. But Inesille thought only of her laurel. At the least breath of wind she trembled, and, if a hurricane threatened, nothing could detain her. She would run swift as an antelope to her humble home and only recovered her wonted smile when she counted the sprays and again caressed the flowers of her laurel. Nor was this all; on certain days—Sundays especially—she would dress up her friend. She would cover the pot with a white handkerchief, always the same, in the corner of which were inscribed the initials, F. V. Then she would tie around the main stem a blue ribbon which seemed to be a sword-knot; passing finally over one of the buds which presaged a flower for the morrow a small gold ring with a sapphire daintily set in it. The toilette of her plant thus completed, she would kneel before it with graceful coquetry; then, afterward, by some swift change of feeling, bow her beautiful head, worthy of the highest dreams of Zurbaren or Murillo, while tears fell in showers from her long, black eye-lashes. Alas for human joys and griefs! The white handkerchief, the sapphire ring and the laurel-rose awakened for Inesille a world of remembrances.

Three years before the time when this little history begins, on one memorable Sunday—which explains her fancy for this particular day—Senora Serraba had taken Inesille with her to the Castle. It stood looming up, lordly and spacious, in the near environs of Grenada; and thither the workwoman betook herself to receive the commands of the high and powerful lady,

Isabelle de Velasquez. While the Marquesa talked with her maid and Donna Serraba about embroidered robes and other weighty concerns of the toilette, Inesille, whom such discussions only wearied, played about the lawn and chased butterflies in merry companionship with a child like herself, the son of the Marquesa, whom she had met at the intersection of two paths. Both young, both handsome and amiable, they were drawn to each other at first sight and before an hour had passed had become the best friends in the world.

It so chanced that the gardener of the Marquesa was in the habit of placing in the shade certain rare and precious plants, which the heat of the sun might injure. This he did every day; and one of these plants was for the lad, Don Fernando, a double cause of misfortune. As he was running in headlong eagerness to escape the engaging pursuit of his playmate, his sword-knot caught in the branches of a rich laurel-rose and his rude efforts to free himself snapped off one of its new and tender shoots. Fernando uttered a cry, as if he had been himself hurt; he knew the severity of his mother. Ah, she would make him stay with his tutor, who was so dull and always speaks in Latin!

Luckily for the young Marquis, Inesille was near. She had run, trembling, at his cry; then, seeing the unimportance of the disaster and the pallor of his frightened face, she burst into a fit of laughter. But she resumed her usual serene mood when she saw her merriment angered him, and proceeded to assure him that all was not lost.

Farnando smiled again and gave his sword to Inesille. Then, seating himself beside her, on the turf, he watched her as she deftly cut away the shattered stalks and tied up the bruised ones. After a few moments' work the most scrutinizing eye—that of the Marquesa, even—could not have detected the damage; only the plant had three sprays instead of four. Inesille had covered the cuts of the sword-blade with mud and dust that the sap might not exude—thereby ingeniously concealing the wound.

She carefully gathered up the broken sprays to take them

home with her. This idea seemed to please Fernando, who brought from the greenhouse a glass, such as he had seen the gardener use for rooting slips, put the sprays in it, wrapped the whole in his white handkerchief and handed it to Inesille. She thanked him with a smile full of charm. Whereupon Fernando advanced with the boldness of a page and impressed a kiss on her lovely lips. Inesille blushed, with a strange confused emotion, made up of fear and a strange new delight. Then she burst into tears. Fernando took no notice, but continued to amuse himself gathering clusters of flowers. Finally he called her to come and help him weave garlands. Inesille made no answer. Then he stole softly to her side,—her tears puzzled him. "Ah, you are weary already, in this park!" said he. "What would you do if you had to pass the whole year here, as I do? And alone, too?" You are weeping still; console yourself! Come and play, 'Inesille!"

She raised her eyes without speaking. "Let us go!" he continued. "You are angry with me! I am sorry—so sorry! For I love you already. What have I done? Tell me. Are you afraid your mother will scold you for cutting your ribbon? Here, take this ring, and if she thinks to punish you, give it to her from me. Adieu! I hear the voice of my tutor! Come over to-morrow and we will play again!" With these words Don Fernando fled to avoid as far as possible the Latin of Fray Antonio.

Inesille started in pursuit of him to return his ring. But he had already vanished behind the trees and she heard Donna Serraba calling her with impatience. So she hastily concealed rose, handkerchief and ring, and hastened to join her mistress. It was time for their departure. She quitted the Castle with infinite regret, but hid her grief from Donna Serraba by a strong effort, so that the good woman never suspected it. The first thing she did after reaching home was to hide her new treasures and suspend the glass filled with water in the sun. Soon rootlets began to shoot downwards through it and the leaves above to expand. For some days Inesille was sad; then her natural gaiety returned.

Two years elapsed, during which time she saw and heard little of Don Fernando. The gulf was great between mere humble working people and the grandees of the castle. But one day as she sat singing, unconscious of all but the joy of her melody, a young nobleman, superb in velvet and gold, passed and repassed under her window. Pietro, one of their neighbors, told her how long the stranger stood, listening. And not long after, as Inesille lingered at her window to water her laurel, she uttered a cry of joy, for she recognized Don Fernando. By a sudden, half-involuntary movement she broke off a spray of the laurel and let it fall from the window.

Toward evening she recollected an important message from Donna Serraba in regard to the completion of some work to be delivered to an ancient and noble lady, one of her best patrons. So, hastily setting out, she was passing with rapid step the angular structures which made up a ragged street corner when a gypsy with a wrinkled, weather-beaten face, sharply accosted her. "Let me tell your fortune, my pretty girl!" Inesille only walked on the faster. The gypsy also redoubled her speed. "Do not fear!" she continued, in a low mysterious tone, "I have only good tidings. The handsome lord who loves you,—" "Ah!" said Inesille, and she stepped more slowly. "The handsome lord will be faithful to you and has charged me to wait for you on his behalf."

Inesille stopped. "He loves me, then?" said she.

"Look!" cried the Bohemian, pointing out two stars, which shone out upon the black sky with a reddish light. "These two stars, they are yours. How do they differ? One is larger than the other; that is his star. But their light,—behold, it is alike. So, of your hearts."

Inesille was about to question her closely, but the gypsy had other plans.

"I have no time to tell more! Take this! You will therein read the rest of the oracle!" She produced from beneath her rags a satin note which she handed Inesille, and in a second was gone. The letter was unsigned, but within it lay a sweet petal of laurel-rose with the words, "Inesille, I love thee!"

And Inesille, going to the window, chose the fairest flower for her answer; the next morning there fell with a tear another branch of laurel.

So the sun shone for the maiden, and then the clouds came. One dark night the wind blew with violence and, whistling through her casement, swept away the last blossom of her laurel; and she, who but lately ran eagerly to save it from the storm, now remained indifferent to its destruction. Don Fernando had himself supplanted his gift.

And Inesille found also that one evening brought her lover to her in a dark mood. He was cool, distracted and unmoved by the sound of her voice. Under pretext of a command from his mother, he departed at an early hour. The next day Inesille waited for him, but he did not return. He was neglecting her as she had neglected her laurel-rose.

Soon there was a stir and much talk in the city in regard to a young novice of great beauty who had been admitted to the convent of Santa Trinidad. Her companions all agreed as to her virtues and piety, yet condemned as worldly folly her attachment to a pet plant, a laurel-rose. Her singing voice, however, was recognized as something wonderful.

And then came a day when the brilliant crowd ceased to haunt the chapel of Santa Trinidad and the charity-box lost many of its rich gifts; for the beautiful novice sang no longer.

Sister Magdalena slept in the church-yard. But one of the Sisters, who had loved her, felt it a sacred duty to join the living blossoms with the one that lay dead; so, thanks to the remembrance of friendship, the laurel of her love became the cypress of her tomb.

THE LUTHERAN "REFORMATION"

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

The Regeneration in the Church Was Now in Full Spring-tide.

In 1522 Adrian sent a Legate to the Diet at Nuremberg in November, and addressed a Brief honestly and nobly confessing that the fault was not all on one side, that a bad example had been given in high places, and promising a reform of the "grievances" of which the Diet had complained; and the Legate personally said that if Luther had attacked abuses only, he would have been praised. But this generous confession was wasted upon ungenerous and heartless men. It was but casting pearls before swine. The Diet did nothing but complain; their real grievance, however, was that cases which they wanted to decide in their secular courts had long and traditionally been assigned by public law to the ecclesiastical courts. Luther was a deaf adder, whom no one could affect. Any appeal to his heart and conscience was but offering a holy thing to a dog. The base apostate merely distorted the Pope's confession into an acknowledgement that he himself had been altogether in the right, and he poured out a new torrent of ribald insolence against the Papacy. He followed this up by a manifesto to the German heads of the Religious Orders, advising them all to break their vows, take wives, and divide up the property of their monasteries.

In 1524 the Bishops and Catholic princes, to defend the Faith, and perhaps in fear for their thrones, assembled at Ratisbon to concert measures of mutual support against the aggressions and designs of the Lutherans. The Legate, who attended this conference, insisted that the bishops and princes should reform their abuses, and he published a Constitution in thirty-five articles regulating clerical life. At once the apostates raised a cry that the Papists were plotting a war of extermination against them.

Erasmus

In this same year and the following Erasmus, who had not "laid the egg," but unintentionally prepared the nest, at last plucked up his courage to oppose Luther publicly. With great sagacity he singled out the freedom of the will as the point to defend, and the slavery of the will as the point to attack; for it was one of Luther's essential tenets that God is the author of sin and unbelief as well as of faith—of Peter's sin as well as his repentance,—of the treason and impenitence of Judas as much as of the conversion of Paul,—and of the damnation of the lost as much as of the salvation of the predestined. This position was fatal both to religion and morals, for no one could love and faithfully serve an unjust Creator and Ruler. Luther's reply was a failure. Many of his nearest disciples, even the docile and devoted Melanchthon, declared that their master had fallen into the fatalism of the Stoics. A personal contention followed in which Erasmus encountered Luther's bludgeon with a rapier as keen as a razor. In general one may say of this great master of irony and sarcasm, "his fine wit makes such a wound the knife is lost in it." In this duel the sarcastic wit which had been sharpened upon old bluffers and impostors among the monks and friars was employed to expose the pretensions and to show the ridiculous and contemptible side of the apostate and the apostasy; and he reduced Luther to silence.

The Effect of the New Teaching

The effect of a doctrine on the mind and on conduct is best seen not in him who forms it, but in those whom it forms. Luther found that many who learned from him were disposed to carry his principles to their extreme consequences. While he was in the Wartburg, his capital city had been invaded by self-appointed "prophets" from Zwickau, a few miles away, who taught that if the Holy Ghost guided each man to understand the Scripture better than the Church, He might also inspire themselves without the Scripture as He had inspired

the writers of the Scripture. They therefore claimed that their revelations were more authoritative than Luther's teaching, though they were not orators and scholars like him. After these came the rise of the sect called Anabaptists from one of their secondary tenets. In Switzerland there sprang up a rival revolutionist of a different character. If Luther was remarkable for pride, Zwingle had been a loose liver in spite of his vow of celibacy; and his "reform" began against the celibacy of the clergy in 1522. He too was allied with the State—the government of his own canton, and therefore showed a republican spirit which was offensive to Luther. The two were so jealous and self-assertive and so animated by the spirit of independent nationalism that they never could agree.

Finally there came the Peasants' War. Luther's own teaching was partly responsible for this. Like all innovators and all ambitious men, he had professed great compassion for the poor. He had incited the mass of common people to plunder the monasteries. And it could not be expected that people who were taught to shake off all authority in the Church would fail to think after a while that they had an equal right, if not a greater, to revolt against the real and cruel oppression of their temporal lords. The insurrection began in Southern Germany,* where it was incited against Catholic prelates and princes by Lutheran and Anabaptist zealots and propagandists, and encouraged by Zuinglians across the frontier. But it spread to Saxony and attacked Lutheran as well as Catholic lords. One thousand monasteries, churches, and castles were destroyed. It was put down by the princes with the utmost vindictiveness and cruelty by the aid of the new artillery. One hundred thousand people were butchered by one side and the other; nor was the suppression of the revolt followed by any reforms to make the peasantry contented. Both in Germany and in all the Teutonic North of Europe, Protestant historians tell us, the peasantry were reduced to servitude by a long series of enactments extending to the end of the 17th

* Students of Goethe or of Scott will not need to be told that Goetz of Berlichingen was a real leader of the Peasants, not an imaginary one.

century. They became the most enslaved serfs outside of Russia. The population grew scanty, and much land went out of cultivation. When the French Revolution took place, the peasantry of France was far less degraded than that of Germany, which was too sunk in misery to revolt. By rendering the Bishops and monasteries objects of envy and obnoxious to the multitude, the princes and nobles were able more easily to destroy them! and when they were destroyed, that multitude which was led to ill work by the acts of bad men was itself undone forever.

Luther as an Ultra-Tory.

Now in the midst of the Peasants' War Luther turned politically right around. He seems to have always been politically a High Tory and he had the upstart's contempt for the class in which he was born. He had said in 1519 that even the Turk must be reverenced because he is an authority. So far, indeed, as the Church was concerned the Nihilist would not have troubled himself whether it was destroyed by the earthquake of popular commotion or by the thunderbolts of despotism. But now he became alarmed lest the governments might blame his movement for the rebellion, though the rebels were not Lutherans, or lest the swelling waves of social revolution should engulf it. "The crime of the Peasants," says Acton, "was that they were animated by the sectarian spirit which it was the most important interest now of Luther to suppress." Moreover, Munzer, who advocated the simple, austere life against the self-indulgence of the Lutherans, cried out that Luther's life was as licentious as his teaching. This assertion may have been no more than another case of the use of personal calumny by a "Reformer," but it shows us what was believed about Luther. And in truth it is not strange that a man who declared chastity a physical impossibility, who would not believe that there were as many as a half-a-dozen young men or young women chaste in any town of Germany, and who openly wished he knew of some new kind of sin, should have been suspected of judging others by himself and

putting out such a theory for his own convenience, and of leading an unchaste life in secret.

The "Reformer's" cry to the princes to slaughter the rebels without mercy shows panic fear and the hatred and cruelty which spring from fear.

He calculated, observes Acton, that the immense advantages which his system offered to the princes would induce them to adopt it. (Three of the Electors turned Lutheran; one more would have enabled them to elect a Protestant Emperor.) For besides the comfortable doctrine of salvation without works, he bribed them with the property of the Church, independence from ecclesiastical authority, facilities for polygamy, and absolute power. He considered that a prince's prerogative included the right to polygamy. He taught Passive Obedience—that no tyranny, no provocation or aggression, however extreme, justifies rebellion. He invented the doctrine of the Divine Right of hereditary monarchy alone, as against other parts of a mixed government. Having abolished both prelacy and priesthood in his church, it fell (as Melanchthon predicted) under the feet of the prince. The Peace of Augsburg in 1555 established the principle **Cujus regio, illius religio** —that the religion of the prince must be accepted by the people of his dominion. The Consistories by means of which the Lutheran princes ruled their new churches, were the commencement of bureaucracy and centralization in each State. While Luther thought that he was making use of the princes, in fact they were making him and his church their servant and tool for the establishment of their absolute monarchies. After the treaty of Westphalia had recognized the territorial supremacy over religion, the business of administration in the German States, says a great lawyer of those days, increased tenfold. The constitution of the Lutheran Churches contributed even more than the revival of the Civil Law of ancient Rome and Constantinople to establish the absolute sovereignty of the princes. Thus the revolt against legitimate, ancient, and venerable authority was avenged by a lapse into the most

ignoble of servitudes, a worse than Babylonish captivity. The next generation of Lutheran children were trained to believe, like the dog in the fable, that the clog and collar around their necks was an ornament and an advantage. Yet Luther, says Acton, did more than any other one man to make the modern world revolutionary.

When Luther in the spirit of "Higher Criticism from internal evidence," vehemently rejected the Apocalypse of St. John and in the preface to his Bible solemnly charged his successors not to print his translation of that book without annexing his repudiation of it (a charge which they disobeyed and concealed as far as they could from the laity), he must have been feeling an uneasy consciousness that the book condemned himself as a False Prophet (for there are many antichrists one after another) who was teaching the people to worship the Beast by apostatizing from the true faith in servility to secular princes, themselves apostate, and who was bringing in the secular power to stand where it ought not—in the Holy Place —like the Abomination of Desolation.

While Germany was weltering in civil and religious anarchy during the Peasants' War, Luther mixed comedy, as Erasmus said, with the tragedy. He had for some years been desirous of "marrying" Catherine von Bora, whom he had sheltered with other damsels in his house. But he had been restrained by shame and expediency, by the law against marriage of the clergy, by an imperial Edict, and by the Elector's disapproval. Now one month after Frederick's death he affected to think that his life was in danger from the rebels, and that he ought to "marry little Ketha" before he died. But it is doubtful whether we should say that he married that hussy, or that she married him. Probably one of his motives was to encourage other apostate monks and nuns to "marry" with one another; for the laywomen and laymen as a rule would not touch them with a forty-foot pole. The marriage was a subject of mockery to the Catholics, and of shame and dismay to Melanchthon and other laymen, his disciples. Thus pride was followed by a fall, and the last state of that man

was worse than the first. The shameless grossness and foulness of his conversations and letters after this seems to show some nervous disease and physical degeneration.

The Attack Upon Rome.

The Emperor Charles was zealous for the Faith, but he was no friend to the freedom of the Pope and the Church any more than to that of the people. It was said that he would have made the Pope his chaplain. Clement VII. in his effort for the liberty of the Papacy and of Italy and for the Balance of Power, became an ally of France. The great, wicked Emperor turned upon him with the savage vindictiveness of a Napoleon or a Philippe le Bel. He issued a manifesto against the Pope which was composed for him by a Lutheran, Valdes; and he urged the Cardinals to summon a general council by their own authority without the Pope if the latter did not act. Instead of taking up the defence of Catholicism by executing the Edict of Worms against Luther, as he now was strong enough to do, or vindicating the rights of his aunt against Henry VIII., he appealed to Germany with its apostates for help against the Pope. "Tell them," he wrote, "that they are wanted against the Turk; they will know what Turk we mean." They understood so well that the lanzknechts under Frunsberg, the man who had commanded the bodyguard of the Emperor at Worms and there clapped Luther on the shoulder, came provided with a gold-thread noose to hang the Pope, and silken ones for the Cardinals. "Avarice stimulated zeal, and zeal consecrated avarice." These wolves when they came into Italy and joined the Spanish forces, got out of hand, with the prospect of "booty and beauty" in Rome. The city fell to them, though Frunsberg had been seized with apoplexy in a fit of rage, and the traitor Bourbon, who commanded all, was killed by a shot as he mounted the wall. It was the worst outrage committed on the Holy See since that outrage on Pope Boniface which had excited the indignation even of Dante, his political opponent:

Veggio . . . . .
. . . nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto,
Veggiolo un'altra volta esser deriso,
Veggio rinnovellar l'aceto e'l fele
E tra nuovi ladroni esser anciso,
Veggio il nuovo Pilato si crudele
Che ciò nol sazia.—Purg. XX. 86.

"I see in His Vicar Christ himself again a captive and mocked again; I see the vinegar and gall renewed; I see Him slain again between new robbers. I see the new Pilate so cruel that even this satisfies him not."

"The experience of eleven centuries" (now twelve) says Gibbon, "has enabled posterity to affirm with confidence that the ravages of the barbarians whom Alaric had led from the banks of the Danube were less destructive than the hostilities exercised by the troops of Charles." It is not easy to take a bone out of the mouth of a dog; but Alaric with his Goths evacuated the city after six days, during which they had respected the churches and monasteries as a shelter for the women: but the army of Charles remained in possession for nine months, and "every hour was stained by some atrocious act of rapine, lust, and cruelty." It is said that the Spanish soldiers were the most spiteful towards Clement VII., and they were not true Spaniards, but Maranos, crypto-Jews, or crypto-Mahommedans, or men suspected of being such, drafted into the army. The Italian adventurers in the army, who despised patriotism as well as religion, must have been the most profligate of the nation, and they were the most knowing in the arts of extorting treasure for ransom. But the apostates from Germany set the example to the others of impiety and brutal lust and cruelty. They, as Gibbon says, "had imbibed the furious spirit as well as the principles of Luther; their fanatic zeal might aspire to subvert the throne of Antichrist and to purify Babylon with blood and fire; it was their favorite amusement to insult or destroy the consecrated objects of Catholic superstition; they indulged without pity or remorse a devout hatred against the

clergy of every denomination and degree." The Italian people and especially the Romans, under the reviving spirit of religion, took this great affliction as a Providential punishment on the pride and luxury of the Renascence, and turned to God. The Spanish clergy and people were overwhelmed with grief and shame and indignation that their king, the Holy Roman Emperor, should show himself so wicked; and Charles found it necessary to tell them a good many downright falsehoods. In him we do not find many signs of repentance. At Wittenberg the synagogue of Satan exulted in accordance with Luther's principle that immediate success or failure is the test of divine truth;* and as for the Catholics of Germany there is not much evidence of shame in them. In 1530 Charles came to Italy, and the Pope was obliged for the sake of religion to crown him, at Bologna, as Pope Pius VII. was obliged to crown Napoleon. But the Emperor's great crime dogged him for the rest of his reign and made it a failure at last.

Twenty years after the sack of Rome, the military reputation of Italy was restored when an Italian Brigade marched up with the Spaniards into the heart of Germany, and the victory over the Lutherans at Muhlberg on the banks of the Elbe, near Wittenberg, showed that Bastone Tedesco l'Italia non doma (German cudgel cannot tame Italy)—

> La terra dei fiori, dei suoni, e dei carmi
> Ritorna qual era, la terra dell'armi;
> Di cento catene ci avvinser la mano,
> Ma ancor di Legnano[1] sa i ferri brandir.

I owe the following translations of this stanza to the kindness of Rev. Dr. Dollard:

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* Gamaliel's words which Luther used to quote are not inspired Scripture, though recorded in it, and they are only partly true. What is of God cannot be defeated; what is of men must fail, but may not immediately. Luther is gone now, but the unchangeable Church is still here.

Footnote No. 1.—Legnano, victory of the Lombard league and Pope Alexander III. over the German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

The Land of flowers, of music, and of song,
Becomes once more the land of war and arms;
And Italy's hand, tho' bound with many a chain,
Still knows the skill to wield Legnano's swords!

or

Flowers and music, poetry and song
In our fair land have tarried long;
But now that sound red War's alarms,
Our Land, again, is a land of arms.
Our hand they have bound with a hundred chains,
But thy strength, Legnano, in our sword remains!

Italians served Spain as faithfully and well as Irishmen have served Britain. In truth they fought better for Spain than they had done for themselves. The generals who made the Spanish army the first in the world were Italians,—Pescara, Ferrante, Gonzaga, Philibert Emanuel, and Spinola; and the invincible legions of Parma which delivered Paris from Henry IV and wrested Antwerp from the Dutch[2], were filled with Italian soldiers. And if the Spanish navy too had been trained and commanded by Italians, Parma, who at Lépanto had spontaneously led the boarders on to the deck of a Turkish galley, might have crowned his career by emancipating the Catholic people of England and Ireland from the tyranny and cruelty of an apostate and persecuting minority[3], with more right

Footnote No. 2.—It is worth remembering that the English soldiers in Ireland who had fought against Spain in the Low Countries told Spenser that in all the services which they had seen abroad, they never encountered "a handsomer man than the Irishman, or one that cometh on more gallantly in his charge," and he says that the Irish are "very great scorners of death."

Footnote No. 3.—Macaulay calculates that when Elizabeth came to the throne and established Elizabethism, not more than one-twentieth of the English people were sincere Protestants; and that at the end of her long reign, the people were so little Protestantized that four-fifths would have had no objection to profess the Catholic religion if she had been suceeded by a Catholic government. And here I wish to mark a distinction too often overlooked. The Catholics of Ireland

than William of Holland and the Whigs had, a century later, to make a revolution, by which the Dutchman became lord and master.

Germany Again

Luther amid the tumult of the Peasants' War had shown his complete breach with the Church by laying his hands on the head of his secretary and giving him the title of Deacon, although he might have employed a bishop, for there was an apostate one in Samland in East Prussia, on the lower Niemen, who had taken advantage of the new movement to marry, to the great shock and scandal of his diocese.

The hypocritical Albert of Hohenzollern, Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order, cousin of the Margrave of Brandenburgh, when attending the Diet of 1524, was persuaded by Luther to apostatize and marry and appropriate the territory of Prussia, which the Order held and which the King of Poland was claiming. The Hohenzollern acknowledged the Suzerainty of the Polish King and obtained from him the title of Duke of Prussia, and then married, many of the knights in that region following his example, to the great indignation of the Order throughout Germany. In later times the Hohenzollern of Brandenburgh inherited by marriage the Duchy of Prussia, and assumed its title. Later still the Duke of Prussia obtained from the Emperor the title of King of Prussia. And this is how the North of Germany came to be called the Kingdom of Prussia.

Frederick of Saxony, who died during the Peasants' War, was succeeded by his brother John, who long had been a virulent anti-Catholic. In many of the Free Cities energetic, violent, and unscrupulous minorities had been expelling the

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were the nation, and therefore we may say that the Irish nation as well as Church was crucified, and compare it with the treatment of Poland (e.g.) or Armenia. But it is another question if we look at it merely as religious persecution, and make the comparison between the treatment of the Catholics of Ireland and those of England, who were not the nation, but only the majority persecuted by their own government.

monks and priests, and seizing monasteries and churches. At the Diet of Spires in 1526 the anti-Catholics and the Indifferentists were strong enough to allow expressly the marriage of the clergy, in defiance of the Church Law; no doubt this was due to the special activity of Luther's warm friends or partisans.

Luther's sectarian spirit was so narrow now that he would not countenance any support of the Catholics of the Valley of the Danube against the advance of the Turks. He said that resistance to the Turks was resistance to Divine Providence, and the money of the Germans could be better spent; and he would rather have the Turks for masters than the Spaniards for protectors. In the summer of 1526 the Turks destroyed the independence of Hungary on the field of Mohacs and returned home carrying off as slaves one hundred thousand people who had not defended their country. The Turkish sword now hung over the head of Austria and its Archduke, the brother of the Emperor and his viceroy in Germany. The Venetian Republic likewise betrayed Christendom to the Turks, in accordance with the dictum of Cavour, that "republics are always selfish,—the government of a republic never cares for the general interests of civilization."

The dissensions among the Lutherans, their quarrel with the Zuinglians, the Peasants' War, and Luther's loss of popularity among the masses of the people, and the Lutheran antipatriotism in favor of the Turks now produced a turn of the tide in public feeling. "Though many of the towns went over to him and many of the Regulars" says Acton, "the princes and the common people were uncertain; therefore the Catholic party gained ground in 1529 at the Diet of Spires." And they carried by a large majority measures of defence to prevent any further aggressions of Lutheranism. But some of the princes—the Elector of Saxony, the Landgraf of Hesse, the Duke of Lunenburgh (now called Hanover), the Prince of Anhalt, and the Margraf of Brandenburgh—and fourteen cities, published a protest against this decree. Therefore they were called "Protestants."

Augsburg

In 1530 the Emperor after his coronation came to Germany, having already summoned a Diet at Augsburg with the hope of reconciling the Lutherans to the Church. The Pope had recommended ways of gentleness and wished Charles not to bring an army with him, Luther did not present himself, being under the Ban. Here the famous Confession of Augsburg was composed by Melanchthon, in which he falsely claimed the support of St. Augustine. He seems himself to have been desirous of a reconciliation. He renounced Luther's doctrine of the slavery of the will and the arbitrary Election and Reprobation; he explained Faith and Justification closely to the Catholic sense. He recognized the authority of Tradition and would have accepted the Episcopate (though not its divine right) and the Mass. But he wanted the Holy Communion under both kinds, and the abandonment of the celibacy of the clergy. He said (sincerely or not) that he held all Roman doctrine. (The story he told his mother, that the Catholic religion was the best one to die in, is now discredited by some German Catholic historians). And he resented Luther's tyrannical treatment. But Luther and Melanchthon look like bully and sneak. When it was proposed that the questions in dispute should be left to a council, Luther, who was watching from the city of Cobourg, declared that the Mass and the monastic state could not be tolerated. He was certainly irreconcilable, for he really held the Church to be Antichrist and wanted now to create a community of his own, though he was no such organizer as Calvin or Wesley. Indeed he had come into such a state of insane malice that, as he wrote, he could no longer pray without cursing the Church of Rome: "If I say Thy Kingdom Come, I add, Cursed and destroyed be the Papacy." In his table-talk over his mug of beer or wine he said, "May the name of the Pope be damned: May his Kingdom be abolished. If I thought that God did not hear this my prayer, I would address myself to the devil." He stifled the reproaches of his conscience and persuaded himself that they were temptations

of the devil, and that his temptations were inspirations. In this state of mind, the very light within him being darkness, he continued to the end. What is so dreadful as an obdurate old man? He died as he had lived, so far as we know, with the hymn of hate in his mouth, as his friends affirmed, and he went to his own place, wherever that may be.

Apart from Luther, it is difficult to believe that the apostate princes would have renounced their Erastian policy and the prospect of making themselves head of their own churches as well as States. Acton has the nerve to assert that the Lutherans at Augsburg denied no Article of the Apostles' Creed, and that the failure to agree was the fault of the Catholic clergy. But they certainly denied, in everything except words, the Article "The Holy Catholic Church and the forgiveness of sins." The conference failed, and so did another one at Ratisbon ten years later. The apostate princes after Augsburg took charge of the religious affairs, pushing Luther and other theologians into the background, and they formed the League of Schmalkalden (a place in Saxony included in Prussia now) for the defence of their personal interests and sectarian systems, and to prevent the toleration of Catholicism in their dominions. Thus the secular power was "standing where it ought not." And now all the princes and cities of North Germany gradually were persuaded or constrained to go over to them. George, Duke of Saxony, the greatest pillar of the Church, died in 1539, and his successor became a Lutheran, like his cousin of Electoral Saxony. The Duke of Wurtemburg — he whom Hutten had assailed, who had been expelled from his dominions — recovered his duchy with their aid and established the new religion. Bavaria alone was faithful. Eric II., Duke of Brunswick, returned to the Church and publicly denounced Philip of Hesse and John of Saxony in the style of the age and country. Luther made a personal onslaught on him in a tone even more ribald; he then assailed Henry of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel and incited the "protestants" to make war on him, subjugate his state and replace the old religion by the new. They repeatedly betrayed their country by inviting the interference of the

French King, the national enemy, and they sought the support of the King of England. When Pope Paul III. offered to convoke the Council for which they had been clamoring, the Lutheran princes rejected the offer with rudeness. They had three of the Electors in their ranks now; and if they had won a fourth, as they nearly did at Cologne, they would have elected a Protestant for Emperor. And they drew with them Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and part of the Poles for a time. The Irish alone among the northern nations had sufficient spiritual intelligence and wisdom to see what an imposture the "Reformation" was.

Luther by the time of his death had succeeded in so poisoning the dementia of his followers that they now had the Pope on the brain as much as the apostate Canadians of Chicago have the "King of England" on the brain. Such was their monomania that the margraves could persuade them that the Pope had sent emissaries into Germany to poison their wells and set fire to their towns during their war against the Emperor.

The New State-Churches.
The False Prophet.

"The founder of the German Protestant Church (or churches) wrote Acton after Dollinger, never really divested himself of the character of professor, and the Church has never emancipated itself from the lecture-room; it teaches and then disappears. Its hymns are not real hymns, but versified theological dissertations or sermons in rhyme. Born of the union of princes with professors, it retains the distinct likeness of both parents, not altogether harmoniously blended; and when it is accused of worldliness, of paleness of thought, of being a police institution rather than a church, that is no more than to say that the child cannot deny its parents." Time will show what change the political revolution in Germany may make in the spirit of their church; but formerly "the Lutheran princes exercised an ecclesiastical authority more arbitrary than the Pope had ever possessed, for the Papal authority can only be used to maintain an existing doctrine."

CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Held at Niagara Falls, Ontario, August 25th-31st, 1928

The formal opening of the Eighth Biennial Convention was held on Sunday morning, August 26th, when His Excellency, the Most Rev. Andrea Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, celebrated Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Church for the assembled Delegates representatives of five hundred affiliated Colleges and High Schools of the United States and Canada. Present in the sanctuary were: His Grace, Archbishop McNeil of Toronto; His Lordship, Bishop McNally of Hamilton; Rt. Rev. Edward Aloysius Pace, Ph.D., Vice-President of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., Rt. Rev. J. J. Blair, President of the Catholic Extension Society of Canada.

In giving expression to his appreciation, and that of the delegates of the kindness of the Holy Father's Representative in gracing the occasion with his presence, His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, read a cablegram, sent through Cardinal Gasparri, in which His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. conveyed his blessing and congratulations to the members of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. The Archbishop attributed this beautiful message to the gracious thoughtfulness of His Excellency.

The Sermon for the occasion delivered by Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, was as follows:—

One who reads the signs of the times cannot fail to realize that the thinking world is to-day looking backwards. The bold, vibrant note of progress, so confidently uttered for generations, has been softened to an apprehensive whisper. There is profound misgiving in modern thought. There is a tendency in all branches of knowledge to turn back the pages

of history because there is a growing conviction that for hundreds of years a wrong course has been followed. Men are beginning to suspect that the Golden Age is behind us and not before us. Scholars are looking to the Middle Ages for light on the solution of modern social problems, and certain leaders of thought are frank to say that the pathway of speculative thought for the past four centuries will have to be retraced.

The fact is that the world is beginning to recognize that there is such a thing as Catholic culture; that this culture dominated the civilized world in the Middle Ages; and that there has been nothing like it since. The world of St. Bernard, St. Thomas, and of Dante was so different from ours that it is difficult to reconstruct it mentally. It was a world wherein religion was a potent force in men's lives, wherein society was shot through and through with the supernatural, wherein the unseen world was very near, and men spoke about it earnestly and often. The real business of life, to which all other interests were subordinated, was the salvation of one's soul. It is true that men did not always act in accordance with this philosophy of life. It is true that there was plenty of crime and sin. But it is something at least that the ideals of the saints were never abandoned, a saving grace of which modern civilization cannot boast.

How different is our modern world! Let me illustrate the difference in two ways. If a distinguished visitor came to a mediaeval town, how would the people entertain him? They would show him their cathedral, their pride and joy, the work of their own hands, inspired by faith and love, the visible link with the unseen world towards which its noble arches and spires pointed. What is your visitor shown to-day? Your railroad depots vaster than any cathedral; your skyscrapers with their crowns higher than cathedral spires; your factories, multitudinous and manifold, whose only suggestion of eternity is the eternal motion of their wheels, and whose vastness and power is in horrible contrast with the littleness of the human slaves who work therein; men may come and may go, but wheels go on forever. The genius of each age expressed itself

in these contrasted ways, and herein you have the measure of the change that has supervened.

An Economic Virtue.

Again, in the Middle Ages people believed in the Seven Deadly Sins; believed in them as things to be shunned; experienced at least the sense of shame and remorse when they committed them. Strange as it may seem, modern civilization has glorified most of these Deadly Sins. Pride in many of its aspects is spoken of as a virtue. You hear it as a reproach that such a man lacks pride. Covetousness still has an ugly sound, but men now call it desire, and praise it as an economic virtue. The desire for gain is counted upon to bring forth man's best efforts, and that society is most progressive which develops the strongest desires. Gluttony and sloth used to be sins, but to-day a life of affluence which will gratify every taste, and secure a life of leisure is the implicit aim of every man.

How this great change took place we need not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the Catholic culture of the Middle Ages was succeeded by a culture that was not Catholic. By a sort of paradox the new religion which began with the principle that faith alone is necessary ended with reliance upon works as the sure sign of election. Worldly success came to be the certain pledge of an eternity of happiness, and from this it was an easy step to retire God into His Sabbath of rest.

Flowers of Mediaeval Culture Beginning to Appear

But now after the long winter of the dominance of this super-imposed non-Catholic culture, there are increasing signs of the return of spring. The flowers of the mediaeval civilization are beginning to appear. In several centres there are Mediaeval Academies, there are a number of Mediaeval Journals, and there is an Institute of Mediaeval Studies. The great universities are offering special courses in Mediaeval thought. We seem to be on the verge of a Renaissance of Mediaeval

culture, which has been likened to the renaissance of Greek and Roman culture in the fifteenth century. The movement, however, is only in its infancy. There is an enormous amount of work to be done. The technique of modern scholarship has only begun to be applied to the study of the Middle Ages. Critical editions of the works of the great masters of philosophy and theology have been only partially attempted. The Leonine edition of St. Thomas has not yet been completed. Father Longpre tells us that he expects to spend forty years in getting out a critical edition of Scotus. It will be a century at least before the field can be scientifically explored and the data acquired for a thorough understanding of the Middle Ages.

A Grave Danger.

In this great work Catholic colleges and universities must play the leading role. But we shall have to bestir ourselves if we are to do so. There is grave danger that the leadership will pass from us. The best books on this period up to the present, have been written by non-Catholics and the great universities of this continent are searching for competent men to organize research studies in this field. The danger is that false notions about the Middle Ages will become current and once they have found their way into periodical literature it will be hard to refute them. Only a Catholic can understand fully the Ages of Faith. Other scholars, zealous and efficient though they be lack the light of faith which alone gives true understanding. They are interested in the past only as explaining how the present came to be. They have no idea of copying the Middle Ages. The mediaeval Cathedral means no more to them than the Greek temple. The belief in Hell which was so intense then means no more to them than the Greek belief in Hades, the Real Presence no more than the Eleusynian mysteries. They may admit that mediaeval history proves that religion as a social bond is indispensable, and that a revival of religion is the only cure for the ills of modern life. But what do they understand by religion? We, too, say

that religion is indispensable, but we are more definite in our conception of religion. What we say is that the belief in Hell must be restored; the belief in the Real Presence of God on earth; the belief in an infallible guide in faith and morals; the conception of man's complete dependence on God; these, the common-places of mediaeval conversation, must be restored and that it will not be sufficient to admire them as existing in an age long passed away.

A Great Tradition.

Meanwhile we may take comfort and even pride in the knowledge that the civilization which the Church nourished in the day of her supremacy is being studied and admired by scholars of every creed. It is her glory that she has been able to preserve it through the centuries during which it was in eclipse. As she preserved the primitive Faith in the Catacombs, so she has preserved the essentials of the Mediaeval culture in the various institutions of learning, institutions like those to which you owe your loyalty, of which you are proud Alumnae, each with its long history, antedating your own, and each in turn of similar institutions going back to the universities of the Middle Ages, to Bologna, to Paris, to Salamanca, to Oxford, to Louvain. Your own college is one of the streams through which this Catholic culture has come down to us through the decades and the centuries. Its very walls are hallowed, its chapel is sacred, its atmosphere holy. You love your college by reason of the associations you formed there; the tender, even sacred relationship of teacher and pupil; the relationships with one another, very precious. These, however, are sentimental reasons very largely and are bound to fade. But you love it for a reason which will not fade—because it speaks to you in sign language of a great tradition, of an era better than our own, of a veritable Golden Age, when God was nearer to His people.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE

"I ever held it sweet either to learn, to teach, or to write."—St. Bede, the Venerable.

THE Catholic Church has ever been the foster-mother of Arts and Letters, and in her room, and especially among her consecrated servants, have been nurtured many of the master-minds and sweetest singers of the ages. All the religious orders have brought to her, their great Alma Mater, their share of tribute of poetry and of prose. As Cardinal Gasquet reminds us in speaking of the mediaeval monasteries, there was ever a close connection between the Church and the Library, religion and literature, monks and manuscripts. The libraries were assembled within the shadow of the churches and the manuscripts were copied in the monastic scriptorium. Even as the books have come down to us through the monasteries, so did modern education have its inception in the cloistral schools where the cultivation of letters was a paramount feature. Within the enclosure of the cloister, where scribes were scholars and monks were masters, literary culture especially flourished.

It is then to be expected that, at this later date, we shall find in our religious congregations whose members are both religious and educators a considerable interest in the pursuit of letters and a notable contribution to literature. Among these, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, founded in 1680 by St. John Baptist De La Salle to bring educaton within reach of the masses, hold a conspicuous place. St. De La Salle himself, a distinguished alumnus of the University of Rheims and a Doctor of Divinity, was a writer of note and, besides producing a number of volumes of Meditations and religious treatises for the use of his disciples, he is the author of that pedagogical classic, "The Management of Christian Schools," and that model text-book of religious instruction, "The Duties of a Christian."

Absorbed as they are in educational work, the Christian Brothers have devoted their time and talents chiefly to the production of text-books for schools and colleges and handbooks for teachers. They are the authors of a great number of books on all the specialties in the curriculum, notably in the matter of Literature. Such works have appeared in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Turkish, and Annamite, and even in the Negro and Indian dialects.

Still, some among the Brothers have been able to find time to produce work of yet broader scope. Their position as educationists has demanded of them to be leaders in the community in which they labored, and not a few have come to be recognized as authorities in the various branches of education and culture. Their influence has thus extended far beyond local or even continental limits to make itself felt throughout the Catholic world.

Within the limits of this article, it will be impossible to do more than touch briefly on a few of the outstanding names of Christian Brothers whose achievements have placed them in the forefront of the literary world. The first name that comes to our minds in this connection is that of Brother Azarias.

Patrick Francis Mullany, as he was known in the world, was born in Ireland, June 29, 1847. He emigrated to America with his parents in 1857 and attended the Christian Brothers' Academy at Utica, N.Y. He entered the Brothers' Novitiate at New York in 1862, and died August 20, 1893, at the early age of 45. In that brief period, most of which was spent in the religious life, this young professor produced works that are the marvel of the literary world of America to-day and place him on a literary eminence that few have attained.

Brother Azarias was for some time President of Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md., and travelled extensively in Europe, engaged in research work for his books. He was a lecturer as well as an author and was, in fact, one of the founders of the Catholic Summer School of America at Plattsburg, N.Y. There it was that he met his death at the conclusion of a series of remarkable addresses on the Schools of Mediaeval Europe

Among his friends and admirers in America were most of the leading literary men of his time, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and his influence among the latter was regarded as paramount in breaking down the bitter prejudices so prevalent in those days. There are those that credit the writings of Brother Azarias, in great part, with the change of attitude towards the Church manifested by the influential set of New England at the close of the last century.

Brother Azarias' literary career began in his youth when he assisted in the editing of text-books for schools and colleges. Independent authorship took the form of essays to the reviews, some of which were afterwards gathered into permanent volumes.

A remarkably entertaining essay on early English writers is entitled, "The Development of Old English Thought." In "A Philosophy of Literature" the author seeks to embody in a united whole the laws and principles of literature in its most general relations. It is considered his best work and has even been rated as the best book of its kind in the English language. "Aristotle and the Christian Church," a learned essay in defence of the schoolmen, represents the sum of Brother Azarias' prolonged researches in the great libraries of Europe. It was written at the request of the President of the Concord School of Philosophy. A series of essays remarkable for their charm, their solid learning, and beautiful style are assembled in a volume called "Phases of Thought and Criticism." The most striking chapters: A Study of In Memoriam, its spiritual meaning; and The Culture of the Spiritual Sense, are probably among the most perfect specimens of pure English that the last quarter of the century produced.

Out of the huge heap of literary material left us by this great American writer and critic, I cull but one paragraph to illustrate something of his attractive style:

"Everything in life and literature, in art and science, is significant of something beyond that revealed by the actual impression. He who rests content with the smoothness and finish of the marble statue, or with the mere sound of the

musical chord, or with the brilliancy of the colors on the pictured canvas, and perceives nothing more than a form, a note, a ray of light, mistakes the source and aim of art. The same is true of him who would gauge the meaning of life by its material pursuits . . . Nor is active life less symbolical. In its individual growth and development, in its personal trials and triumphs, it is significant of something beyond; it is a preparation; it is the composing of a harmonious masterpiece which is to resound through all eternity; it is the carving of a grand statue with which to adorn the great Hereafter; it is the writing of a thrilling epic in which the spiritual warfare and progress of a soul will figure with undying interest. In time, only the rough materials are visible to us; we but witness the uncouth block, the blackened and scored music, the scribbled and fragmentary epic; but when the angel of death comes, unless we have been too indolent at our work, and left too much undone, he will illuminate the scroll, recite the poem, intone the sweet chords of harmony we have spun together, finish the statue; and then, when the veil will have dropped from our eyes, we shall behold the import of all the mysteries of life."

In the following words, Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. H. McMahon, speaking at Brother Azarias' funeral, fittingly summed up his literary mission and its fulfilment:

"No writer of the present day, in America at least, has, to my mind, been more in touch with the thought that dominates the century, not only in this country, but in every intellectual centre of the civilized world, than has Brother Azarias. He had, as I conceive, two missions in his writing. One was to help those whom he knew were in earnest in the search for the light of truth; the other was to clear away the misrepresentations that, springing, as he conceived it, from misinformation, served to tarnish the lustre and the beauty of the Light of the World. In all his books he has steadily kept these two purposes in view. And those who knew him, especially those who knew him in the intimacy of personal friendship, will testify that all his intellectual activity made

him sympathetic—not only with the sympathy that came from his religion, but with the deep sympathy that came also from his sincere humanity—with the struggles of those earnest minds with whom he was in communion throughout the entire world . . . Such was the purpose of his life. God called him before the work was completed, according to his idea. But thanks be to the same God, he has left it so nearly complete that the humblest one amongst us can take it up, and, as we are now doing in the historical world, change completely the tenor of criticism, challenge the statements that hitherto we have accepted in our ignorance as truth, and endeavor by patient research to set before the world the Church as she was and is an as educator."

The next name that I would mention is that of a Canadian, Brother Noah, a brother of the late Hon. Judge Curran of Montreal. Brother Noah entered the Christian Brothers at Montreal in 1858 and, after holding various posts of responsibility both in the United States and in Europe, died in January, 1897, in New York. He was an able writer and lecturer as well as a distinguished educationist. Besides a number of volumes of translations from the French, his works include a "Life of St. De La Salle" and "A Manual of English Literature." The latter is one of the best works of the kind from a Catholic view-point that has been produced in America. The late George Parsons Lathrop says of it:

"One of the most striking features of the text-book by Brother Noah is the clear and constructive way in which the vital and continuous influence of religious conviction and true faith is brought out and traced from the earliest time. I do not know that the connection between the past and the present, in this respect, and the steady broadening of the stream of grace — as revealed in the age-long current of written English, Celtic, and American thought and speech—has ever been so simply, yet luminously set forth as in this modest yet comprehensive volume. The author has evidently hewn as close to the line of truth as the use of words and pen will allow, in defining this most significant and vital continuity

in the literature of the English-speaking races. For this, all those who read his pages should acknowledge a debt of gratitude on account of the conscience and the capacity to which they bear witness."

One short paragraph may serve to show that Brother Noah's was a highly-gifted pen. Speaking of the poetess Elizabeth Barrett Browning, he says:

"Condemned by accident to almost perpetual seclusion, she changed what might have been a fortress with strong bars and windows narrow, where rhyme of music or song of bard would never be heard, into a home where choicest songsters and songstresses of all times and many tongues held colloquy at her behest, while from her own pen dripped drops of song, each a gem, and from her lips lines, each of which is a poem. The cripple's crutch became the wizard's wand, to which the music of the universe beat time, and the author of 'Time's Revenges' came to kneel at her feet who had made captivity captive, who had changed the dim dreaminess of the patient's armchair into a throne whence she issued mandates that man should be more human, woman more faithful, that earth's sighs and tears should be changed into smiles and laughter. From her couch of pain she gave out 'The Cry of England's Children,' and at the sound of her magic voice ten thousand hands were raised in willing response to her who forgot her own afflictions to make men think of London's waifs and Liverpool's dock-dwellers. She had intensified the pathos of 'The Song of the Shirt' without showing the slightest trace of its bitterness."

In the field of French-Canadian Literature, too, there is that distinguished figure, Brother Symphorian, who directed so ably and so long the destinies of Mount St. Louis College, Montreal. He was an accomplished writer, poet, and dramatist. He is the author of several historical dramas in verse that were enacted by the students of his College and received with applause by the public. Among others, I may mention: "Champlain," "Montcalm," "La Découverte du Canada," "Ville-Marie," "Dollard des Ormeaux." Besides, he wrote

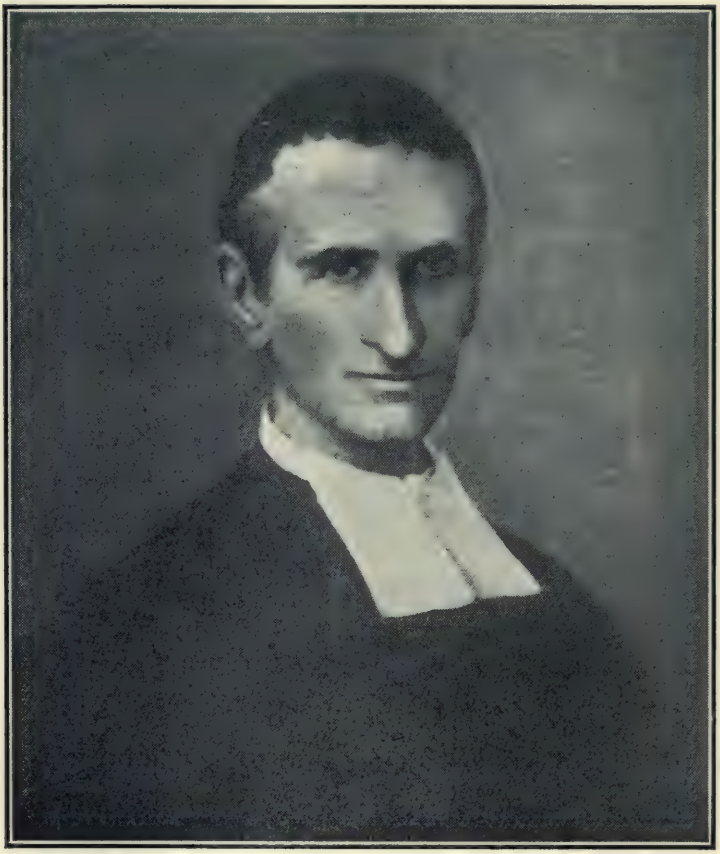
several Biblical plays, notably: "Joseph" and "L'Enfant Prodigue."

In a volume of poems published in 1905 entitled: "Couronne Poétique des Mystères du Rosaire," Brother Symphorian shows remarkable poetic talent. Of this work, a prominent Montreal priest wrote: "This book is made up of a garland of flowers that will become ripe fruit in the souls of those that inhale their perfume." Another poem called "Les Glaneries Canadiennes," expresses in charming style the author's love for his native soil, his memories of the old-time festivities, and the reverent emotions of childhood in the presence of the church services whence he came forth "with soul afull of mystery." Brother Symphorian is one of the few Canadians that have been honored with the enviable distinction of membership in the French Academy.

Among the many sons of St. De La Salle whose names loom large upon the pages of French Literature, I shall mention but two of our own time: Brother Paul Joseph (1857-1923), and Brother Idelphus (1837-1922).

Brother Paul Joseph, a graduate of the Catholic Institute of Paris and sometime Professor of Literature and Philosophy at Rheims, was the founder and first editor of the "Bulletin des Ecoles Chrétiennes," the author of a number of volumes of biography, and a contributor to several leading French reviews. His forceful style and remarkable effectiveness in the marshalling and arrangement of details won for him this tribute from Bishop Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute, "If Brother Paul Joseph had written for the general public instead of confining himself to the work called for by his superiors, he would have ranked among the five or six outstanding authors of the present day."

Brother Idelphus was for many years the guiding spirit of the St. Labre Young Men's Society of Paris. Of attractive presence, keen and brilliant mind, refined tastes, and faultless diction, he was especially adapted for work among the young Parisians. He was a distinguished author, dramatist, and poet. "Les Enfants Nantais," "Jacques Cartier," "Arthur de



REV. BROTHER MIGUEL, F.S.C. (1854-1910).

Spanish-American Author and Poet; Member of the Ecuadorian Academy: Member of the Royal Spanish Academy.

Bretagne," and "Olivier de Clisson," are some of his most successful plays. Perhaps his most outstanding work was the rendering into French verse from the Spanish of "Les Poèmes Mystiques de Saint Jean de la Croix," and "Poésies de la Grand Mystique d'Avila." For the former, the author received a highly laudatory letter from Bishop Baudrillart, and of the latter, Mr. Maurice Brilliant, noted literary critic, says: "It's a work of patience, erudition, and taste that displays extraordinary acquaintance with the religious experiences described in the original."

In Spanish-American literature, Brother Miguel of Ecuador occupies a foremost place. A native Ecuadorian of the family of the Corderos that furnished men of distinction to both Church and State, Brother Miguel was a prolific and brilliant writer. He was elected to membership in the Ecuadorian Academy and in the Royal Spanish Academy. On the occasion of his réception into the Academy of Ecuador, in the presence of the President of the Republic and of the entire academic corps, the newly-elected academician chose as the subject of his inaugural address: "The Influence of Christianity on Morals, Science, and Art." It was of forty-one pages in 4to and was regarded as one of the most masterly and eloquent discourses ever delivered on such an occasion. Literary critics are unanimous in saying that few in Spanish America attained such an accomplished mastery of the Spanish language as did Brother Miguel.

He is the author of a number of school text-books in Spanish Grammar and Literature, numerous translations from the French, a volume of poems, and valued contributions to literary magazines. On the occasion of his holy death in 1910, Dr. Carlos Tobar of the Ecuadorian Academy gave expression to the general sympathy by saying: "The death of Brother Miguel is a great loss to his Institute, to Ecuador, his native land, and to Spanish-American literature to which he was so voluminous and elegant a contributor." And the eminent philologist, Dr. Rufino Cuervo, acknowledging reception of a volume of Brother Miguel's poems, thus expressed his ap-

preciation: "I have read your poems with an extreme pleasure that is at once religious and literary, and I thank God that, far from burying the beautiful talent wherewith Heaven has favored you, you have nobly employed it to procure His glory."

Before concluding these brief remarks on the Christian Brothers in the field of Literature, I cannot refrain from calling attention to two who, at the present time, are mounting to fame —the one in the American, the other in he Canadian world of Letters. I refer to Brother Leo, Professor of English at St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., and to Brother M. Victorin of the Christian Brothers' College, Longueil, Que.

The former, as a lecturer, author, and dramatist, is regarded as among the leading Catholic writers of America today and as an exceptionally able literary critic. He is best known as a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals, notably the Catholic School Journal and Columbia. The following quotation from an article written by Brother Leo after a visit to Italy, describing the Assisi of St. Francis, may give an insight into the cause of his popularity:

"One must come to Assisi to learn once and for all that charity simply cannot be scientific. In Assisi, if anywhere, one perceives that true religion is neither excessively soft nor excessively hard, neither rigid nor amorphous; that the cross is real and heavy and rough, but that it is to be carried with a light heart and a smiling face. This is the message of the bells of Assisi. For it is the hour of the Angelus, and all the bells of Assisi are in swing. Long and loud they fling their liquid music on the air. The cathedral high up on the hill booms with the dignity of an episcopal benediction, and Santa Chiara returns the holy salutation with a clinging contralto tone. From its nest in the valley, San Damiano chants in tinkling treble, the lordly basilica of San Francesco intones a figured anthem in a glad-throated baritone, and across the sunset plains sift the silvery soprano notes from the bells of St. Mary of the Angels. Joy they herald, and prayer and praise, love of others and forgetfulness of self; and they cease

their melodious clamor only when the shadows begin to creep across the lowlands and the heights of the city shimmer crimson and purple in the velvety dusk."

Our own Brother Victorin is close at hand and his charming "Récits Laurentiens" have won him enthusiastic admirers. Even in their English dress by the late Mr. James Ferres, they are thoroughly appreciated as expressing beautifully the simple Christian life and admirable domestic virtues of the French-Canadian habitant, and they find a place beside Dr. Drummond's poems and "Marie Chapdelaine." Of his book, "The Chopping Bee," one Ontario reviewer and critic says: "We can safely say that it is a masterpiece of Canadian literature, second to none, not even to Marie Chapdelaine. Perhaps it is a truer delineation of the French-Canadian character, because it reveals with greater sympathy the spirituality of that people. It is a book that Canadians may read with profit. It is a book that will impress us with one great fact, and that is that a distinctly Canadian literature which soars high, is being given to the world. It is unfolding the surpassing grandeur of our beloved country."

Such, briefly, is an outline of the contribution of the Brothers of the Christian Schools to the world of literature. Consecrated to the service of God and of their fellow-man in the field of Christian Education, they have striven for the past two centuries and a half to create and develop, through every phase of educational activity, an atmosphere that makes for a fuller, broader, and deeper appreciation of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good as revealed in the bright light and heard in the soulful harmony of Christian Faith and Morality. As President Coolidge well said: "America has been seeking knowledge which could be turned into dollars and cents rather than for that wisdom which would guide us through eternity. Our colleges will have failed, unless they are able to inspire their students with a broader understanding of the spiritual meaning of science, of literature, and of the arts."

Brother Simon, F.S.C.

"THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE TEACHING OF RELIGION"

Was the Subject of An Interesting Address Delivered by the Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., Rector of St. Peter's Church, on Canadian Day at the I.F.C.A. Convention, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Approximately one thousand educated women from all parts of the United States and Canada including in their representation educationists, writers, lawyers, social service leaders, organizers of charities, leaders of Catholic movements, and the fine flower of Catholic womanhood in almost every pursuit of life, comprised the audience to whom Mrs. Robert Devine, Vice-President of the I.F.C.A. introduced the learned and eloquent Speaker of the day.

Rev. Father Burke's Address.

"To-day my theme is 'The University of Toronto and the Teaching of Religion.' When I speak of the University of Toronto I speak of our provincial or state university. As a university it bears the highest scholastic reputation. It has faculties in Arts, Medicine, Applied Science, Education, Forestry, Music, Household Science, Dentistry. Federated with it are five colleges—Victoria, under the control of the United Church of Canada; Trinity, governed by the Anglican Church; St. Michael's the Catholic Institution; Knox College of the continuing Presbyterian Church of Canada; and Wycliffe, controlled by men of the low Anglican communion. Affiliated with the University are the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, the Ontario College of Pharmacy, and the Ontario Veterinary College. The University of Toronto possesses a professional staff of well nigh 600, and a student body approximately 6,000. In fact the University of Toronto is today the largest university in the British Empire. The solution of the problem of teaching religion in an institution of such magnitude will I trust be of interest to you, especially

when that solution is 'different,' and different because the problem was considered as important and reverently approached.

Religious Controversy.

"At the outset it may be stated frankly that from the day of its birth until quite recently the University of Toronto has been the cause of much controversy between religious leaders of divergent beliefs. Its importance in forming the youth of the country and in shaping the thought of the country was early recognized. And never did a Titus or Vespasian look forward to the fall of Jerusalem as did the Spiritual Chiefs of Old Ontario to the domination of Old King's College and its successor the University of to-day. Oft too the methods used by these self-same leaders to acquire this control was unworthy of them and the position of eminence they occupied. A description of the religious controversy of other days which hovered constantly about the University from the day its charter was granted until within recent years is necessary here to understand aright the ultimate solution of the problem presented by warring denominations clamoring for recognition. I trust that this history briefly given will not prove uninteresting.

John Strachan.

"To the early settlers in these parts credit must be given for deciding upon a policy of primary and secondary education almost immediately upon their arrival here. Only seven years had elapsed after the province of Upper Canada was established when provision was made for the establishment of Grammar Schools and the foundation of a university. Although this decision concerning a university was reached in 1798, it was not until 1826 that effective action was taken upon it. About this time there graced the stage of public life in and about York, as Toronto was then called, an ecclesiastic of the Church of England by the name of John Strachan. He, an educationalist by nature, became vitally interested in the foundation of the proposed university. Although he had be-

gun life as the son of laborer in Scotland, he ascended the ladder of preferment until he became a dignitary of the Anglican Church and a member of the Family Compact—that exclusive group of Tory die hards who controlled all civil life in this province a century ago.

"In 1826 Strachan was sent to England to obtain a charter for the new university. This was granted on March 31st of the following year. The terms of that charter when they became known stirred to their depths the people of Upper Canada. The new university was to be Anglican in the face of the fact that the Anglicans were actually in a minority in the Province. The Anglican Bishop of the diocese was to be its Visitor. The Archdeacon of York (Strachan was Archdeacon at the time), was to be its president. The governing body of the new institution was to be Anglican. And its theological degrees were to be limited to those in orders in the Church of England. When these facts became known all the bitterness of religious strife was let loose. Such was the discord that the question of higher education in this province was given a setback from which it did not rally for several decades.

Royal Charter Amended.

"It should be noted here that not until 1837 was the Royal Charter amended. When it was amended it was done in such a thorough going away as to oust the Church of England from its control of King's College. The charter was changed in essentials so that neither the member of the College Council nor the professors need be members of the Anglican communion. They were required, however, to subscribe to a belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures and the Trinity. It was further provided in the amended charter that the president of the University need not be the incumbent of eccelsiastical office. And finally the position of Visitor might be filled by Judges of the King's Bench instead of the Anglican Bishop of the Diocese. This was the letter of the law. To all intents and purposes, however, the government

of King's College, supported by the State, still remained in the hands of the Anglicans. This was readily recognized. Throughout the entire province religious bitterness was again rampant. Despair of wresting the control of King's College from the Church of England filled the souls of religious men of other denominations. The injustice of it all was paralyzing. Higher education in Upper Canada as a consequence was given another blow.

Robert Baldwin Introduces Bill Into Legislature.

"In the year 1843 Robert Baldwin introduced a bill into the Legislature which was destined to bring an end to the dissension everywhere existing in the matter of secondary education. It presaged by nearly half a century the final solution of the religious problem connected with the establishment of the university. This bill provided for the foundation of a university which was to be known as the University of Toronto. To it the endowment of King's College was to be transferred. And of this new university Queen's College, Kingston, a Presbyterian institution; Victoria, a Methodist college at Cobourg; King's, the Anglican College at Toronto, and Regiopolis, the Catholic College at Kingston, should be constituted members. This legislation was bright with promise, but it met an untimely death due to the resignation of the Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry in 1844. The government of Robert Baldwin was returned to power four years later. The very next year this old pioneer reformer made another honest attempt to establish a university which would meet with the favor and supply the needs of all men—of every creed. Baldwin was wedded to the belief that in a community composed of men of different religious opinions, complete secularization of primary and secondary education was essential. This marked the passing of Anglican control of King's College. In its place an institution free in every way from sectarian control, came into being. Provision was made—and the idea was a novel one and presaged a final and happy solution of a

grave problem—whereby denominational colleges might be affiliated with the university, and might have representatives on the senate, the legislative body of the new university.

Non-Sectarian Education.

"While these provisions might suit admirably the mentality of our day, they were repugnant to the public of seventy-five years ago. Our forefathers of all creeds thought non-sectarian education an abominable thing, the invention of Satan; nor did they warm to the idea of government control of higher education. The new institution was looked upon as a Godless school. One divine described it 'a Godless imitation of Babel.' Anglican, Methodist and Old Kirk Presbyterian joined in denouncing a university from which the teaching of religion was banished. And while our own people, the Catholics, were opposed to this legislation of Robert Baldwin, they maintained a respectful silence. The hue and cry that was raised on all sides against the new order finally influenced the politicians of the day. They ran to cover. Once again obsequies were held over the University Bill, and it was laid away in the graveyard of unpopular legislation.

University Federation.

"Francis Hincks assumed the mantle of Robert Baldwin. As Prime Minister he introduced a bill in 1853 whereby the University of Toronto became a degree granting body and that alone. The work of instruction was delegated to a new college—University College—and to any other colleges which might be affiliated with the University. No endowment of any importance was given to the denominational colleges—and this was the rub. This solution out-scotched the snake. It was, however, a distinct step towards a settlement of the much debated question. The curtain was to be rung up for the final act. Higher education in Ontario had from earliest times been complicated by the presence of many institutions dependent upon the support of various religious denomina-

tions. After 1867—the year of Confederation—the idea of university federation in Ontario was no longer a new one to the people. In fact it was recognized as the goal to which all efforts should be directed. Minor quarrels between the representatives of University Colleges and the denominational colleges delayed the dawn of the day of federation. Two doughty champions of consolidation became prominent in university affairs in the early eighties. One was Professor Burwash, of Victoria College, and the other Mr. William Mulock, now Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of this province. A meeting was called in 1884 of all the institutions likely to enter federation, but it was not until April, 1887, that a bill was passed in the legislature of Ontario, making federation a reality. Outstanding in the bill was the fact: subjects of instruction were divided between the University and the federated institutions, and as a result to-day it is possible for a Catholic boy or girl to enter the University as a student in St. Michael's College, receive his or her degrees as Bachelor of Arts from the University and to have his or her entire training under the capable hands of Catholic priests and sisters. Despite minor faults the act of federation passed in 1887 has been a veritable blessing. In a modern state composed of men and women of all creeds and no creeds, it is hardly possible to conceive of a happier union between Church and State in educational circles than that which prevails here in Ontario.

"To the statesmanship of the Basilian Fathers, who are in charge of St. Michael's, federation in a great measure is due. May I conclude with an excerpt from an address delivered by Sir William Mulock some few years ago. He said: 'Personally I have always attached the utmost importance to the union of St. Michael's with the University; it not only enables the Catholic youth the better to equip themselves for the battles of life, but it also serves to promote happy relations between our Catholic and Protestant fellow-citizens generally.'"

Muskoka

Here, rugged Nature, playful, weaves
Tresses of balsam, birch or beech,
And, in a palace made of leaves,
Her rustic manners loves to teach.

The eddying waves with purring flow
Secluded spaces inundate,
And piny breezes whispering go
And strange, primeval tales relate.

Here Beauty's spell, unbroken, lives
And bids the murmuring dream-song start,
And cares disband and Solace gives
Its balm to body and to heart.

Nursling of primal northern woods,
Lulled in the gray rocks' kind old arms,
Hushed in mysterious splendorhood,
Haunting forever with your charms!

All praise to Him who set the hills,
Who starts the stream and sways the tree,
Who binds the seas and rules the rills,
Lord of our nobler Destiny!

Frederick B. Fenton.

WHAT MY RELIGION MEANS TO ME AFTER FIFTY YEARS

By the Late Mary Hoskin on the Fiftieth Anniversary of Her Baptism and Reception Into the Catholic Church.

My religion means to me all the happiness there is in this life and all the joy I expect in the next.

I am a convert; God mercifully gave me the light of the true faith at an early age. It meant so much to me that nothing could weigh against it—family, friends, means, home,—all were as dross compared to the happiness that came to me with my religion.

All converts have to suffer more or less in payment for that wonderful gift of faith, even if it be only the terrible upheaval, the wrenching away from old habits of thought, adopting new practices, losing old friends and not very easily making new ones. In the case of a young girl, so young that the family thought it an impertinence in her to have ideas of her own on so momentous a subject, the suffering was made more keen by the indignation of an entire family; harder than all, however, to bear was the deep sorrow of an aged mother. But when I placed my religion against the sufferings that for a few years seemed to pile up, as it were, upon my anguished heart, it would outweigh them all; I knew I must persevere or lose my soul. Some friends of my new-found religion used to say: "You are brave to withstand so much harsh treatment." "No," I would reply, "I am not brave, if I am not a Catholic what will become of me? I am not brave enough to risk the loss of my soul." God in His mercy sustained me and made me understand that my religion was of more worth than anything else in the world.

So it has been all through life, until now, as I advance towards old age, my religion is dearer and dearer each day; and, while I cannot but wonder at the great grace God gave me

without any merit on my part, my heart is full of gratitude that I was chosen for so precious a gift.

If my words meet the eye of any who are balancing between the heresy of early training and a call to the true faith, let me urge them, if they would save their immortal souls, not to hesitate to enter at once into the true Fold, laying all their doubts at the feet of the Good Shepherd.

Would it appear from above that my religion consists only of a selfish wish to save my soul from eternal punishment and that the love of God has no place in it? I hope not. Jesus Christ came upon earth to save souls by His bitter passion and cruel death. He would also win our love; who could help loving Him when contemplating all His sufferings for our sake?

My religion means also that I must love God and be willing to spend myself in His service. I must show my gratitude for this great gift by doing what God places before me to be done; I must sacrifice my own will, my ease, my time, my means in doing God's work; it is very little and of not much worth when it is done, but it is all I have.

It has not been God's will to favour me with great sensible devotion; I have for the most part been obliged to walk along in a dreary path spiritually; but my faith, my religion, has sustained me. I know that God is there and that He loves me, I know, too, that I love Him even if I do not experience the sweetness of it. I also know that God does me the favour of making use of me, that He permits me to work for Him. and while I am unable to praise Him in the exalted strains of His more favoured children, I can still serve Him with my head, my hands and my feet, and this is where my religion comes to my aid.

My religion teaches me absolute confidence in God. If my path lies through difficult ways, where it may seem that no helping hand is held out to me, I know, though I may not feel, that God will protect me. He will not allow me to be tried beyond my strength because He has so promised; and if it be His will that I should suffer much without consolation, my faith enables me to say "God's will be done."

My prayers may appear to be unanswered; it would appear that God turns a deaf ear to me; but faith whispers: "Have courage. God will answer in His own good time and in His own good way; God always hears."

My religion bids me be patient with my lot and cast my care upon God, Who will not fail to bring me safely through the trials of life and Who has in store for me an abundant reward provided I submit to His law.

My religion means to me that God comes first always. When there is question of doing one thing or another thing, one must ask, which will please God? The answer is always manifest and there is no further need for doubt. How foolish to put creatures before heaven.

My religion means the seven-fold shedding of the Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ, beginning at the Circumcision and culminating on Calvary, when the last drop oozed from His pierced side,—that Blood which flows over my soul to cleanse me from my manifold sins.

It means to me Holy Mass, Holy Communion, and the dwelling of Jesus Christ with us in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar where I may visit Him and place all my wants before Him.

It means the Holy Sacrament of Penance, where I may unburden my soul, and, with renewed courage, start afresh in the service of the good God Who is always so patient with His faulty child.

It means the Sacred Heart of Jesus that loves me with tenderness and has opened for me a dwelling where He would have me abide with Him in the Sacred Wound of His Side.

It means the Blessed Mother whom Jesus Christ gave to us for our own as He hung upon the cross, and who loves me as well as all mankind, and who has many a time sheltered me within her maternal arms.

It means the dear St. Joseph and my Guardian Angel and all God's saints and angels who are ever ready to protect me and help me over the thorny parts of my journey through life.

Without my religion I should have had none of these beau-

tiful devotions and helps on the way. Can I ever be grateful enough?

My religion it is that revives my drooping courage, which sometimes faints under the many difficulties of life. It holds out to me the hope of the reward exceeding great which God has promised to His faithful servants, to those who persevere unto the end. It reminds me of my promises, made in moments of fervour, which are recorded by my Guardian Angel and which I may not break.

My religion fills my whole life; it lifts up my soul in thankfulness to God Who has deigned to manifest Himself to His people, and Who stoops to accept our homage and permit us to worship Him; Who has promised us an eternity of bliss with Him after a weary pilgrimage on earth.

Courage, then, my soul; life may be stormy, it may be weary, but God is ever watchful and will not permit me to be overwhelmed, provided I trust in Him and practise faithfully that religion which in His goodness He revealed to me. When He seems farthest away, then perhaps He is nearest; can I doubt it after having been so often and so mercifully protected by Him, but for Whose fatherly care I should now have been without the pale?

Now with the banner of my Religion raised aloft, I may calmly await the summons which will call me from this life. My religion will aid me in death; it will follow me to purgatory as my friends who survive me will offer their supplications for my soul; it will lead me to God's throne, where I hope to hear the blessed words: "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

This is what my religion means to me. It means God!

CONSEQUENCES OF THE LUTHERAN REVOLUTION

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., PhD.

The New Aggressive Intolerance.
The Worship of the Beast.

"The Reformation," writes Acton, "was a great movement against the freedom of conscience—an effort to subject it to a new authority, the arbitrary initiative of a prince who might differ in religion from all his subjects. The notion of liberty, whether civil or religious, was hateful to Luther's despotic nature and contrary to his interpretation of the Scripture. Whilst he declared that in matters of faith the individual is above every authority, and that a child could understand the Scripture better than Popes and Councils, he taught at the same time with an inconsistency which he never attempted to remove, that it is the duty of the civil power to exterminate Popery, set up the Gospel, and suppress every other religion. The persecuting principles which were involved in Luther's system were formed into a definite theory by the colder genius of Melanchthon. . . He adopted the principle of aggressive intolerance, then new, which the Popes and Councils had condemned when the zeal of the laymen had gone beyond the lawful measure."

In the era before Luther the Inquisition was allowed to sleep, for its work against anti-social apostasies such as that of the Albigenses was over. "The Papacy," says Bishop Creighton, always showed a tolerant spirit in matters of opinion. Fanaticism had no place in Rome, nor did the Papal Court trouble itself about trifles. It allowed free thought beyond the extremest limits of ecclesiastical prudence. . . We cannot think that Roman Inquisitors were likely to err on the side of severity. . . Pomponatius was judged in the Papal Court with a judicial calmness and impartiality which the modern advocates of religious toleration might well admire."

It was the Lutheran Revolution ending in tyranny and aggressive persecution that compelled the Catholics to revive their defensive policy. The Catholic Church never practised religious persecution properly so called, as I shall explain later on.

In the first period of their movement when the Lutherans were the weaker party, they of course talked of the rights of conscience and the wickedness of persecution. It is nearly two thousand years since it was observed that these devices of ambition, avarice, and turbulence were old-fashioned. Eadem semper causa, libido et avaritia et mutandarum rerum amor. Ceterum libertas et speciosa nomina praetexuntur; nec quisquam alienum servitium et dominationem sibi concupivit ut non eadem ista vocabula usurpret . . Ut imperium evertant, libertatem praeferunt; si perverterint, libertatem ipsam aggriedientur." (Tacitus). "No one ever aimed at domination but he professed to aim at liberty."

"The doctrine which from the beginning of religious dissensions has been held by bigots of all sects," says Macaulay, "when condensed in a few words and stripped of rhetorical disguise, is simply this: I am in the right and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error."

Luther desired to propagate a new doctrine, totally reversive of the Christian religion, as it had been taught ever since the Apostles; therefore he held language favorable to freedom of conscience and of speech. But the whole history of his after life proves that this was a mere pretence.

"Luther," says Acton, "purchased the safety of his doctrine, at the time of the Peasants War, by the sacrifice of its freedom; and taking refuge in the arms of the princes, conferred on each state together with the right of control, the duty of imposing it at the point of the sword. . . The Protestant authorities were perplexed by their victory over the Anabaptists. At Nuremberg, the magistrates thought them no worse than the Catholics, whom as yet there was no ques-

tion of exterminating. The celebrated Osiander deemed these scruples inconsistent. He said that the Papists ought also be suppressed, and until this was done it was impossible to proceed to extremities against the Anabaptists. Luther also was consulted and he decided that they ought not to be punished unless they refused to conform at the command of the government, but if they refuse to obey, then sedition and murder are certainly in their hearts." The Margrave of Brandenburg also was advised by the Lutheran divines that a heretic who could not be converted out of the Scriptures might be condemned. but that in his sentence nothing should be said about heresy, but only the sedition and murderous intent, though he should be guiltless of these. With the aid of this artifice great numbers were put to death. Luther argued that the Mosaic code awarded to false prophets the punishment of death, and the majesty of God is not to be less reverenced or less vindicated under the New Testament: the obligation is even stronger in a more perfect revelation. Melanchthon said that the Mass must be suppressed as Ezechias destroyed the brazen serpent. Those who will not hear the Church must be excluded: and when the excommunication has been pronounced, the civil power must intervene and compel men to come in. For according to the Confession of Schmalkald and the Apology for the Confession of Augsburg, excommunication involves damnation. On this theory, the business of the civil power became solely the coercion of those who were out of the Church. This made all the Protestant governments despotic and it led to the rejection of all Catholic governments. Protestants could not be faithful subjects of a Catholic power. In 1522 Luther urged the government to suppress the Catholic clergy because what was done by authority could not be wrong. It was maintained that no government could tolerate heresy without being responsible for the souls seduced by it. Luther wrote to the apostate Duke of Saxe-Meissen (successor of the Catholic George): "It will lie heavy on your conscience if you tolerate the Catholic worship, for no prince can permit his subjects to be divided by the preaching of the opposite doctrines. The

Catholics have no right to complain, for they do not prove the truth of their doctrine from Scripture, and therefore they do not conscientiously believe it." Melanchthon taught that the sects should be put down by the sword, and that any individual that started any new doctrines ought to be punished with death. The execution of Servetus at Geneva by the Calvanists was highly approved by Melanchthon; and when Thomas Cromwell was executed by Henry VIII. Melanchthon hoped that some brave man might be inspired to slaughter the tyrant. Bucer agreed with Luther on the necessity of persecuting the Catholics as well as the sects. Munzer in 1524 published a sermon exhorting the Protestant princes to extirpate Catholicism. "Have no remorse" he says, "for He to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth means to govern alone." He demanded the punishment of all heretics, the destruction of all that were not of his faith, and the establishment of religious unity. "Do not pretend," he says, "that the power of God will accomplish it without the use of your sword, or it will grow rusty in the scabbard. The tree that brings not forth good fruit should be cut down and cast into the fire." And elsewhere: "The ungodly have no right to live, except in so far as the elect choose to grant it to them."

The strict Lutherans did not welcome the English Calvinists who came to Wesel and Frankfort in the reign of Mary: and they declared that the Huguenots massacred in France on St. Bartholomew's Day were not martyrs, but rebels. The Lutheran divine Andreae warned the princes to beware of their spirit, which had deluged other lands in blood.

What Wesley said of Knox might justly be said of other "Reformers," "I know that it is commonly said, The work to be done needed such a spirit. Not so: the work of God does not need the work of the devil to forward it."

The resistance of the Catholic governments to the progress of a religion which plainly intended—and sometimes announced its intention—to destroy them as soon as it had the power, was an instinct of self-preservation. It is the dissensions and

mutual hatred of heretics that has enabled us to recover liberty at last.

The late Mr. William Stead, a Cromwellian, confessed that when he read in his boyhood Ockley's History of the Saracens, he was struck with the resemblance of his own ancestors to the Mahomedans.

The Mediaeval Intolerance Defensive, Not Aggressive

It is very necessary to explain clearly what the Mediaeval Catholic policy was, not that we think it at all suitable for these times, but because it has been so grossly misrepresented by the descendants of the successful aggressors, and because many of our own people have been bewildered by the sophistries of foolish men like Morley and knavish men like Acton in his later life, and many students come here warped with history and principles, which are really the opposite of Catholic.

It is quite true that Catholic States in the Middle Ages with the qualified approval of the Church did punish active apostates on the same principle as every government punishes traitors, and every army punishes deserters. Such men were punished not for being in error, but for abandoning and opposing the truth, and not for their secret thoughts but for propagating their apostasy and seducing and corrupting others, (Sir Thomas More said that he never questioned any man about his opinions) and for their manifest intention of persecuting the Church and the Faith if they were allowed to get the upper hand. The Inquisition arrested no one unless there was a fama, or report of his heretical activity. In some cases, too, the apostates worked as a secret society, stealing their way into the service of the Church, as priests and monks and nuns, in order that they might work from within, and corrupt more successfully, and aid the revolutionists with information, and mislead the Church with misinformation. The motives which actuated the Catholics in punishing such men were horror for the guilt of apostasy, the determination to preserve a religious unity and social order long established,

and the consciousness that a government could not maintain its authority if the conscience of a large part of the community came to be opposed to it. None of these motives actuated the Protestants in persecuting the Catholics. It is quite false, therefore, to say that they learned their aggressive persecuting spirit from the Catholics.

"I am not fond of defining with precision," said the greatest of political philosophers and wisest of statesmen, Burke, speaking as a Protestant of the Dissenters from the national church, "what the ultimate rights of the supreme and sovereign power in providing for the safety of the commonwealth may be, or may extend to. It signifies little what my notions, or what their notions may be, because in fact they will take, according to the exigence, the steps which seem to them necessary for the preservation of the whole: for in societies, as in individuals self-preservation will be the first law. Government, representing the society, has a general superintending control over the actions and over all publicly propagated doctrines, especially when men begin to form new combinations, to be distinguished by new names, and especially when they mingle a political system with their religious opinions. A reasonable, prudent, provident and moderate coercion may be the means of preventing acts of extreme rigour; for the propagation of excessive and extravagant doctrines produces such wild disorders as require the most fierce corrections. Religion is one of the greatest bonds of human society, and it should not be the pretext for destroying peace, order, and liberty. As opinions soon combine with passions even when they do not produce them, they have much influence on actions. Factions are formed on opinions and become in effect bodies corporate in the State. When a new volcanic eruption comes, a face of desolation is produced, not rectifiable in ages. Therefore when men come before us and rise up like an exhalation from the ground, they come in a questionable shape, and we must exorcise them and try whether intents be wicked or charitable,—whether they bring airs from heaven or blasts from hell, whether they aim at the quiet

enjoyment of their own liberty or at proselytizing a multitude to overturn by violence the Church." (Burke, Speech, May 11, 1792, on petition of the Unitarians for the alteration of certain Acts.)

It is on such principles that the Catholic governments acted. What has such a defensive policy in common with the aggressive intolerance of the heretics? "During a thousand years from the fall of Rome to the appearance of Luther," says Acton, "no Catholic prince ever made an attempt to introduce a new religion into his own dominions or to eradicate the old; but the Reformation taught that this was the supreme duty of a prince." And what is it but impudence for the aggressive persecutors or their descendants to charge the Church with persecution, especially when it had been dropped until Protestant aggression compelled its revival?

Generally speaking, Catholic Governments had tolerated the Jew, the Mohammedan, the heathen and the old Schismatic, and allowed them to enjoy personal liberty and property,—though not political power because they did not admit the common ideas of duty which were its basis. What, I again ask, was there in this defensive and limited intolerance like to the new spirit of aggressive persecution brought in by the Reformers? "Rome had at least prescription on its side," says Macaulay. "But Protestant intolerance, despotism in an upstart sect, infallibility claimed by guides who declared that they had passed the greater part of their lives in error, restraints imposed on the liberty of private judgment at the pleasure of rulers who could vindicate their own proceedings only by asserting the liberty of private judgment! It required no great sagacity to perceive the inconsistency and dishonesty of men who, dissenting from almost all Christendom, would suffer none to dissent from themselves, who demanded freedom of conscience, yet refused to grant it, who execrated persecution, yet persecuted, who urged reason against authority of one opponent, and authority against the reason of another, who could vindicate themselves from the charge of being heretics only by arguments which made them out to be murderers."

The United Empire Loyalists in Canada and the descendants of the Irish who after the revolution of 1688 were aggressively subjected to a new penal system and practically reduced to serfdom because of their faithfulness to their God and their King, should be easily able to understand the distinction and difference between an aggressive, revolutionary and tyrannical persecution and a purely defensive one, and to see how impudent are the charges of the aggressors against those who only defended what they had inherited.

Ancient and Modern Tyranny.

Doellinger, in his History of the first age of the Church, remarks how much more power a modern State has, if it wants to persecute, than the Roman government had. The Roman legions were not used to keep down the people, or spread over the country; they were stationed on the frontiers to prevent invasions or raids. Only in the Capital there was the Emperor's body-guard. There was no organized police-force. A few officials, aediles and praetors under the city prefect were the means of preserving order. There was no such thing as a censorship of the press. There was no system of State Schools. A few chairs of Rhetoric and Philosophy were gradually pensioned. The inferior schools were private schools and on the whole were free. There was no vast multitude of officials and civil servants. In the provinces there were the Proconsuls and Praetors with their secretaries and attendants, and besides these only the commissioners of taxes and the Post Office. The administration was principally in the hands of the communal authorities; and as these served without payment, they had no desire to increase their work by over-governing. In a monarchical government, the people are a control on the government. But where the people are sovereign and the government unmixed, who is to control them? while we see in such countries as Russia and Mexico that a minority energetic, violent, and unscrupulous, may usurp power in the name of the people, and then oppress a majority of quieter men.

"All revolutions," said a French Revolutionist, "have been the work of minorities."

The Consequences of the Lutheran Revolution.

When we speak of the consequences of any system, we must always distinguish between the consistency of abstract logic or syllogism by which conclusions are deduced from premises, and the moral or psychological consistency in which the formation of an opinion or the abandonment of an opinion is caused by a disposition and inclination to remove or abandon whatever is felt to be not founded upon the beliefs most actively cherished. In this psychological consistency the doctrine of private judgment and the Bible alone, to be interpreted by each one without authoritative guidance from Creeds or Tradition, prepares an inclined slope for the abandonment of the Divinity of Christ. Accordingly the Socinians (Unitarians) boasted that as Luther had pulled down the roof of the Church and Calvin the walls, so Socinus had destroyed the very foundation of the Catholic religion.

Newman has explained to us how (as he had observed) another Protestant principle works, on another line, towards atheism.* The hatred of the Mass, and the dogma that a priesthood is a corruption of the simplicity of the Gospel, leads to a denial of baptismal regeneration and then of the sacramental principle generally. Then the man who has got so far asks whether dogmas are not an imposition on Christian liberty, as well as sacraments, especially if he has been taught such an irrational and immoral dogma as that God creates some, in fact most men, for everlasting torture. Then comes the question, what after all was the use of teachers of religion? Why should any one stand between him and his Maker? After a time he goes on to apply this question to the Apostles and to Moses, as well as to the Protestant ministers. And so he rejects all revelation, and says that the only true revelation of God to man is that which is written on his conscience. Now,

*See The Grammar of Assent, ch. vii., on The Indefectibility of Certitude, 5.

He is a Deist for a time. But then this religion offers him none of the consolations or encouragements which the Christian Belief had; and soon it occurs to him that the inward rule of conduct is there within his heart whether he assumes a God or not, and therefore Deism appears superfluous; and when he turned outwards to look if there be a Creator in the world around, his intellect without guidance from his conscience, was bewildered by the complexity of phenomena; and so he drops that hypothesis, and persuades himself that he and the people would get on better without the dream of serving God for a future reward, if they devote themselves to improving man's lot in this world. It is thus that such a good man as Lord Morley was, because an atheist, a dogmatic and zealous atheist, not from a corrupt heart, but from false principles together with intellectual pride and shallowness.

The reader has already heard incidentally many of the consequences of Luther's work. He destroyed much, and he built up nothing but the absolutism of the margraves. It was the hour and the power of darkness.

1. His doctrine, particularly that the Church which Christ had founded upon a rock, and against which the gates of hell should not prevail, had become anti-Christian after the Apostolic age—that is within the century after the death of our Redeemer—and remained anti-Christian till he himself arose—gradually produced a contemptuous unbelief among the educated and the nobles. "Paganism," as Doellinger and Acton tell us, "appeared more cheerful, more human and more beautiful than the repulsive Galilean doctrine of holiness and privation. Among the educated class in Germany Christianity is abominated both in life and literature, even under the form of believing Protestantism. No book is less familiar to the laity than the Bible. There is scarcely one Christian family in a hundred, says Tholuck, in which the Scriptures are read.

2. The doctrine that neither works nor charity was necessary for salvation and that a man might sin boldly, may possibly have not lowered the life of a few finer spirits who from gratitude for the gift of faith would continue the piety which

they had learned from the Church; but the effect on ordinary people—the multitude—of telling them that their good works and efforts had been superfluous and need not be continued, was disastrous, especially at Wittenberg, which became a hotbed of corruption. Staupitz in turning his back on Luther wrote to him: "You are applauded, Brother, by those who frequent disorderly houses." Flacius Illyricus, who had been a professor at Wittenburg, wrote of it: "Rectius facturos parentes si in lupanar liberos suos mittant quam in Academiam Wittenbergensem." "Parents might as well send their sons into a brothel as to the University of Wittenberg." The evil produced by Luther's doctrine were so great that it has long since been replaced by the contrary error of works without faith.

3. There can be little doubt that the doctrine of arbitrary Election and positive Reprobation produced in some weak minds the feeling that they were Reprobate, as it produced in others the illusion that they were Elect and Predestined to glory; and the feeling of Reprobation produced in some despair and hatred of God. With this came an increase of the witchcraft and devil-worship which had been secretly handed down among a few from heathen times—as the Manichean heresy in the twelfth century had produced a similar evil in the South of France. Along with this went an epidemic of fear and panic against it, in which multitudes of innocent people were burned for witchcraft which they had not practised.

4. The ecclesiastical authority of the princes "standing where they ought not," together with the doctrine of their Divine Right, led to absolutism in the civil order. The Consistories, by which the sovereign ruled the Church, were the beginning of bureaucratic centralization in each State. The result was a despotism such as the world had never seen. The peasantry in particular were reduced to serfdom.

5. A system that so resolutely denied that two religious could co-exist in the same territory, and which not only robbed the Church, but exiled all who remained faithful to it, put mutual toleration out of the question. The argument of obedi-

ence to the will of the sovereign reigned in Germany so effectually that the Palatinate changed its religion from Catholicism to Lutheranism, and from that to Calvinism; and one single town which had ten times changed its masters, changed its religion also to and fro ten times in a century. And this principle produced the Thirty Years War between the German states. Finally this spirit of absolutism and aggressive persecution infected Catholic countries with a retaliatory temper which produced in France the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a measure partly caused by the judicial murder of innocent Catholics in Protestant England (and by professors of religious liberty in particular) for a Popish plot which never existed. (Please remember that this was done by the Whigs—professors of liberty).

6. Luther and other revolutionists, knowing that their system was contrary to reason as well as to tradition and authority, always disparaged and denounced and derided human reason. Luther led the way in ridiculing Copernicus and condemning Science as opposed to the Scripture and turning the universe upside down; and he is to be censured not for ignorance of astronomy, but for ignorance of the Scripture and of theology. Rheticus, an able astronomer, had to resign his chair at Wittenberg in order to seek out and publish the truth. It is in Lutheranism that we find the origin of the empire of religious bigotry. For bigotry is neither faith nor reason, but something different from both. It is that state of mind in which a man is enslaved by prejudice and passion or by fanaticism, yet imagines himself to be guided by reason. It may be religious bigotry or political or literary and artistic bigotry. Catholics are not liable to religious bigotry because they know the distinction between what is held by faith and what is held by reason; but they are as liable to be politically partisan, prejudiced and bigoted as anyone else. The effect of fanaticism at Wittenberg for a time was that human learning was pronounced unnecessary; students burned their books; masters dismissed their classes.

7. The effect on culture, character and manners was de-

plorable. Many Protestant histories, e.g., the Cambridge Modern History, now confess this quite frankly. An American Protestant history says: "The opening of the second half of the sixteenth century saw the beginning of the rudest period in the social and literary history of Germany. . . The life and the culture of the Catholic peoples was richer and more harmonious than that of the Protestants. The noble bearing and the careful calculation of appearance and deportment which were practised at the Catholic courts of the Romance countries, as distinguished from those of the Protestant lands which for the time nearly all sank into rudeness of manners, were favorable to art." Luther was a Prussian boor on a grand scale, and his followers admired and imitated his boorishness. The North German in the nineteenth century talked more about "culture" than any one else because he had at last discovered that he more than anyone else was in need of it. Well might Goethe say, "Franzthum drangt in diesen tagen wie ehmals Luthertum es gethan, ruhige bildung zuruck—Franch revolutionism now, like Lutherism formerly, drags back all peaceful improvement."

8. Finally, private judgment has produced what is called Biblical Criticism, and Higher Criticism of the Bible.

9. When it is claimed that the Lutheran revolution removed abuses, the answer is simple. Among an innumerable multitude of acts of folly and violence some evil may chance to be removed, as some good may chance to be done. Those who destroy everything will doubtless destroy abuses. According to their own German saying, "we must not throw out the baby together with the dirty bath-water." The defenders of Luther are bound to prove that these abuses could not have been removed without a revolution, and that any good that was produced could be attained only by the total destruction of the Church. When we point out the madness and crimes of the "Reformers," it is answered that those whom they undertook to reform were just as bad. Even if these were so—for argument's sake—the "Reformers" added the special faults of pride, presumption, folly and uncharitableness; and they neg-

lected to reform themselves. "Self-appointed reformers and champions fall into the evil which they profess to remedy," says Newman in his Anglican lectures on Justification.

The revolution in religion was a judicial benightment first upon Luther and then upon the princes and burghers who followed him. "If the light within thee be darkness, how great is the darkness!" "Thou sayest I am grown rich and wealthy and in need of nothing; and thou knowest not that thou art poor and blind and naked and miserable and wretched."

The giants were on the earth in those days, but the giants are dead and they shall not rise again. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, star of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, thou that didst weaken the nations! Babylon the great is fallen—is fallen; and all her idols He has shattered unto the ground. Come ye out from her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC CLUBS OF AMERICA

The thirteenth Annual Conference of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs of America was held at Toronto, July 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1928.

During these few days, Newman Club of Toronto, under the capable guidance of their Chaplain, Rev. Father Frank McNab, C.S.P., and their Convention Committee, were the hosts to hundreds of Newmanites from the various colleges and Universities of the United States.

High Mass, celebrated at Newman Chapel by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, was the official opening ceremony of the Convention. An informal gathering of Newmanites at the King Edward Hotel followed when addresses of welcome were extended to the guests by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, and by His Worship, Samuel McBride, Mayor of Toronto, on behalf of the City. A short business session followed. The members of the Convention assembled for luncheon in the lovely Roof Garden of the King Edward Hotel.

Addressing this first formal gathering of the delegates and members of the Federation Convention, Dr. H. J. Cody., Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, explained in detail the nature of the affiliation of colleges comprising the University of Toronto. He declared that by universities and colleges of different religious faiths, working in affiliation, there was increased the spirit of moderation and toleration. The university, as a whole, brought certain broadening influences to bear on its component parts, and in this way all were learning to co-operate.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Kelly, who introduced Dr. Cody, in speaking of the Newman Clubs forming the federation of College Catholic Clubs, stated that Newman Club of Toronto was a centre of high educational and cultural activities, not only for Toronto, but for all the Province.

On the motion of Rev. Father John W. Keogh, D.D., of the University of Pennsylvania, Chaplain of the Federation, a vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Cody. Father Keogh commented on the whole-hearted enthusiasm displayed by Dr. Cody, and remarked upon the inspiring manner in which he explained the method of affiliation of Colleges of the University of Toronto. Father Keogh quoted from Emerson, "Nothing is accomplished without enthusiasm," and this enthusiasm, so truly spoken of by Emerson, was, he felt, embodied in Dr. Cody's zeal and ambition for the subject nearest his heart, "The University."

The business sessions of the convention were devoted especially to consideration of Catholic topics. "Courses in the Things of Faith" was the subject of one discussion, and it was during this session in particular that the true and deepening influence of Newman Clubs was reflected, strengthening that oft-repeated motto: "The aim of Newman Clubs is religious, educational and social." To what a high degree this aim has been fulfilled was impressed upon the visiting delegates who, during the afternoon of the opening day, visited Toronto Newman Club and beheld not only the atmosphere of friendliness and cultural companionship, but above all the emblem of a deep and true Catholic faith, St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, the long-wished-for desire of Toronto Newman Club, accomplished by the never-failing zeal and effort of its Chaplains and Executives.

Further discussions of topics of Catholic interest were devoted to "The Problem of Banned Books"—under the leadership of Rev. Father John Cleary, of New York, and "Confession and Communion in the Life of the student"—by Rev. Father John Collins, of Albany, N.Y.

At one of the formal luncheon gatherings, the Convention delegates were addressed by Dr. George H. Locks, chief Librarian of Toronto. Dr. Locke spoke of the meaning of Newman Clubs in the life of a university, and expressed himself in entire sympathy with the important work which existed for them to accomplish. The American Consul, Honorable

Emil Sauer, in his address praised unstintingly the work being accomplished by the Newman Clubs.

A note of sociability and friendliness was interjected into the Convention during the afternoon sight-seeing tours about the city, followed each day by most delightful dances at the King Edward Hotel, the Palais Royale, and concluding with a most successful and lovely afternoon and evening spent at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Connor, at Lake Simcoe.

The crowning recognition of the interest taken in the Convention by the Catholic world was received in the form of a cablegram from His Holiness, the Pope, conferring the Apostolic Blessing upon the gathering.

The 13th Annual Conference of the Federation of Catholic College Clubs concluded on July 4th, 1928, and brought to a close the Federation's most successful Convention. During the three days devoted to the gatherings and meetings which comprised the Convention, many friendships were formed, and many pleasant memories will remain for all who were fortunate enough to enjoy this Annual Conference. It is such assemblies as this that provide lasting impressions for the student in our Universities.

Camilla Wright.

ALUMNAE NOTES

PRO DEO ET ALMA MATER.

(*Alumnae Motto*)

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held at St. Joseph's Convent on Saturday evening, June 18th, when the Members and friends of the Alumnae gathered in the lovely grounds where tea was served in honour of the Graduating Class of 1928. Later all attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in the Chapel of the Convent.

The election of officers for the new term was the major purpose of the business meeting which followed. The Executive for the years 1928-1930 includes: Mrs. J. J. Landy, Pres.; Mrs. J. A. Thompson, 1st Vice-Pres.; Mrs. T. Battle, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Miss May Morrow, 4th Vice-Pres.; Mrs. M. Lellis, 5th Vice-Pres.; Miss Teresa O'Connor, Treasurer; Mrs. W. A. Wallis, Recording Sec.; Miss Alice Hayes, Corres. Sec.; Miss G. Rose, Out-of-Town Sec.; Miss C. Wright, Press Sec.; Miss Julia O'Connor, and Mrs. T. McCarron, Historian; Miss Kelman, Mrs. F. B. Brazil, Miss E. Kormann, Miss M. McGrath, Mrs. S. McGrath, Councillors; Mrs. Paul Warde, Past Pres.

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At the first meeting held by the newly-elected Executive Thursday, June 21st, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Recording Secretary of the I.F.C.A. Ontario Chapter, and Mrs. J. J. Landy, President of our Alumnae, were delegated to attend the Eighth Biennial Convention at Niagara Falls, Ontario, August 25th-31st.

A second meeting of the Executive was held early in July when tentative plans were made for the entertainment of the delegates and visitors to the Biennial Convention invited to visit Toronto on Friday, August 31st.

ST. JOSEPH'S ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION EXTEND CORDIAL WELCOME TO I.F.C.A.

On August 31st the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, visiting Toronto for a day at the close of their convention held at Niagara Falls, received a most cordial welcome at St. Joseph's College. They were met at the entrance by the Reverend Mother General, members of the Community and the officials of their Alumnae Association.

After this initial formal greeting the numerous gathering was ushered into the chapel, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College. The music rendered by the Sisters' choir in liturgical form during the moments of solemn adoration was remarkably beautiful and soul-inspiring. As a closing number, very sweetly sung, was the familiar Federation Hymn, composed by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

On leaving the chapel and before tea was served, the first President of the St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, Doctor Gertrude Lawler, at the request of the recently-elected President, Mrs. J. J. Landy, bade hearty welcome to the guests on behalf of the Community and of the Alumnae present. Standing at the head of the tea-room, brilliant with lights, flowers and silver, she said:

"Before our expectant eyes are exquisite china cups daintily arranged, to be filled with the international beverage which does not inebriate, and which is said to invigorate. Far be it from St. Joseph's in welcoming our guests, on holiday after battling with strenuous programmes, to give counsel instead of tea! We shall not prolong the expectant interval in biding you a thrice hearty welcome to St. Joseph's Convent, College, Academy.

"In this Reception Hall, replete with sacred memories from floor to ceiling, every St. Joseph's Alumnae, present and absent, greets you, dear visiting Reverend Sisters and Alumnae, as co-workers in Catholic education, greets you sympathetically and enthusiastically, and proffers you personally

and unitedly a heartfelt welcome. We have, however, one regret. You, our honoured guests, can hardly breathe the genuine St. Joseph's educational atmosphere, for your sojourn is fleeting and St. Joseph's pupils and students are still on vacation. The sunshine of actual scholastic work is lacking. Consequently, graciously consider St. Joseph's warmest welcome to-day, strongly coupled with the heartiest invitation to re-visit our beloved Alma Mater. Come again to converse with the Reverend Deans of the various faculties of literature, art, and science! Come again when the caps and gowns of the women undergraduates forcefully remind even the casual observer that St. Joseph's College is a sister college of the University of Toronto. Come again when the class-rooms and recreation centres of St. Joseph's Academy ring with the happy tones of diligent young ladies cheerful and assiduous. And best of all, come again to find rejuvenation in the Kindergarten, where the dear little tots play with their dolls and their toys! Then, observing, if not experiencing, you will partly apprehend what we of St. Joseph's mean when we say, in all humility, that verily we are grateful to our our All-Loving Father for giving us, in this scientific era of vast conquests, eyes that see and ears that hear the essentials of Catholic education.

"Friends, St. Joseph's appreciates the privilege of clasping in welcome the hands of alumnae of Catholic educational institutions. Although this alumnae of St. Joseph's has not the inestimable pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many here assembled, nevertheless Reverend Sisters and Alumnae, I know that I voice, assuredly more freely than Rev. Mother General would, the very cordial sentiments of every daughter of St. Joseph's of Toronto, when I say to each visitor the pastoral words endeared in the Church by centuries prayer, and particularly opportune on this occasion: **Salve atque vale!**"

The tea-tables, rich with silver and colorful with natural flowers and glittering lights, were presided over by former occupants of the presidential chair and members of the energetic executive, among whom were Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs.

Thompson, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. Paul Warde, Miss May Morrow, Mrs. T. McCarron, Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. W. J. Northgrave, Miss Kelmann, Miss T. O'Connor, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. D. O'Brien, and others. Music was furnished during the tea hour by Mr. G. Keteladze, a clever Russian artist, at the piano. This function was pronounced in general as a fitting close to the Convention's successful week-long programme.

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During the warm summer months many of our Alumnae travelled abroad, while others holidayed in our own beautiful country:

The Misses Camilla and Margaret Wright enjoyed a holiday at Limberlost Lodge, Algonquin Park.

Mrs. S. Crowell spent a delightful summer in England.

Mrs. J. D. Warde and Miss Eleanor Warde enjoyed a holiday at Murray Bay, Quebec.

Mrs. M. Lellis and Miss N. Kennedy took a trip down the Saugenay and returned in time to visit Ste. Anne de Beaupre for the celebration of the feast, July 26th.

Miss J. Lehane joined Miss J. McDonough at Montreal and together enjoyed the Saugenay trip.

Mrs. W. A. Wallis and family motored to Atlantic City. Miss Agnes Elmsley holidayed in the beautiful town of Barrie.

Mrs. Thomas McCarron spent a few delightful days at Baby Point on Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Fred. Halloran is home after an extensive visit to her parents in Los Angeles.

Miss Margaret Kelman, who has recently returned from a trip around the world, and Mrs. P. F. Brazil, who visited her brother, Rt. Rev. Bishop Kidd, in Calgary, during the Convention of the Catholic Women's League, have many interesting experiences to relate.

Miss Louise Harkins of New York visited her sister of this city.

Miss Theresa O'Connor was a guest at Bracken Hill Cottage, Port Sydney, Muskoka.

Mrs. J. A. McMillan of St. Louis, Mo., spent some time in Toronto owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. Morrow.

Mrs. Michael Healy, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh and Mrs. J. E. McDairmid motored to Quebec and the Maritimes.

Miss Margaret Duggan was hostess to a family Re-Union Party in compliment to her niece.

Mrs. D. M. Smith of Winnipeg, who with her husband and son, were the guests of her mother, Mrs. Martin McCarron.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warde are spending the month of September at the Lake of Bays.

Mrs. J. McBride and family spent a delightful vacation at Longford.

Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Miss Helen Monkhouse spent some time at Mayfield on Lake Huron, the guests of Miss K. Kennedy.

Miss May Orr summered with a house party at Bluevale.

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Mrs. Tom McCarron entertained to luncheon at Lakeview Golf and Country Club in compliment to Miss I. Ball and Miss E. Hirsch of Oakland, Cal., delegates to an Educational Convention in Minneapolis.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Rolston (Teresa Carroll) on the coming to their home of a dear little baby boy, John Robert; and to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McCool (Genevieve O'Neill) on the birth of a sweet baby girl, Geraldine Mary Jacquiline; and to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Holmes, (Helen Kernahan) on the arrival at their home of a young son and heir, William Arthur; and to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Foy, (Edna Overend) on the birth of a little daughter.

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WEDDINGS

Our Lady of Lourdes' Church, Toronto, was the scene of an interesting marriage ceremony on Saturday, June 25th, when Miss Dorothy Teresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward

J. Rosar, became the bride of Mr. Harry Francis Fleury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleury. Rev. Dr. Dollard officiated.

On August 15th, 1928, at St. Catharine's Church, St. Catharines, Ontario, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Mary Hamilton, daughter of Mrs. Poirier and the late Felix Poirier to Mr. John Vincent, son of Mrs. McIntyre and the late Angus McIntyre of Bradford, Ontario. The Rev. Father Dore, C.S.B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, was the officiant of the Mass and marriage ceremony.

At the Church of St. Chrysostom, Arnprior, Ont., on June 23rd, Miss Margaret Keeney became the bride of Mr. Cletus Cassidy. The officiant of the Nuptial Mass and Marriage Ceremony was the Pastor, Rev. B. J. Kiernan.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. McDonagh announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Josephine Aileen, L.D.S., D.D.S., to Mr. Arthur Kelly, B.A., son of Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. H. T. Kelly, the marriage to take place in October.

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Little Geraldine Riley, only ten years old, was one of the successful candidates who wrote Entrance to High School Examinations last June. Geraldine is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Riley, Carlton Street, Toronto. Congratulations, Geraldine!

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Congratulations to Mrs. Tom McCarron, who won the Club Trophy on handicap presented by the Board of the Lakeview Golf and Country Club for 1928.

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Mrs. F. Devine went to Ottawa to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Willard McDermott, for the Belliveau-McDermott wedding.

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A very splendid picture of Mrs. H. R. Day (Ruth Warde) in her beautiful wedding gown is to be seen in the September number of "Mayfair."

Miss Kathleen Young has returned to Ottawa to resume her teaching at the Glebe Collegiate Institute. While congratulating Kathleen on the success that crowned her last year's teaching, our Alumnae extend best wishes to her for another pleasant and successful year.

Miss Ida Wickett is now a member of the teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute at Iroquois, Ontario. We all wish Ida success and blessing in her new career.

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Mrs. J. J. Landy, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, and Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Recording Secretary of the Ontario I.F.C.A., were among the guests of the Toronto Harbor Commission in an illuminating tour of inspection of the harbor developments along the 10-mile stretch of waterfront of the Port of Toronto.

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A handsome silver cup, donated by Mrs. Paul Warde to the Athletic Society of St. Joseph's College School, will be among the most coveted trophies offered for competition on the Annual Autumn Field Day. It will be awarded to the athlete winning the greatest total of credits in events and matches. We are very grateful to Mrs. Warde for a prize which will add so materially to the enthusiasm of the competitors and the success of the ever-popular Field Day.

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The prize offered early in this year by the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. for the best essay on the subject of "Canada's Treasures," the competition was open to the pupils attending the Colleges and High Schools affiliated with Ontario Chapter. The judges were: Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Rev. Brother Gabriel, B.A., Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., and Mr. H. M. Blake. Miss Angela Preu of St. Joseph's College-School, Toronto, came first with Miss Betty McCabe of the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, second, and Miss Emelie Campeau of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, ranking third.

Obituary.

We earnestly request the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends: Miss Mary Hoskin, Rev. Brother Aloysius O'Reilly, Mr. James Maurice O'Brien, Mr. Michael Forhan, Miss Rose Nonata Cosgrove, Mrs. Real, Mr. James McCarthy, Mrs. Wm. Curry (Sarah McCabe), Mrs. Joseph J. Pape, Mr. James McGrath, Mrs. O'Gorman, Mrs. Thomas Mason, Miss Ella Egan, Mrs. John M. Roche, Mrs. Tester, Mrs. John Ronan, Mrs. Thos. Asselin, Mrs. John Duggan, Mr. Hugh McIntosh, Mr. Travers, Mr. Charles Gulling, Mr. James Henry, Mrs. Thomas Morrow, Mr. Thomas McGuire, Mrs. Wm. J. Hohlstein, Mr. Leo O'Connor, Mrs. Margaret Meagher.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Ceremony of Investure and Profession.

The stately and beautifully Gothic chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, Toronto, was on August 15th the scene of an unusually impressive and solemn religious function, when nine young ladies who had served the required time of Postulancy received the holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and four who had completed their Novitiate training made Perpetual Vows.

The Rev. M. D. Whalen, assisted by Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., and Rev. James Cloran, C.SS.R., presided.

The Holy Sacrifice was offered by Rt. Rev. J. L. Hand, and attending in the sanctuary were the Very Rev. J. McCandlish, C.SS.R. Rev. Fathers Koster, C.SS.R., and O'Hara, C.SS.R., the Rev. Fathers Casserly, C.S.P., and Noon, C.S.P., Rev. J. Coleman, Rev. F. McKenna, Rev. F. Caulfield and Rev. P. J. Galvin.

For the Reception of the holy Habit were: Miss Doyle, Marysville, Ont., known in religion as Sr. M. St. Victor; Miss Thomas, Quebec City, Sr. M. St. Gerard; Miss Bos, Winnipeg, Man., Sr. M. Leocadia; Miss Horrocks, Winnipeg, Man., Sr. M. Ferdinand; Miss Delany, Quebec City, Sr. M. St. Columbkille; Miss Keelor, Toronto, Sr. M. Anicetus; Miss Miron, Orillia, Ont., Sr. M. Alexander; Miss Houlihan, Downeyville, Ont., Sr. M. Benedicta; Miss Mohan, Toronto, Sr. M. Vincent.

The Sisters who made Perpetual Vows were: Sister M. Teresita Kiernan, Winnipeg, Man.; Sister M. St. Julien Gendron, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister M. Stanislaus O'Connor, Ottawa, Ont.; Sister M. Alicia Kormann, B.A., Toronto.

The Reverend James Cloran, C.ss.R., conductor of the annual Retreats of the Community taking his text from St. Luke VII.23—**Blessed is he that shall find no occasion of stumbling in Me,** delivered eloquently and impressively the sermon:



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor, Rev. Fathers, Sisters and Friends:

Who will describe for us the richness and sweetness of the blessing of the Almighty? If the favors of men are as honey to the lips, what of the favors and graces of God when He singles out and makes them the special objects of His predilection? The type of person He singles out and the generous extent of praise He is ready to bestow upon him, may be gathered from the chapter of the Sacred Scripture out of which our text is taken.

There we read that Christ, as usual, was surrounded by a multitude. Countless sick and infirm had been brought to Him from all parts. As many as were brought He cured and sent home happy. Then came the sickening thought of the utter uselessness of it all. His miracles were for a purpose: to prove His Divinity. Would these people believe in Him? Would they acknowledge Him as Redeemer? Would they love Him as God?

His thoughts were interrupted by a question: "Master, art Thou He that cometh or look we for another?" It was a disciple of the Baptist who spoke. His question was plain and simple and loud enough for everyone to hear. Our Saviour's answer was equally plain and distinct: "Go your way, He said and tell John the Baptist what things you have seen and heard. The blind see, the lame walk and the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised to life and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he that shall find no occasion of stumbling in Me." Then as if to illustrate His point, He immediately added: "What went you into the desert to see? A reed shaken by the wind? No! What went you out to see? A man clothed in soft garments? No! You went out to see a prophet, a man of God! Yea, and more than a prophet! For this is he of whom it is written: 'Behold I send my angel before Thy face who shall prepare Thy way before Thee' ".

Dearest friends, allow me to ask you the self-same questions. What did you come here to-day to see? Reeds shaken in the wind—that is to say, vain, giddy, wordlings such as

amuse the curious morbid crowds that flock to the places of public amusement? No! Well, what did you come to see? Persons clothed in soft garments? Ladies of leisure, clad in costly silks and bedecked with garish gew-gaws? No! You came to see a group of humble, christian maidens; yea, more than maidens, noble, valiant women who far from being scandalized in Christ, are proud and happy to receive His call and sacrifice everything for His friendship. These are the blessed of Almighty God, the fortunate ones of earth, of whom Christ Himself said in prophecy: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away."

I.

There are many who think that entering a convent and making a religious profession are simple, common, ordinary actions. There is a time in life when this has a semblance of truth. It is when we are young. Then the great and heroic appeals to us. We admire readily and we are only too anxious to imitate. History offers a remarkable instance of this in the famous "Children's Crusade." From a purely natural view-point, what more ridiculous and absurd than thousands of children setting out on a long and perilous journey to do battle against the fierce Mussulman. From an idealistic and ever super-natural view-point, what more admirable and inspiring. From the children's view-point, it was the only obvious thing to do.

It is during childhood that motives are purest and ideals strongest. A child of seven once asked Father Faber if she could not become a nun. He had to admire the child for her noble aspiration. Half-hoping it might linger in her mind he wrote her a beautiful letter. In it he told her how to be a nun, even at seven, without putting on a strange dress, cutting off her hair, or living a hard life in a convent. I can also add that personally I have often asked a class of little ones how many were going to be nuns. Invariably all hands would go up to express their perfect readiness. So the highest and best

always appeals to children. No wonder God is so enamoured of them: "Of such, He assures us, is the Kingdom of Heaven."

These noble thoughts, however, are usually short-lived. The child's passions are soon aroused. The attractions of earth quickly multiply. In short time, the purest souls are seared by sin. Selfiishness, vanity and lust combine to blind the intelligence and weaken the will. False heroes are chosen, false principles fostered. So much so that it is rare and remarkable to find a person in the early twenties with the openness and ingenuousness of a child and who is ready to pronounce in favor of the truly great and childlike candour and enthusiasm.

These young girls, dear friends, are human like the rest of us. As tiny tots at home and in school they had their dreams of beauty and grandeur—but as the years advanced they gradually seemed to awake. Life took on a drab and dismal aspect. It was with difficulty they kept their ideal from setting beyond the soul's horizon. What they should do and what they would do, was all clear enough. But how to do it, that was the question.

Then gradually the difficulties one by one seemed to disappear, until only two remained: the severance of family ties and the successful completion of the term of probation. The first of these loomed up as insurmountable. What it means, to break away from home and parents and brothers and sisters, and bid them a final adieu, only those who have experienced it can tell. If that is an ordinary, everyday act, then this world is devoid of all that is great and heroic. With this difficulty surmounted, but one remained to separate our group from the great goal of their ambition. To-day even this mile-stone has been passed. Their term of probation is at an end. No longer will the phantoms of sickness or undesirableness and the harrassing thoughts of unworthiness assail them and threaten to snatch their prize from out of their very hands. They are about to consecrate themselves irrevocably to Jesus their Divine Spouse.

Investiture and Religious Profession, dear friends, are not

simple, ordinary acts. They are the most important acts in the lives of these young women. They are the most sublime and most meritorius acts that any mortal could perform. Religious Profession, in particular, is such that it calls down almost as many blessings as baptism itself. It is called by the Doctors of the Church, and rightly so, a second baptism. It marks the acme of excellence and nobility in the human soul. For at the noontide of life, the Sister calmly and deliberately, with all the candor and generosity of a child, chooses in preference to all things, in preference to even herself, the person and life-work of Christ, her King, her Friend and her God. If the words of my text are applicable to anyone they are certainly applicable to each and every one of these noble women here to-day: "Blessed is he who shall find no occasion of stumbling in Me."

II.

Besides being noble, dearest friends, they are also valiant. I have often heard it asked, and so have you, "why do young people bury themselves in a convent?" Persons who ask such questions never stop to think how much the world is indebted to those who bury themselves in convents. Picture the world if you can without our nuns. If they do nothing else, they at least provide standards of efficiency in education, nursing and social service that are the envy and despair of all secular institutions.

It is bad enough when idle, thoughtless people ask why young girls enter the religious life, but when they go further and impute motives, it is quite unbearable and unpardonable. "She is entering, they say, because she is weak; she is afraid of the world: she is a coward." If these be cowards, then would to God we had more such cowards. For usually those who speak like this are far removed from sanctity and heroism. No. Religious are not weak. They are not cowards. This is positively the last calumny that can be levelled against them. They are the bravest of the brave. They are the world's most valiant heroes.

Away back in the time of Our Saviour, there lived a wealthy, pious Jewish couple. Their union had been blessed with many and beautiful children. The fairest of them all was the eldest, the heir to his father's wealth. Unlike other scions of a noble house, this young man was reared by his pious parents according to all the best traditions of the Jewish race. At twenty he was noble, handsome, generous and good. He longed to see and hear the Christ. And one day his wish was gratified. His heart burned within him as he listened to the Master's words. Nothing daunted, he made his way straight to His side. "Master," he said "what shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" Christ was pleased with the question. He looked at him fondly and tenderly. He saw in him another John, or Peter—one upon whom He could safely build His Church, one to whom He could bequeath His dearest earthly possessions, one in whom He the Christ, Who was God, would never be a stumbling-block. And He said to him: "If thou wilt enter life, keep the commandments." The young man said: "All these have I kept since my youth; what yet is wanting to me?" And Jesus answered: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow Me!"

At that instant a great cloud came over his soul. He thought of father and mother and brothers and sisters, of his palatial home with every comfort and convenience, of his wealth, for he had great wealth, and of all his innocent, legitimate joys and pleasures. He was noble, he was brave; but not brave enough to give up all and follow Christ. And, as the Gospel tells us, "he went away sad."

Dearest friends, if the very thought of sacrifice such as this, made a truly noble and heroic youth sorrowful and sad, what are we to say of these who approach it—not with sorrow and sadness, but with hearts brimful of joy and delight. Their one regret is that they have not more to sacrifice, more to offer their God. I find no parallel here on earth to equal the bravery and heroism of a religious. It is only our holy Faith, only the beauty of the Heavenly Spouse, that could make such an

oblation possible. It is a triumph of faith, a prodigy of love! This is the summit here on earth that the best of us fain would reach. To live with God and for God, so closely and so completely as to consider everything else as worthless as dross. And these sisters to-day have reached it. For by their religious profession they have made one great giant stride and touched the very top. They have led the way and now they bid us all to follow.

Dear Sisters, let me congratulate you on your nobility and bravery. It is you and not the petty heroes of the world that should be given us for exemplars. You have answered God's call. You have mastered the most important truth revealed, that man was made to know, love and serve his Creator. To-day you are anxious to fulfill that precept. Nothing short of perfection is your aim. Christ Himself is your Guide and Model. Like Him and with Him you are consecrating yourselves to a life-work of expiation, preservation and redemption. You have at last surmounted all obstacles. You have dreamed your dream of courage and bravery. You have longed to emulate the heroism of others. But for you the plane of your aspirations is as high above that of wordlings as heaven is above earth. Your friends and colleagues are the saints of God. Behold the day has dawned when your hearts' desire is realized, when the very portals of God's enchanted paradise seem to unfold to greet you.

How we envy you your happiness! For if the sacrifice is great, the reward is incomparably greater. **Blessed is he that is not scandalized in Me.** Yes indeed, blessed are you this day and blessed may you always remain. You have tasted and seen how sweet it is to love your God. Let this day's sweetness linger with you all your life. If its sweetness is pure and pleasant, it is because your love is true and genuine. Love God and walk hand in hand with Him all your life and may every day be a repetition of your investiture and profession until that day when the King shall reach down and take you to Himself to clothe you with the ermine of His heavenly queenship and fill you with the rewards of love, the peace

and happiness of the Beatific Vision, without measure and without end. Amen.

The ceremony closed with the joyful notes of the Te Deum intoned at the altar and taken up by the voices in the Sisters' choir, which furnished the music on this occasion.

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We have many and sincere thanks to offer to Mr. Joseph Kidd for the gift from his brush of a splendid portrait in oils of his brother the Right Reverend J. T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of Calgary. It hangs in the College Reception Room in a place of honour, opposite the entrance door, where it arrests attention. It is a faithful likeness of the original recorded in a pleasant mood and easy posture. In it the artist cleverly shows the characteristic benign and gracious smile of this courteous and amiable Prelate, who has made so many steadfast friends among whom are the Sisters and students of St. Joseph's College, Toronto.

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During the summer vacation our teachers enjoyed a unique treat, when Miss Rich of New York City, the talented young artiste of the Victor Records, demonstrated in a very practical and instructive manner the folklore and games of various countries: Ireland, England, Scotland, Sweden, Scandinavia, Canada, etc. It was all most interesting, especially so when about twenty minims, who had been attending the Academy during the past year, were brought in to assist in the demonstration at the termination of the session, a vote of cordial thanks was tendered Miss Rich—with the wish for continued success in her work, and the hope of a renewal of acquaintance at St. Joseph's.

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From the little Indian village of Hagwilget in the interior of far northern British Columbia, comes news from four of our Prince Rupert Community, Sisters Euphrosyne, Martina, Delphine and Antoinette. The Sisters are holidaying in Hagwil-



OUR SISTERS AND THEIR INDIAN PUPILS AT HAGWILGET, B.C.

get—a holiday from everything but the "zeal that ever presseth" the hearts of those who have left all to follow the Master. And so they continue here their work of teaching the Catechism to the Indian children and some grown-ups whom the good pastor, Father Allard, gathers in from settlements as far away as twenty-five miles. And the dusky pupils—how do they like it? To quote one teacher: "Our new little friends detained us at the gate for three-quarters of an hour on our arrival. In class they are most attentive and simply hungry to learn the Catechism. It is a privilege to teach these poor children who know so little about their religion."

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A recent letter from our Mission in Northern Manitoba tells of the opening of the Sifton School which, after two years of waiting, is now being taught by one of our Sisters. The opposition met with during the past two years, which succeeded in keeping the school out of the hands of the Sisters, is now beginning to weaken, although it will still be some time before religious instruction can be given in the school.

One little incident is worthy of mention. The Sister, who is in charge of the school was surprised to find in her class-room a picture of the Sacred Heart, dusty, it is true, and without a glass on it, but nevertheless a beautiful picture. On making inquiries as to how this picture had remained in a school, whence all other semblance of religion had been banished, she was told that years ago, when the school was being re-built, the picture was removed, but an old man with tears in his eyes pleaded that the picture be replaced and the trustees yielded to his entreaty. (For many years a non-Catholic teacher was in charge of the school and the picture of the Sacred Heart hung on the wall.)

And there it has hung all these years, awaiting it would seem, the day when one consecrated to the Heart of Jesus would take her place in that class-room. "Please God," the Sister adds in her letter, "some day I shall have the joy of telling those little ones about the Love of the Sacred Heart."

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A grateful client begs to return thanks through 'The Lilies' for a favor obtained during the Solemn Novena made at our Convent in honor of St. Joseph during the nine days preceding his Feast, March 19th, 1928.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Isidore Bryan, Toronto.

The Community of St. Joseph and the Separate School staff of Toronto have lost one of the best known and outstanding teachers in the sudden passing away on Tuesday evening, June 12th, after a day of usual activity, of Sister Isidore Bryan. Apparently in possession of her characteristic energy of mind and body during that day in her class at St. Ann's School, on returning home she admitted being very tired. Notwithstanding her fatigue she repaired to the chapel to make the "Holy Hour" as was her wont, and at six o'clock

she partook of the evening meal, during which she showed no sign of indisposition. Afterwards she retired to her room and only a few minutes later she suffered a seizure of the heart which was fatal. Priest and doctor were hastily summoned and did for her all that was possible. In a moment she had passed quickly and peacefully away. Truly in her case death was the echo of life, for she was remarkable for swift decision and rapid execution of whatever exercise or duty she undertook to perform.

At an early age Miss Mary Bryan came from her home in Brantford, Ont., where she received her primary education, to St. Joseph's Boarding School. After completing a course in it she entered the Novitiate.

For forty-two years, with interruptions of a year in Oshawa and five years in Port Dalhousie, Sister Isidore labored in the Entrance classes of Toronto.

On Thursday, June 14th, at the Mother House, St. Alban St., there gathered for the funeral Mass many intimate friends and former, as well as present pupils, to show a last tribute of affection and respect to one whom they had known so long and had learned, too late perhaps, to fully appreciate. There was sincere expression of grief and regret at the loss of the dear departed Sister and the number of Mass cards on the bier showed the generous desire of many to make some return for what she had been to them. Of immediate relatives of the deceased at the obsequies there were a sister, Mrs. Graham of Los Angeles, and her daughter, Mrs. Donaldson, a niece, Mrs. Coleman, and her sister, Leah, of Detroit; both bereft of their mother, Mrs. McGregor, who had died very suddenly ten days before. Sister Isidore had but returned a couple of days from assisting at her sister's deathbed, unthinking that she was herself so soon to follow her beyond the grave. To all the relatives, including a brother, Alfred, in New York, and another brother, Charles, in Texas, we offer sincere sympathy in this sudden and double bereavement.

Among the clergy present in the sanctuary besides the celebrant of the Mass, Rev. J. C. Carberry and his assistants,

Rev. F. Carroll and Rev. F. Bennett, as deacon and sub-deacon, were the Right Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. L. A. Barcelo, D.D.; Rev. L. Minehan, Rev. J. B. Dollard, Rev. J. McGrand, Rev. W. C. James, Rev. G. Kelly, Rev. F. Pennylegion, Rev. L. Hodgins, Rev. J. Ronan and Rev. M. F. Caulfield. The Separate Schools were represented by Rev. Brother Jarlath, Mr. Power, Mr. Lee and Mr. Henderson.

May the many Masses offered at the desire of Sister Isidore's pupils, fellow-teachers and friends, release her ardent soul from all bond and forfeiture, and may the fervent prayers sent up to Heaven, aid her to the throne of the Most High, where reclaimed for the courts of light she shall see and enjoy Him for Whose love she labored even to the very close of life's latest day. R.I.P.

GRADUATION DAY AT ST. JOSEPH'S

The luring goal, to which each student tends throughout her school career, became a happy reality, at St. Joseph's on Wednesday, June 13th, to seven privileged young ladies, Misses Rose Burns, Agnes Cowan, Helen Knowlton, Viola Lyon, and Nora McCann of Toronto, Miss Bernice Fisher of Waterloo, and Miss Josephine McKenna of Loretto.

A stage banked with flowers was the appropriate setting for the scene of the Exercises, which began at the appointed hour, when the students of the Senior Grades in their modest school costumes filed orderly to their respective places followed by the charmingly gowned graduates carrying flowers and accompanied, each by her daintily frocked "angel."

The Programme.

The school hymn, "Hail to Thee Joseph," was sweetly sung by the assembled school, conducted by Maestro Carboni, after which took place the crowning of the graduates and conferring of honours.

Miss Teresa McMahon, gold medalist in Music, rendered very beautifully the piano solo Scherzo—Op. 4 (Brahms).

"The Sea Dream," a cantata in three voices, directed by Maestro Carboni, gave evidence to the appreciative audience of the excellent musical training afforded the students of St. Joseph's.

Miss Bernice Fischer as valedictorian, gave a touching tribute on behalf of the graduates to their Alma Mater from which they were about to launch into diverging paths of life.

Rev. Father McCorkell, C.S.B., addressed the graduates, congratulating them especially that they were the first class to be approved under the recently adopted high standard, which, though necessitating a decrease in numbers gave assurance of improved qualifications. A last message to the graduates, he compared to Our Lord's last instructions to the

Apostles as they were about to be sent to the various fields of labor. Each graduate would have to be, to a greater or less degree, an apostle, in coping with the temptations that beset life and in exercising courage to choose at all times the right course.

The next number on the programme, a piano duet, "Minuet de L'Arlesienne," by Misses Betty Grobba and Mary Palmer, was followed by the awarding of medals won by pupils of various classes and in departments of Art, Music, Needlework and general academic work.

Awarding of Medals.

Papal Medal for Church History in Senior Grade, awarded to Miss Loretta Trendle.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, Lord Willingdon, for English Literature in Form III., awarded to Miss Marceil Sylvas.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Christian Doctrine and Bible History, in Intermediate Grade, awarded to Miss Orla Beer.

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Whelan, for History in Form IV., awarded to Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

By Rev. Dr. Dollard, for Languages, in Form IV., awarded to Miss Eileen Crover.

By Rev. Dr. Treacy, for Mathematics, in Form IV., awarded to Miss Irene Baxter.

By Rev. L. Minehan, for Science, in Form IV., awarded to Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

By Rev. P. J. Coyle, for General Proficiency in Form III., awarded to Miss Marceil Sylvas.

By Rev. Dr. O'Leary, for General Proficiency in Form II., awarded to Miss Genevieve McManus.

By Ambrose Kent, for Art in Form II., awarded to Miss Celine LaFayette.

By Rev. E. McCabe, for General Proficiency in Commercial Class, awarded to Miss Emma McCarron.

By Rev. G. J. Kirby, for speed and accuracy in Typewriting, merited by Miss Emma McCarron and Miss Betty Arnold, awarded to Miss Betty Arnold.

By Rev. Msgr. Sullivan, for General Proficiency in Form IA., awarded to Miss Edna Gray.

By Rev. G. Doherty, for General Proficiency in Form IB., awarded to Miss Margaret McCandlish.

By Rev. S. McGrath, for Art in Form I., awarded to Miss Dorothy Chambers.

By Rev. J. J. McGrand, for highest standing in Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Angela Hurson.

By Rev. W. A. McCann, for Christian Doctrine in Elementary School, awarded to Miss Emily Bogue.

By Rev. J. C. Carberry, for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Grace Ahrens.

By the Heintzman Company for Associate Grade in Piano Music, awarded to Miss Teresa McMahon.

By the Rev. J. A. Trayling, for Proficiency in Piano Music, awarded to Miss Rolande Gauthier.

By Mr. F. R. Emery, for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music, awarded to Miss Mary Jeroux.

By Rev. M. Cline, for Proficiency in Associate Theory of Music, awarded to Miss Augustina Cosentino.

By Mr. S. A. Frost, for Intermediate Theory of Music, awarded to Miss Nora Welsh.

Gold Thimble for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Helen Quilty.

Silver Thimble for Plain Sewing, awarded to Miss Eileen Maloney.

Special Prize for Lady-like Deportment in Senior Division of Resident Pupils, awarded to Miss Jane Morin; in Intermediate Division, awarded to Miss Ursula Montag.

Special Prize for Lady-like Deportment in Senior Day School, awarded to Miss Margaret McCandlish; in Intermediate Division, awarded to Miss Mary Walsh.

Special Prize for Household Science in Senior Division of

Resident Pupils, awarded to Miss Marjorie Masters; in Intermediate Division, awarded to Miss Florence McCarthy.

Special Prize for Fidelity to Music Practice, awarded to Miss Bessie Gilmurray.

After the singing of the National Anthem the interesting function was brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel.

House-Weariness

I'm going out! I'm tired of tables, chairs,
I'm tired of walls that hedge me all about,
I'm tired of rooms and carpets, ceilings, stairs,
And so—I'm going out!

It's just house-tiredness, trivial, humdrum strain,
Monotony; but when I've climbed the hill
My heart refreshed will laugh and sing again
Dear home! I'll love it still.

Somehow or other, what I need to-day
Is sky, and birds that carol, winds that shout.
I want Dame Nature's friendship. So I say
Good-bye! I'm going out!

Celine Lafayette, Form III.

GRADUATES 1928---BIOGRAPHIES

ROSE VICTORIA BURNS.

"Sincere she is, and open, when duty calls, true blue,
With the charm of sweet simplicity, and a dash of humor, too."

Rose hails from our Queen City. Early contact with St. Joseph's in her elementary education at old St. Paul's resulted in her joining the class of '28 in their Junior High. Her ability for languages won our admiration in her first year and has been much in evidence ever since.

Along with the jolly good nature that goes with auburn hair, Rose possesses the enviable quality of being a friend to everyone, which accounts for her popularity at S.J.C. and bodes well for her in the Arts course she is pursuing. May success be numbered among her friends, bringing her a University degree in the near future.

AGNES MARIE COWAN.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't you all contented like me?"

Agnes came to St. Joseph's in 1924 and joined the graduating class of 1928. She spent her earlier days at St. Helen's School and one year at St. Joseph's High School. She excels in music and as a linguist, carrying off the Language Medal in Fourth Form.

Although light-hearted and easy-going on the surface, Agnes has depth of character, and her sweet sympathy for all has won her many lasting friends.

Her teachers and sister-graduates wish her happiness and a bright, successful future.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL GRADUATES—1928.

From left to right: Helen Knowlton, Agnes Cowan, Josephine McKenna, Rose Burns, Norah McCann, Viola Lyon.
Centre: Bernice Fisher.

BERNICE FISHER.

"Her thoughts, as in a mirror clear,
Reflected in her words sincere
A true and gentle mind."

Bernice's early school days were spent in her native town of Waterloo, Ontario, which, however, passed her on to St. Joseph's for her High School course. Inheriting the artistic ambitions of her poet father, Bernice always contrived to find time to satisfy the lure of art and music amid the demands of a Matriculation curriculum. Among her many friends she is loved for her natural amiability and loyal sincerity. In school activities she has ever played a leading part and her success as hostess bespeaks her social qualities. Her great ambition is a nursing career, but those who know Bernice predict for her a future of many interests and wish her joy in each and every one of them.

HELEN KNOWLTON.

"You have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love."

Helen is a Torontonian. She received her primary education at St. John's Separate School and at St. Joseph's Convent, where she matriculated. Inspired ever by high ideals, Helen has been a most conscientious student, carrying off the gold medal for general proficiency in first year and honors throughout her course. And now a University degree shines alluringly on her horizon, and higher honors await her reaping. May the success that has ever smiled upon her efforts, continue to brighten every enterprise of her future!

VIOLA LYON.

"But to know her was to love her."

Toronto and St. Joseph's Convent claim Viola for their very own, and thereby have a valuable asset. A genuine student, Viola has not confined herself to books alone, but has achieved great success in her music. Unvarying kindness and infectious gaiety constitute her chief charms. The end of our sojourn together is at hand and as we part to go our several ways over the tide of life, we wish her every success.

NORAH BERNADETTE McCANN.

"Impulsive and jolly, sensible and true,
A maid of quiet thinking and independent view."

Norah came to St. Joseph's in 1923 from St. John's School, having been awarded the scholarship in the Entrance Examinations. Since then, she has proven an excellent student carrying off the proficiency medals in Second and Third Forms and the Governor General's Medal for English Literature in Fourth Form.

Norah's many companions and friends wish her a happy and successful future.

JOSEPHINE McKENNA.

"She makes her own happiness only by taking
care of the happiness of others."

Loretto, Ont., has the honor of being the scene of Josephine's early life and education. But it was not long before her rapidly expanding capacities called for larger fields of activity and for the past four years she has proved herself a loyal adherent to the banner of St. Joseph's. Charm of personality and kind sympathy are among her many traits. The avenues to success are numerous and rugged, but whatever may be Josephine's choice, she will have ample equipment for the upward journey.

VALEDICTORY—1928

"To every man there openeth,
A way and Ways, and a Way;
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between on the Misty Flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
To every man there openeth,
Way and Ways and a Way;
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go."

To-day, we Graduates, stand at the entrance to the King's Highway. Five short years ago we began to dream vaguely of this occasion; each year passed; the dream became a definite hope, and to-day we have gained our goal, for Alma Mater has conferred on us her greatest honour—the seal by which she recognzes us as her children and trusts us to preserve untarnished the standard upheld through many years by our predecessors.

We stand now looking back at our happy school days, realizing that we are closing one of the happiest chapters in our book of life and looking forward with buoyant hope and yet with slight apprehension to what the future will bring us, of greater freedom and greater personal responsibility.

Many a treasured memory is stored within these convent walls, "the bright sunshine of happiness mingled with silver-lined clouds of sorrow." Here our dear and devoted teachers have endeavored to mould our characters according to the noblest ideals. The God-Man, His Blessed Mother and His Saints, all have walked the Highway, before us, and their light will still lead us to our journey's end. We shall miss the Chapel where we could always turn so easily to whisper our joys and sorrows to Christ, Our Sacramental Friend. Old and loved associations must be severed, but they will still

influence us and we will endeavor to choose such associations in the future as will not undo the work that has been done by them in our development.

From the grateful hearts of St. Joseph's Graduates rises a prayer that each year may find her diadem more glorious, its gems more numerous and more brilliant, wrought by the loyal hearts and the Christian lives of her former pupils. To this prayer we, the Graduates of 1928, add a canticle of praise and gratitude for the rich treasures we received. May our beloved Alma Mater and her enobling spirit endure! May the blessing of God continue to rest upon her and may she reap as one of her richest rewards the undying love and loyalty, such as the Graduates of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight proclaim for her to-day! Farewell, dead St. Joseph's, farewell!

Midsummer

Beneath the blue pavilion of the sky
I watch the Summer pageantry drift by,
Miraculous beauty, green and gold and grey,
And Silence the one trumpet through the day.

O lavish loveliness, and velvet hours,
Stay with me longer than your opulent flowers;
But if you must depart, leave, leave behind
Your memory when I am Winter blind.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S

Collegiate Centre

"C" denotes that the candidate has obtained between 50 and 59 per cent.; III. denotes between 60 and 65 per cent.; II. denotes between 66 and 7 4per cent.; I. denotes between 75 and 100 per cent.

UPPER SCHOOL—1928.

Germana Donati: Eng. Lit. II., Eng. Comp. C.; Anna Duck: Bot. C., Zoology II.; Josephine Fenn: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. C.; Rita Halligan: Geom. I., Alg. II., Auth. II., Latin Comp. C.; Nora Hayes: Mod. His. III., Eng. Comp. C.; Nina Hennessy: Bot C., Zool. III.; Monica Stock: Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; Evaleen Tallon: Geom. I.; Mary Tighe: Bot. C., Zoo. II.; Gladys Williams: Bot. III., Zool. I.; Vina Armstrong: Alg. C.

MATRICULATION AND NORMAL ENTRANCE.

B. Arnold: Fr. Auth. III., French Comp. C.; N. Badgery: Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. C.; R. Barnes: Eng. Comp. C., Eng. Lit. II., Br. Hist. C., Alg. III., Physics C.; I. Baxter: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. I., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. II., Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; A. Baechler: Comp. C., Br. Hist. C., Chem. C.; C. Bond: Anc. Hist. C., Geom. C., Chem. ., Lat. Auth. ., Latin Comp. C., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; R. Boyce: Eng. Comp. C., Anc. Hist. III., Geom. III., Chem. III.; G. Breen: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. C., Br. Hist. C.; C. Burns: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. III., Br. Hist. I., Alg. III., Physics II.; H. Carmichael: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. I., Br. Hist. C., Physics C.; P. Cartan: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. I.; M. Cope: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. III., Physics C.; A. Cosantino: Lit. C., Lat. Auth. III., Lat. Comp.

C., French Comp. C.; M. Cosentino: Lit. C., Br. Hist. C.; E. Crover: Anc. Hist. I., Latin Comp. I., Latin Authors II., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. I., Geometry I., Chem. II.; Norma Coughlin: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Chem. C., Latin Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; P. Culotta: Geom. C., Chem III., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; E. Devlin: Phy. C.; E. Donati: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. C., Br. Hist. I., Phy. II., Alg. C.; C. Doran: Eng. Comp. C., Anc. Hist. III., Gram. III.; D. Duke: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. III., Alg. C.; M. Erwin, Anc. Hist. III., Geom. II., Chem. C.; C. Farrell: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. III., Anc. Hist. I., Alg. II., Geom. C., Phy. III., Chem. III.; M. Finucan: Eng. Comp .III., Br. Hist. C.; M. Frawley: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. I., Br. Hist. I., Alg. C., Phy. C.; I. Fullerton: Lit. C., Br. Hist. C., Alg. C., Phy. C.; E. Godfrey: Literature I., Ancient History I., Geom. I., Chem. I., Lat. Auth II., Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. III.; C. Harrison: Br. Hist. III.; M. Hunt: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. I., Alg. C., Phy. III.; M. Hurley: Anc. Hist. III., Alg. II.; F. Jeffrey: Anc. Hist. II., Geom. II.; M. Kernahan: Alg. C., Fr. Comp. C.; F. Kurtinis: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. C., Alg. C., Phy. C.; H. Locke: Eng. Comp. C.; M. Lyon: Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp C.; V. Lyon: Alg. C., Geom. C., Latin Comp. I., Fr. Auth. II.; H. McGrath: Phy C., Chem. C.; J. Martin: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. I., Br. Hist. II., Anc. Hist. I.; E. Malone: Lit. C., Br. Hist. III., Phy. C.; E. Maloney: Eng. Comp. C., Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C., Phy. C., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; M. O'Brien: Br. Hist. C., Anc. Hist. C.; B. O'Brien: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. C., Fr. Auth. III., French Comp. C; H. O'Donnell: Anc. Hist. C., Geom. C., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. C.; E. O'Sullivan: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. III., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp C.; M. Palmer: Anc. Hist. II., Geom. II., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. II., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. C.; M. Parsons: Lit. III.; E. Potvin: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. C., Gr. Hist., C., Alg. C., Phys. C.; A. Prew: Ancient History II., Geom. C., Chem. C., Lat. Auth. III., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth.

II., Fr. Comp. C.; D. Rosar: Fr. Comp. C.; M. Ryan: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. II., Br. Hist. I., Alg. II., Phys. III.; M. Sylvas: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. I., Alg. III., Phys. II.; A. Tremble: Anc. Hist. III., Phys. III., Latin Auth. II., Lat. Comp. C.; D. Webster: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. History C., Alg. C., Phys. II.; N. Welsh: Eng. Comp. C., Lit. III., Br. Hist. I.; F. Wright: Anc. Hist. II., Physics C., Chem. C.

RESULTS OF THE LOWER SCHOOL.

E. Arnold: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; G. Atkins: Physiography, Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Avery: Geography, Physiography; O. Beer: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; D. Bond: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; B. Boyle: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; R. Brown: Phsiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; L. Brown: Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Burlingham: Zoology; B. Burns: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Calvert: Arith., Art, Zoology; A. Campbell: Can. Hist., Art; D. Chambers: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Clarke: Art, Botany; M. Colquhoun: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Connors: Art, Botany; M. Cowan: Geog., Art, Botany; H. Cozens: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; H. Cushing: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Batany; W. Dennis: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. DsRocher: Physiog., Art, Zoology; E. Desmoreaux: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; E. Dickson: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology, Latin; Emelda Dickson: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology, Latin; G. Donati: Can. Hist., Zoology; M. Donnelly: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Duke: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Dunn: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; I. Edmunds: Physiog., Art, Zoology; K. Egan: Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Fairley: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; H. Foyle: Physiog., Art, Zoology; A. Finucan: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Fitzsimmons: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Flynn: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Gilmour: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botaiy; R. Godfrey: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; E. Grey: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Greene: Can Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; Muriel Greene: Can. Hist., Physiog., Art, Zoology; S. Griffin:

Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; B. Grobba: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; E. Hayes: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; Louise Hayes: Physiog., Arith, Art, Zoology; M. Hayes: Physiography; A. Haynes: Art, Botany; F. Horgan: Geog., Can. Hist., Art; M. Hughes: Can Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; D. Hunt: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; C. Hurson: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Hynes: Physiog., Arith., Zoology; M. Keller: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; B. Kelly: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. La Brecque: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; C. LaFayette: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Latremouille: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; K. Lawlor: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Lawson: Can. Hist., Art; M. Leavy: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; R. Lee: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Le Maitre: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Loltus: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; V. Lye: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; L. Madden: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; A. Maine: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; E. Maloney: Latin Grammar; J. Martin: Eng. Gram., Geog., Arith., Botany, Zoology; C. McBride: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; J. McCabe: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. McCandlish: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botanuy; R. McCartney: Arith., Art, Zoology; M. McCormick: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; A. McGuane: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; Margaret McKenna: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; Mary McKenna: Can. Hist., Geog., Art; G. McKinnon: Geog., Physiog.; G. McManus: Physiog., Arith., Zoology, Latin Gram.; E. McNulty: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Meehan: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; V. Mee: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Mickles: Physiog., Art, Zoology, Latin Gram.; U. Montag: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; I. Moreau: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; A. Morin: Eng. Gram., Physiog., Arith., Zoology; V. Morris; Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; I. Mullrooney: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Munnelly: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; J. Munroe: Physiog., Art; E. Murphy: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; E. Murray: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; K. O'Brien: Physiog., Arith., Art, Botany; L. O'Brien: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. O'Connell: Physiog., Arith., Zoology; E. O'Donnell:

Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; C. O'Hagan: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. O'Kelly: Geog., Art, Botany; L. O'Sullivan: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Pape: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; A. Parent: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; L. Parent: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Peet: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; N. Phelan: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Pickering: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Reilly: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Richard: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; D. Roque: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; M. Rosar: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; M. Rowe: Physiog., Arith., Zoology, Latin Gram.; V. Rowe: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; A. Ryan: Physiog., Arith., Zoology; E. Scanlon: Arith., Art; A. Sinclair: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; A. Smith: Physiog., Arith., Zoology, Latin Gram.; E. Smythe: Physiog.; Arith., Art, Zoology.; K. Smyth: Arith., Art, Zoology, Latin Gram.; T. Stirling: Physiog., Art, Zoology, Latin Gram.; L. Stewart: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; E. Sweeney: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zoology; J. Swift: Physiog., Art, Zoology; M. Tarrant: Art, Zoology; M. Tenute: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; E. Thompson: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Thompson: Art, Zoology; V. Tuttis: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; A. Van Hesal: Can. Hist., Geog., Art; H. Fallis: Can Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; H. Wilson: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; A. Wogan: Geog., Physiog.; M. Woods: Can. Hist., Geog., Art, Botany; L. Boyce: Latin Grammar.

COMMERCE DEPARTMENT.

Commercial Diplomas were awarded to the Misses Emma McCarron, Lauretta Trendle, Bernice Fisher, Patricia Murphy, Grace Ahrens, Betty Arnold, Jessie Ellerby, Mary Attallah, Nora Jackson, Helen Risch, Audrey McBride, Helen Quilty.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Examination Results, June, 1928.

Intermediate Piano:

Honors—Irene Berhalter.
Pass—Augustina Consentino.

Junior Piano:

Honors—Ursula Montag.
Pass—Patricia Dever.

Primary Piano:

Honors—Betty Riddell, Nora Cameron, Eileen Phelan.
Pass—Emily Bogue, Margaret Dunn, Jeanette Griffin, Lenore Spitzig, Eleanor Hayes.

Primary School Grade:

Pass—Rosella Lee.

Elementary Piano:

Honors—Jeanette Griffin, Josephine Scott, Marie Hurley, Winnifred Roddy.
Pass—Kathleen Munroe.

Elementary School Grade:

Pass—Genevieve Conlin.

Introductory Piano:

First Class Honors—M. Jamieson.
Honors—Anne Traynor, Genevieve Conlin, Phyllis Greisman, Margaret Conlin.

THEORY.

Intermediate Grade.

Form:

Honors—Augustina Cosentino.
Pass—Mae Redmond.

Harmony:

First Class Honors—Betty Grobba.
Pass—Augustina Cosentino.

Counterpoint:

Honors—Augustina Cosentino, Betty Grobba, Nora Welsh, Jane Morin.

Pass—Audrey Sinclair, Orla Beer.

History:

First Class Honors—Orla Beer, Nora Welsh.

Honors—Ursula Montag.

Pass—Audrey Sinclair.

Junior Grade.

Harmony:

First Class Honors—Ursula Montag, Mary Palmer, Agnes Ryan, Rita Shaw.

Honors—Catharine Sheedy, Helen Wallis, Agnes Malone, Mary O'Brien.

Pass—Dorothy Duke, Margaret Finucan.

THEORY.

Junior Grade.

Counterpoint:

First Class Honors—Ursula Montag.

Honors—Nora Welsh, Audrey Sinclair, Irene Berhalter, Agnes Ryan, Helen Wallis.

History:

First Class Honors—Nora Welsh.

Primary Grade.

First Class Honors—Genevieve McManus, Ruth Barnes, Anne Morin.

Honors—Betty Riddell.

Pass—Eleanor Hayes, Anna Finucan.

Elementary Grade.

First Class Honors—Eileen Phelan, Genevieve McManus, Agnes Cowan, Eleanor Hayes, Emily Bogue.

Honors—Adele Phelan, Mary McCormick, Marie LeMaitre, Elizabeth Murphy.

Pass—Rita McCartney, Melba Colquhoun, Lenore Spitzig.

St. Mary's Academy, Toronto

Intermediate Piano:

Pass—Mary Agnes Altmeyer and Victoria Petraites.

Junior Piano:

Pass—Mary Smith.

Primary Piano:

Honors—Margaret Horhan, Margaret Cairo.

Pass—Adele McCurdy and Stella Wilbie.

Elementary Piano:

Pass—Adele Altilio, Anna Sherman.

Introductory Piano:

Honors—Brendan McGilban and Loretto Cairo.

Pass—Doreen Bishop, Jean Foster and Eileen Whyte.

THEORY (JUNIOR HARMONY)

First Class Honors—Marie J. Fournier.

Primary:

First Class Honors—Emily O'Regan, Victoria Petraites.

Elementary:

Honors—Margaret Horahan and Mary McDonald.

St. Joseph's High School

Jarvis Street, Toronto.

MATRICULATION AND NORMAL ENTRANCE.

Jennie Adams: Phys C.; Evelyn Barry: Lit. C., Chem. C.; Germaine Bouillot: Brit. Hist. III.; Doris Brown: Comp. C., Lit. C.; Rose Boyle: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Phys. C., Fr. Auth. III.; Dorothy Barnett: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Phys. I., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; Judith Burrows: Comp. C., Lit C., Br. Hist. I.; Kathleen Byrne: Comp. C., Brit. Hist. C., Alg. C., Chem. III.; Gelsomina

Capotosti: Alg. III., Phys. III.; Marie Coughlin: Comp. III., Lit. III., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. C., Chem. II.; Annie Culliton: Comp. C., Anc. Hist. II., Phys. C., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; Yvonne Dessaulniers: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. I., Phys. II., Latin Auth. III., Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. III.; Dorothy Devane: Lit. C., Brit. Hist. C.; Helen Egan: Comp. II., Lit. C., Brit. Hist., I., Alg. I., Chem. C.; Helen Ellard: Anc. Hist. I., Phys. C., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. C., Latin Auth. C., Geom. C.; Anne Finegan: Comp. III., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. III., Alg. C.; Nellie Flynn: Brit. Hist. C., Alg. C.; Marguerite Forrest: Comp. C., Lit. I., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. III., Chem. C.; Ursula Gain: Lit. C., Brit Hist. III., Alg. II., Chem. C.; Jean Gallagher: Comp. C., Brit. Hist. C., Alg. C.; Elvera Gross: Comp. C., Lit. III., Brit. Hist. III., Alg. C., Chem. C.; Helen Giroux: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Phys. II., Fr. Auth. C.; Edna Holding: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Phys. II., Latin Auth. C., Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; Mary Horahan: Comp. C., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. I., Chem. C.; Gladys Hurley: Alg. C.; Gertrude Ivey: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Phys. C., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. C., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; Esther Johnson, Brit. Hist. II., Anc. Hist. II.; Margaret Johnson, Brit. Hist. I., Alg. III., Chem. C.; Eileen Kelley: Comp. C., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. C., Alg. C., Chem. C.; Mary Lee: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Phys. C., Latin Auth. C., Latin Comp. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. omp. III.; Patricia McConway: Anc. Hist. I., Brit. Hist. I.; Marguerite McDonald: Comp. C., Alg. III.; Catherine McInnes: Anc. Hist. I., Phys. C., Lat. Auth. III., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; Ruth Mitchell: Anc. Hist. I., Phys. C., Lat. Auth. III., Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; Eulalia Murphy: Anc. Hist. I., Phys. C., Fr. Auth. C.; Mary O'Brien: Comp. C., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. II., Alg. I., Chem. II.; Mary Maher: Comp. C., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. C., Alg. III.; Juliet Mele: Comp. C., Lit. C., Chem. II.; Mary Pearson: Brit. Hist. III., Alg. C.; Josephine Reilly: Comp. C., Lit. C., Brit. Hist. III., Alg. I., Chem. III.; Emma Sauve: Comp. C., Lit. C., Alg. C., Chem. C.; Margaret Scollard: Comp. III., Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Phys. II., Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. I., Fr. Auth. II.,

Fr. Comp. C.; Alberta Spreen: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Phys. III., Latin, Arith. C., Latin Comp. C., Fr. Auth. C., Fr. Comp. C.; Helen Stedman: Comp. C., Brit. Hist. C., Alg. C., Chem. C.; Ethel Sweeney: Alg. II., Chem. C., Latin Auth. II., Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. III.; Monica Tadman: Anc. Hist. I., Phys. C., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.; Frances Taugher: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C., Phys. II., Latin Auth. I., Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. II.; Margaret Francisco: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. I., Phys. C., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. C.

LOWER SCHOOL EXAMIATIONS.

Second Year.

Veronica Ayres: Physiography: Art, Zoology; Mary Bedford: Physiography, Art, Zool.; A. Breen: Physiog., Art, Zool.; D. Brown: Canadian History; L. Burke: Physiog., Art, Zool., Latin Gram.; E. Cassidy: Physiog., Art, Zool., Latin Gram.; P. Cole: Physiog., Art, Zool.; P. Coward: Physiog., Art, Zool., Latin Gram.; H. Crane: Can. Hist., Physiog., Art, Zool., Latin Gram.; M. Currie: Physiog., Art. Zool., Latin Gram.; M. Cushing: Physiog., Art, Zool.; K. Cussion: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Dillon: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Doherty: Art, Zool.; Anne Foster: Physiog., Arith., Zool.; D. Freeman: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Gillooly: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; I. Goodwin: Physiog., Arith., Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Grant: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Haley: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; S. Haley: Physiog., Art, Zool.; E. Harper: Art, Zoology; L. Heslon: Art, Zool.; J. Hickey: Art, Botany, Zool.; M. Hickey: Art, Zool.; Gertrude Horan: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; F. Johnston: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; S. Keller: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; G. Kirk: Physiog., Art, Zool.; B. Knoll: Physiog., Art, Zool.; M. Krane: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; A. Larsen: Physiog., Zool.; C. Latchford: Physiog., Art, Zool.; E. Leahy: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; H. Lee: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Lunt: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat.

Gram.; D. Lynch: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; L. McDonald: Zool.; M. MacDougall: Zoology, Lat. Gram.; O. McCorry: Art, Zool.; L. McIsaac: Physiog., Zool.; A. McKeown: Physiog., Zool., Art, Lat. Gram.; M. McMillan: Physiog., Zool., Art, Latin Gram.; A. MacNamara: Arith., Botany, Zool.; D. Marlatt: Physiog., Zool.; R. Meunier: Physiog., Zool., Art, Lat. Gram.; E. Murray: Physiog., Zool.; A. Nash: Physiog., Art, Zool.; M. Nightingale: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. O'Donnell: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Rhea O'Hanlon: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. O'Mara: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; C. O'Reilly: Physiog., Art, Zoology; H. Partridge: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; N. Pearce: Physiog., Art, Zool.; M. Pearson: Arith.; V. Petraitis: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; V. Pillon: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Plumbtree: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Quilty: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; T. Ritchie: Physiog., 9rt, Zool., Lat. Gram.; W. Sagel: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; R. Shaw: Latin Gram.; E. Sheridan: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Grammor; M. Sosnowski: Art, Zool.; E. Stearman: Physiog., Art. Zool.; H. Stephenson: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; M. Stone: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; E. Stott: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; V. Tanzola: Physiog., Art, Zool.; W. Turner: Physiog., Zool., Lat. Gram.; V. Voisin: Physiog., Art, Zool.; J. Gallagher: Arithmetic; M. Horahan: Arithmetic; G. Hurley: Arithmetic.

First Year.

Adeline Altilia: Can. History, Geography, Botany; Gwendolen Bailey: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Anna H. Barnett: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Evelyn Barry: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Mary Berghella: Can. Hist., Arith., Botany; Lucille Bertrand: Botany; Ursula Black: Can. Hist., Geography, Botany; Agnes Botell: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Laura Brochu: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Maura Brolley: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith, Botany; Teresa Burke: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Cecilia Carroll: Botany; Viola Carter: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany;

Teresa Castellani: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Marie Clancy: Can. Hist., Arith., Botany; Margaret Commander: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Margaret Comper: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Coughlin: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Marie Culliton: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Alice Daley: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Lillian Dermanska: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Rena Dillon: Can Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Mary Doyle: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Doris Elmes: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Edna Evask: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Clara Ford: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Fullerton: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Germaine Gaghnon: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Muriel Gallagher: Can. Hist., Arith., Botany; Lenore George: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Kathleen Gileo: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Florence Greaves: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Rosemary Griffin: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Gwynn: Geog., Arith., Botany; Beatrice Haines: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Beatrice Haines: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Helen Haley: any; Helen Haley: Geog., Botany; Patricia Haley: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Alice Hamra: Physiog., Art, Zool., Lat. Gram.; Laura Harrison: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Cornelia Hayes: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Bot.; Mary Hickey: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Bot.; Helen Hinds: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Bot.; Vivian Hoffman: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Mary Howarth: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Helen Ivey: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Dorothy Jafelice: Geog., Botany; Lilian Karmalska: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Jean Keley: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Mary Kelley: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Madeline Kouyoumdjian: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Gabrielle Labelle: Botany; Amelia Leithwood: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Rose Lobraico: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Grace Luck: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Esther Lynn: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Isabel MacDaugall: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Kathleen McCann: Geog., Arith., Botany; Dorothy McDermott: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Monica McDonagh: Canadian History, Geog., Arith., Botany; Betty McGilbary: Can. Hist., Geog., Bitany; Margaret Mc-

Grath: Can. Hist., Botany; Marjorie McGrath: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Freda Maden: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Adeline Manzo: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Marguerite Manzo: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Annette Marchand: Can. Hist., Botany; Muriel Mullen: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Theresa Murphy: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Rosetta Nobert: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Frances O'Connor: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Cecilia O'Donnell: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Margaret O'Donnell: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Kathleen O'Shea: Can. Hist., Arith., Botany; Marguerite Parent: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Mary Patterson: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith.; Carmelita Pearson: Geog., Botany; Dorothy Pinfold: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Annie Porter: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Powers: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Eugenie Radcliffe: Geog., Arith., Botany; Ruth Reiman: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Marguerite Restorick: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Kathleen Reynolds: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Lucille Richea: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Betty Riddell: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Winnie Roddy: Geog., Botany; Juanita Ryan: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Teresa Seaton: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Noreen Shaw: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Margaret Smith: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Ursula Smith: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Helen Spencer: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Stewart: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Margaret Tardivel: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith, Botany; Margaret Thompson: Can. Hist., Geog., Botany; Mary Tomesicchio: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Helen Ufnal: Can. Hist., Arith., Botany; Jennie Volpe: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Kathleen Wood: Con. Hist., Geog., Botany; Annie Wright: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany; Edna Young: Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Botany.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.

Catherine Arthurs, Helen Bail, Helen Brochu, Marie Cooney, Aileen Dumphey, Verna Dunne, Marie Ernest, Teresa Hayes, Eleanor Holland, Mary Marshman, Nora O'Connell, Nora O'-

Regan, Elizabeth Poole, Rosamond Smith, Hilda Wallace, Grace Westlick, Aileen O'Halloran.

Our Western Schools

The results of the midsummer departmental examinations in Manitoba and British Columbia are to hand, and these results reflect much credit on the teachers and the pupils concerned.

Our pupils, being taught in private schools, cannot be given the advantage of the recommendation system, and are therefore, all obliged to write at the Entrance Examination.

In Winnipeg, St. Joseph's School sent seventeen candidates for Entrance, all of whom passed with honors. Two pupils from this school obtained two of the five scholarships donated by the Knights of Columbus. From St. Alphonsus School there were nine candidates and all passed with honours. One scholarship went to a pupil of this school. St. Anne's School had six candidates, all of whom were successful and three obtained honours.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Junior Matriculation.

Catherine Brewer, Ada Corra, Mary Lockwood, Sarah Lockwood, Patricia O'Hagan, Anna Runge, Helen Nett (partial).

Entrance to High School.

Thirty-one pupils of the Eighth Grade, St. Patrick's School, wrote the Entrance Examination held at Vancouver Public School Centre and all passed with honours, attaining the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth highest standing of all candidates of that Centre.

Commercial Course.

Five pupils obtained Commercial Diplomas and two obtained Stenographic Diplomas. Two of the Students won Silver Cups for Accuracy in Typewriting from the United Typewriter Company.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Piano.

Intermediate Grade—Honours: Ruth MacKichan.
Junior Grade—First Class Honours: Patricia Conway.
Primary Grade—First Class Honours: Monica Mercer.
Honours: Kathleen Cummins, Elizabeth Lalonde, Marguerite McKay.
Elementary Grade—Honours: Althea Johnston, Florence Runge, James Wogan.
Introductory Grade—First Class Honours: Josephine Mercer.
Honours: Patricia Callaghan, Leone Long, Joan Metzler.

Theory.

Junior Harmony—First Class Honours: Patricia Conway, Anna Runge.
Primary Grade—First Class Honours: Kathleen Cummins, Mrs Jensen, Monica Mercer.
Honours: Florence Runge, Jack Conway.

ANNUNCIATION SCHOOL, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

All the candidates from this School, thirteen in number, were successful, four obtaining honours.

ST. ALPHONSUS' SCHOOL, WINNIPEG.

All the pupils of the Eighth Grade graduated with honours. One, Master Gilbert Hardesty winning a K. of C. scholarship.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, WINNIPEG.

Seventeen Eighth Grade pupils wrote Entrance and all passed with honours. Karl Risch and Alex. Heiland obtaining scholarships; Cecilia Kunz the Gold Medal.



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Christmas

It comes amid December's cold,
That radiant dawn of pearl and gold
When angels sang of peace on earth
And Jesus Christ, Our Lord, had birth.

Bright day of miracle and bloom
'Mid man's despair and wintry gloom,
When flower'd the Rose of Bethlehem
From Love's divine and fruitful stem!

The consecrated festival
That kindles mirth in hut and hall,
When in affection's holy shrine
The sacred fires of friendship shine.

The happy day, desired, foretold
By priest and patriarch of old,
That ushered in the golden age
Foresung by sibyl and by sage.

When, swaddled by a sinless Maid,
Within a manger bleak was laid
The King Who, doffing Heaven's crown,
To sad earth brought salvation down.

And shepherds, faring thro' the dawn,
By flaming portents thither drawn,
Beheld with joy the Holy Child
Where Joseph knelt and Mary smiled.

Ah, still across earth's grief and tears
Those angel anthems fill the years,
And still the hearts of men reply
With echoes of that music high.

For still we sigh and hope and pray
To Christ the Lord on Christmas Day,
That He from discord will release
Our lives, and give us love and peace.

P. J. Coleman.

THE DARK AGES

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

"AT the Reformation," says the anti-Catholic President White of Cornell University, "the belief in the literal correctness of every statement in the Scripture on every subject and even in the divine origin of the vowel-punctuation grew more rapidly than ever before. Whenever the wildest and most absurd exegesis seemed necessary to support any part of the Reformed doctrine, Luther and Melanchthon unflinchingly developed it. Both of them held firmly that one must first accept the doctrine (from them) and then find Scriptural warrant for it. To the greater number of Protestant ecclesiastics the 'authority of Scripture' meant any meaning in the text which they had the wit to invent and the power to enforce. . . . .

"Yet the authority of Luther was thrown in favor of the literal acceptance of Scripture as the main source of natural science. The allegorical and mystical interpretations of earlier theologians were utterly rejected by him. The direct influence of the Reformation was unfavorable at first to Scientific progress for nothing could be more at variance with any scientific theory of the universe than the ideas of the Protestant leaders. The fetters upon scientific thought were closer under the strict interpretation of Scripture by the early Protestants than they had been under the older Church. Luther said of Copernicus: People give ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the sun, moon, and firmament. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But Sacred Scripture teaches us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, not the earth."*

In this error Luther is to be censured not for his ignorance

*This, of course, is quite true. But Scripture does not teach us that Joshua knew astronomy.

of astronomy or any other physical science, but for his ignorance of theology and his abandonment of the traditional principle that the Scripture does not teach physical science, but religion and morals, and that the passages which concern physical phenomena are not written scientifically, but in popular language and must be interpreted not literally, but in accordance with Science. If the matter were not so serious it would be amusing to see the dramatic irony of Luther's saying about Copernicus, "Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system, which is of course the best of all systems," without the slightest consciousness that he was describing himself.

Now Luther and his fellow-Reformers are to be blamed not so much for rejecting the new astronomy as for misinterpreting the Scripture and asserting that the word of God contained a system of astronomy; in other words, they asserted that God had taught us what He in fact has not taught; thus they "bore false witness against God." Moreover, if the Scripture be supposed to teach a system of astronomy, then the Ptolemaic theory in vogue was as contrary as the Copernican to it.

Copernicus sent his book to his friend Osiander at Nuremberg, to be published in that city, which had been the centre of enlightenment and science in Germany. But Osiander was so much infected or over-awed by the Lutheran views of Scripture, that he composed a preface declaring that the new theory was put forward by the author merely as an hypothesis. . . The people of Nuremberg, a Protestant stronghold, caused a medal to be struck ridiculing the astronomer and his theory.

"Melanchthon in his treatise on the Elements of Physics, six years after the death of Copernicus, suggests severe measures to restrain such impious, anti-Scriptural teachings as the Copernican astronomy . . . The people of Elbing made themselves merry over a farce in which Copernicus was the main object of ridicule. Nowhere were the facts confirming the Copernican theory kept out of sight more carefully than at Wittenburg. . . In the middle of the century two astronomers there, Rheticus and Reinhold, were convinced that the Coper-

nican theory was true, but neither of them was allowed to tell the truth to the students. Rheticus at last gave up his professorship and left Wittenberg. Rheinhold, convinced of the new astronomy, was obliged to advocate the old, false story. If he mentioned the Copernican ideas he was compelled to overlay them with the Ptolemaic. In 1571 the subject was taken from him and entrusted to Peucer, who denounced the Copernican astronomy as 'unfit to be introduced into the schools.' But this Lutheran university (it needs to be repeated) is to be censured not so much for declaiming the new astronomy false as for teaching that it was also contrary to the Scripture and heretical. It was a crime not only against Copernicus and Science, but much more against the Word of God.

"In the times immediately succeeding the Reformation matters went from bad to worse. Under Luther and Melanchthon there remained some little freedom of speculation, but under their successors there was none. To question any interpretation of Luther came to be thought almost as wicked as to question the Scriptures themselves. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Pfeiffer, General Superintendent, or bishop, in Lubeck, published his Pansophia Mosaica, calculated, as he believed, to beat back science forever. . . He declared that Genesis 'contains all knowledge, human and divine, that it is the source of all science and arts, including law, medicine, philosophy, and rhetoric,—the source and essence of all histories and of all professions, trades and works, and that it must be received strictly! This utterance resounded through Germany from pulpit to pulpit, growing in strength and volume."—No plea that they could not be expected to know the science of astronomy can be accepted as an excuse for their ignorant misinterpretation of Scripture.

"The sacred science of the first Reformers," continued White, "was transmitted as a precious legacy, and in the next century was made much of by Calovius (Calov), who denounced the whole new view as clearly opposite to Scripture . . . All the Protestant churches vied with each other in denouncing the Copernican doctrine as

contrary to Scripture. . . To this day his arguments are repeated by sundry orthodox leaders of American Lutheranism. . . In 1873 there was published in St. Louis at the publishing house of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri a work entitled Astronomische Unterredung, by a late President of a Lutheran Seminary. It was a bitter attack on the whole modern astronomy as contrary to Scripture. The author shows from Scripture the folly not only of Galileo and Newton, but of all the great recent astronomers. Very noteworthy is the fact that this survival of the Lutheran text-worship is found in that branch of Protestantism which claims especial enlightenment." For the reader must remember that the question for the Church was not whether the Copernican System was true or false, but whether, supposing it to be false in science, it was also contrary to the word of God. For it might be false without being heretical or contrary to the Scripture, as thousands of theories are false.

"In 1868 there was an assemblage of Lutheran clergy in Berlin to denounce science which they described as 'science falsely so-called'; their first utterances showed complete ignorance of the theories which they attacked; and Pastor Kuak stood forth and denounced the Copernican theory as absolutely incompatible with belief in the Bible . . . .

"In 1881 there was church accommodation in Berlin for only two per cent. of the population, and even this accommodation was more than was needed. This fact is not due to the want of a religious spirit among the Germans, but mainly to the fact that the dominant party in the Lutheran Church has persisted in imposing on Scripture an interpretation contrary to the facts of science which have become known to the people at large."

Once more, the Lutherans are censurable for misinterpreting the Scriptural passages relating to the sun and the earth, and for opposing the old traditional principle that the Scripture was given in order to teach us religion and morals, not to teach us the courses of the stars. But they are also censurable for not seeing that, if the Bible be supposed to teach a system

of astronomy, then the Ptolemaic astronomy taught at Wittenburg and other universities was as contrary as that of Copernicus to the Scripture.

The Shape of the Earth.

"The doctrine of the earth's sphericity had been acknowledged by the vast majority of Catholic theologians; but the Reformation did not accept this better theory. Luther and Melanchthon and Calvin were very strict in their adherence to the exact letter of Scripture. Even Zuingli was closely bound down in the matter and held that a great firmament or floor separated the heavens from the earth and that above it were the waters. In the times following the Reformation matters were even worse. When Calixt (c. 1640) ventured, in interpreting the psalms, to question the accepted belief that 'the waters above the heavens' were contained in a vast receptacle upheld by a solid vault, he was bitterly denounced as heretical. . . .

"So, too, Servetus had published an edition of Ptolemy's Geography. The Pentateuch spoke of Judaea as a land abounding in honey and in milk; (a relative statement in comparison with the desert). The Geography described Palestine as a barren country (as a pastoral land might be). This simple statement was used against Servetus by Calvin with fearful power: he had necessarily inculpated Moses and grievously outraged the Holy Ghost."

Chronology.

"At the Reformation, the same manner of accepting the sacred text which led Luther, Melanchthon, and the great Protestant leaders to oppose the Copernican astronomy, fixed them firmly in a Biblical chronology. The keynote was sounded for them by Luther when he said: 'We know on the authority of Moses that longer ago than six thousand years the world did not exist.' Melanchthon, more exact, fixed the creation of man at 3,963 B.C."—although St. Jerome had said that anyone who should try to harmonize the chronology of the Kings of Judah and the Kings of Israel must be not so much a studious

man as a man who had nothing else to do. These enlightened, reforming, and progressive scholars thought that not only the original writers but the copyists and translators of the Scripture were inspired and infallible.

"In Protestant Germany, Plieninger in the 16th century took a dislike to the new Gregorian Calendar, and published a volume of Brief Reflections, in which he insisted that the elements had given utterance to God's anger against it, for violent storms raged over almost all Germany during the very ten days which the Pope had taken out for the correction of the year, and that great floods began with the first days of the correction." The German Diet from sectarian bigotry long opposed the adoption of the new reformed Calendar, as other Protestant countries too.

"Luther was especially drawn to believe in the alchemistic doctrine of the transmutation of metals by the analogy with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body."

Fossils.

"About the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci, as great in science as in art, broached the true idea as to fossil remains; and his compatriot, Fracastoro, developed this on the modern lines of thought. But Luther held that they had their origin in Noah's flood, and he is the man who did most to give it an impulse into modern theology. With such support it soon became the dominant theory in Christendom; nothing seemed to be able to stand against it. Italy, however, had an honorable record in this respect . . . Voltaire. like Luther, had a theological system of his own, but he did not include belief in the Bible; and when the news reached him about 1760 of the discovery of marine fossils on the top of mountains in various parts of Europe, he feared that these new discoveries might be used in support of the Deluge, and he compacted all his wisdom or wit into arguments to prove that the fossil fishes were remains of fishes intended for food, but thrown away by travellers; that the fossil shells were accidentally dropped by pilgrims and crusaders returning from the

Holy Land; and that the fossil bones found between Paris and Etampes were parts of a skeleton belonging to the cabinet of some ancient philosopher. Through chapter after chapter he fought desperately against the growing results of geological investigation."

The Superstition About Comets.

"Of all countries in Western Europe it was in Germany and German Switzerland that this superstition took the strongest hold. At the Reformation Luther declared strongly in favor of it. In one of his Advent Sermons he declared that it is only the heathen who would say that a comet may arise from natural causes; 'God created not one that does not foretoken a sure calamity!' Sometimes he declared them works of the devil and declaimed against them as 'harlot stars!' Melanchthon classes them with evil conjunctions of the planets and with abortive births, among the 'signs' mentioned in Scripture. Zuingli, boldest of all the Reformers against traditional opinions, insisted that the comet of 1531 betokened calamity. In 1532 Cranmer writes from Germany to Henry VIII., paving the way to his promotion, and says of the comet then visible: 'What strange things these tokens do signify to come hereafter, God knoweth; for they do not lightly appear, but against some great matter!' The Reformers were plunged in alarm by various comets from 1531 to 1539. Knox saw in comets tokens of the wrath of heaven; other Reformers in Scotland considered them 'a warning to the King to extirpate Papists!"

"In 1577 a comet appeared which alarmed every country, and Germany more than all. Celich preaching at Magdeburg was echoed by Professor Heerbrand preaching at Tubingen . . . Michael Maestlin, by birth a Protestant educated at Tubingen as a pupil of Apian, was settled as a deacon in the parish of Becknang, when the comet of 1577 gave him an occasion to apply his astronomical studies. His observations won for him the professorship in Heidelberg. But in the treatise embodying his observations he felt it necessary to save his reputation for orthodoxy by affecting to believe that the comet was 'a

new and horrible prodigy' and by giving a chapter of 'conjectures on the significance of the present comet' in which he proves from history that this variety of comet betokens peace purchased by a bloody victory. He was rewarded a few years later by receiving the chair of his teacher, Apian, at Tubingen. At the end of the century, Dieterich of Marburg denounced all scientific study of comets as impious since they were only signs and wonders. A Leipsic lawyer, Buttner, published a Comet Hour-Book, in which he proves from eighty-six Biblical texts that the Almighty uses the heavenly bodies for the revelation of future events, and then shows how the signification of a comet may be deduced from the time and place of its first appearance. Even after Tycho Brahe's discoveries Gerard Vossius, Professor of Theology at Leyden, lent his great weight to the superstition; and even after Kepler and Newton and Halley, great Lutheran preachers, continued to propagate it, on the authority of Luther, Melanchthon and the Bible . . . The comet of 1663 'made all the cats of Westphalia sick.'

Geology.

"Strange as it may seem to Protestants, the war in the name of theology against a scientific method in geology was waged more fiercely in Protestant countries than in Catholic. In Italy comparatively little opposition by theologians was made. The Protestant theologians of Holland sought to bring Des Cartes to torture and death by the charge of atheism, though his proofs of the existence of a God are those which have been wrought most thoroughly into the minds of modern men." . . . . Professor Stuart of Andover, Mass., honored as a Hebrew Scholar, declared 'that to interpret the six days of Genesis as six periods of time was to fly in the face of Scripture.'

"It is a duty to state that a great Catholic Scholar did honor to religion and to himself by quietly accepting the claims of science despite all clamors against it—Nicholas Wiseman, better known afterwards as Cardinal. The conduct of this pillar of the Catholic Church contrasts admirably with

that of timid Protestants who were filling Britain and America as well as Germany, with shrieks and denunciations."

Witch-Craft.

"The idea of diabolic influence as the cause of diseases pervaded Luther's conversations, and preaching, and writings, and spread to the Lutheran Church in general. Insanity, he was quite sure, was caused by Satan. Against some sufferers he appears to have advised stronger remedies than exorcism; and his horror of idiocy, as resulting from Satanic influence, was so great that he appears on one occasion to have advised the killing of an idiot child as being the direct offspring of Satan. He interpreted Genesis VI.-2 and VI.-4, the marriage of the sons of God (i.e., descendants of Seth) with the daughters of men, i.e., Cainites, as a union of fallen angels with women."

"The Reformation deepened the superstition about witch-craft; and the eminent Lutheran jurist and theologian, Benedit Carpzov, who boasted that he read the Bible fifty-three times, specially distinguished himself by his skill in detecting witch-craft and by his cruelty in punishing it. The torture-chambers were set to work more vigorously than ever."

The Case of Galileo.

A century after the "Reformation began, and when the "Reformers" in the name of Scripture had been continuously opposing astronomy and every other science, and calumniating Kepler and Galio as well as Copernicus, some Catholic theologians became infected with the spirit of the age, and in order to appear no less zealous for the Bible than the Protestants were, departed in one case for a time from the traditional principles of Scriptural interpretation and the traditional policy of the Church concerning secular science. The men who condemned the Copernican astronomy in the case of Galileo sank, in this one exception, to the level of the "Reformers," as a Catholic must with shame confess. But that Protestants should presume to censure them for this shows an amount of shameless un-

fairness and impudence which can only be described as an hypocritical taking of the mote out of their neighbor's eye before taking the beam out of their own, and an artful attempt to divert from themselves the world's censure. Atonement has now been made to the memory of Galileo by the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa erecting with Papal approbation a statue to his honor. But it must not be inferred, therefore, that the great astronomer was not in any way to blame. It was a very grave fault for such a one to trespass upon the province of the theologians by presuming to publish a new interpretation of Scripture, and that in the vernacular tongue for all the people to read; and he acted most imprudently and impertinently in ridiculing the professors of the Roman College for sticking to the old astronomy,—as if men who were involved in an old error in some science might not still be men deserving of great respect for intelligence as well as character.

Nowhere is the divine protection of the Papacy seen more clearly than in this case in saving the Popes of the time from being misled into any Pontifical act, ex cathedra or otherwise, that would have given a specifically Papal sanction to the sentence of the Inquisition, which, as every one knew, was not infallible.

It now remains only to warn our readers against some foolish apologists who, in order to excuse a few men then composing the Inquisition, shift the blame to the Church by asserting untruly that those men were only pursuing the traditional policy and principles taught to them by the Church. That is what the enemies of the Church have said, and exult to hear her incompetent defenders saying. It is to be hoped now that we shall hear no more of it. In controversy with ignorant and stupid men it may sometimes be necessary to answer a fool according to his folly. But history and theology are serious matters in which we should always remember the commandment, Thou shalt not bear false witness, and holy Job's reminder to his friends that God does not need man's falsehoods. Such assertions as W. G. Ward's in a book on The Authority of the Roman Congregations, that Galileo deserved

all that he got and more too,* tend only to disgrace Catholic theology with the impudent mendacity of our enemies. Newman places this case on its proper ground: Exceptio probat regulam; and this constantly cited case is an argument in behalf of the divinity of our religion. For humanly it was inevitable that the Church should have formally acknowledged a wrong interpretation of the Scripture, like some of the Protestant churches, but she was saved because she is a divine institution.

* What was the "more too" which W. G. Ward would have considered just for Galileo?

The Thrill of Grief

The crisp leaves flutter in the amber air,
Light frost has turned the golden-rod to brown.
The subtle change strikes Nature like a frown,
Yet note her quiet answer everywhere.
The birds fly South without one anxious care,
The trees go dreaming as the sap runs down,
The rose-bush still anticipates its crown
Of white or crimson, though its thorns lie bare.

Death is no dread to these; 'tis but a change
That ever swings into another phase
Of life renewed, as from a beauty-sleep,
Alas for us! Our grieving natures range
Higher and lower than the purple haze
Of sweet, unconscious calm. We hope—and weep!

Caroline D. Swan.

From Christmas to Candlemas

Our Yuletide candles are alight,
Burning with such a happy ray,—
A radiance so softly bright,
They seem to say, "on Christmas Day,
We give our hearts to God away."
To Thee, dear Lord, on Christmas Day,
We long to give our hearts away,
For Thou, the Lord and God of all,
Wast made so very poor and small
For love of us, on Christmas Day.

Twelfth night is here! A sudden star
Leaps from the throne of God on high,
To beckon sages from afar
And write upon the sky, "draw nigh,
The herald of God's Birth as I,"
O fairest of the sons of light
Who sang creation's dawning bright,
Thou golden star of Jesus' birth
Draw pilgrim souls from this poor earth
To dwell forever in His sight.

The Feast of Lights has come at length,
Though Christmas lights burn dim and low,—
The sun is risen in his strength,
And streamlets flow and flowerlets glow,
Starlight amid the retreating snow.
With fragrant lip and reverence meet,
The snowdrop bends to kiss her feet
Who is God's Flower, His mystic Rose,
As to the temples court she goes,
The blessed one with grace replete.

Then let the lights of Candlemas
Proclaim in accents true and clear,
The prophet's word has come to pass,
The Christ is here! The Christ is here!
And your redemption draweth near.
Now Simeon his Dimittis sings
The while be holds the King of kings,
But she, God's chosen one, must know
That high prerogative of woe
Which fellowship with Jesus brings.

THE CONDITIONS

A man named Lebereaux once asked Talleyrand what he thought about the project of establishing a new religion. Talleyrand replied: "You will certainly succeed and your name will go down with glory to posterity, if you fulfill the conditions which I propose." "What are they?" asked Lebereaux. Talleyrand answered: "You must first suffer, be scourged and crucified, and then rise on the third day. Do this and your success is assured." There is only one case on record where Talleyrand's conditions were fulfilled. Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled these conditions.

MACULA NON EST IN TE

On one's first day at school, while waiting for the opening of the big front door, one tried to read the legend over the portals of the "Academy of Lourdes," which was—

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us!"

The door opened, and at the end of the hall stood the gracious figure of Our Lady, in gown of blue and white, a crown on her lovely hair, and beneath her foot the fearsome serpent. We loved this presentation of God's Mother as a gracious Queen, all pure, all fair, and when in the class room, without regard for musical or linguistic ability, we joined the lusty chorus,

"Macula non est in te,"

the words called up not perhaps "foam on central ocean tossed," but drifts of spotless snow; for children of Bruce County knew only the Saugeen River foam, but they had penetrated the heart of many an immaculate snow-bank. Perhaps the Feast of the Immaculate Conception being in December, brought the association of ideas.

So, at the real Lourdes, another country child, Bernadette, beheld the real Queen of Heaven who, in answer to the child's timid "Who are you?" thrilled the listener with the music of her words,

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

This was about four years after Pius IX. had proclaimed the doctrine, in 1854, and the Church had enthusiastically accepted as an Article of Faith what had long been a cherished belief; so it would seem that Our Lady wished to show her pleasure in the title.

What is meant by the Immaculate Conception?

It does not mean a Divine Conception, as was that of our Saviour, Whose conception was, of course, immaculate, but also Divine.

It does not mean merely that the Mother of God was born without sin.

It means that when, by the act of God, Mary's soul was infused into the embryo body, it was, in an exceptional manner, preserved from the stain of original sin we inherit from our first parents; so the contagion of sin never reached her, and even in her conception Mary was immaculate.

This is a reasonable belief, for the Incarnation gave Mary an exceptional position in the dealings of God with men, in regard to Grace, to Merit and to Glory. If we appreciate the high dignity of Mother of God, we must require that she be an exception, for she is the channel through which Grace came to redeem others. Grace came to her at the first moment of her existence and secured her from the stain against which the Incarnation was in her case a preservative, but in the case of others a remedy.

God always prepares one whom He designs for a special duty. Mary's call was to be Mother of the Son of God, full of Grace and Truth, so the angel Gabriel found her prepared, and saluted her, "Hail, full of Grace," even before she became Mother. And the moment she became Mother she remained a virgin as before,—the honour of virginity associated with the joy of maternity.

To have been born without sin would not have sufficed her unique position as Mother of God. Jeremias, the prophet, and John the Baptist, we have reason to believe from Scripture, were so privileged; so we go further, and proclaim that Mary never knew the taint of sin, but even in her conception was immaculate, for God the Father prepared and designed her for the Divine maternity, God the Holy Ghost filled her with Grace, and God the Son, who received the Body to accomplish redemption through Mary, saw to it that His Mother had never been even for a moment under sin's domination. It is a most reasonable belief.

The first testimony of Scripture in regard to the Immaculate Conception is found in the promise of a Redeemer, in which "the Woman" is mentioned as being associated with God in the work of the conquest of sin. When God cursed the serpent who had tempted our first parents to sin, He promised:

"I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between her seed and thy seed."

The antagonism against the author of evil is constant on the part of "the Woman"—enmities, perpetual strife and lack of friendship for the evil one. Now, if even for a moment Mary had been under the dominion of sin, at that moment there had been no enmity, but submission to evil.

Saint Denis of Alexandria, who lived in the third century, commenting on the words of Saint Paul in which he says that Christ came into the world by a more perfect tabernacle, not of this creation, says that this tabernacle is Mary, Mother of God and virgin.

The belief was held by many from the dawn of Christianity. Saint Andrew the Apostle, confessing his faith at his martyrdom, said:

"As the first man was created and formed of the earth, which was still immaculate, it was becoming that the Perfect Man should be born from an Immaculate Mother."

In the writings of the fathers of the Church from earliest centuries to the time of Saint Augustine, we find the words "immaculate," "without stain," and such present-day titles of our Blessed Lady.

About the time of the Battle of Bannockburn, early in the fourteenth century, Duns Scotus, a Franciscan of the University of Oxford, went before the University of Paris to give his two hundred reasons for belief in the Immaculate Conception, and they were well received.

Pius IX. asked the opinion of the Bishops before defining the Doctrine. Out of six hundred answers received, only four opposed adopting it as a dogma.

The Church has her treasury of beliefs which she draws on from time to time and defines as dogma. Belief in the Immaculate Purity of Mary is thus stressed in these later days, and who shall say the time is not opportune?

Painters and poets have used the theme in their masterpieces, as Murillo's picture of the Immaculate Conception, and Wordsworth's well-known sonnet beginning :

"Mother whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied,
Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With Fancied roses!"

So the picture of spotless snowdrifts was appropriate for those Canadian children who so lustily sang of God's Mother, "Macula non est in te."

Rose Ferguson.

I resolve:

1. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself to my Crucified Redeemer, begging Him by all His infinite merits and Divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things.

2. To meditate and make mental prayer for at least a half hour every day.

3. To aim at pleasing God in all my actions, striving to be influenced by love of God rather than by hope of reward or fear of punishment.

4. To avoid all voluntary occasions of temptations.

5. To appeal to God and to invoke the Blessed Virgin in all real temptation.

6. To say every day the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity.

7. Every day to say an Act of fervent Contrition.

8. Every day to recite the "Memorare" and the "Sub Tuum," adding many ejaculatory prayers to our Blessed Mother.

9. Every day to pray to God, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints for a happy death.

10. To avoid carefully small faults and venial sins.

—Daniel O'Connell.

A STUDY OF THE POETRY OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Newman's Poems in Relation to His Character and Life.

By Dr. Catherine A. Burns.

THROUGH all Newman's poems runs the thread of autobiography. The poems reveal very specifically not only the changing and varying aspects of the author's mind, but also its stable, cardinal principles. Newman's words on Froude's *remains* may be applied to his own verses: "'I am conscious even those who know me will say, What could he mean by putting this in? What's the use of that? What in the world is so and so? How injudicious! But, on the whole, I trust it will present, as far as it goes, the picture of a mind.'" Nothing in Newman's life seemed unimportant to him. He took as a text for his personal poem, Messina, 'Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto.'

Poetry was for Newman a natural means of self-expression. Father Ryder observed that in the region of poetry he certainly adhered to his principle that egotism is true modesty. Newman himself wrote to R. H. Hutton: "If I had my way, I should give myself up to verse-making; it is nearly the only kind of composition which is not a trouble to me." Emphasis should be given this admission, for Newman was apt to place verse-writing just above idling. Still, a predisposition to verse-writing kept him from ever completely giving it up. In translating the Church Fathers, he selected from the poetry as well as from the prose. Verse seemed apt to him for recording the emotions and crises of his life. A note attached to a letter from Froude runs as follows: "It was when the cholera was imminent, and we parted as if, perhaps, we might not see each other again. With reference to the memory of that parting . . . I afterwards wrote the stanza:



DR. CATHERINE A. BURNS.

And when thy eye surveys
With fond adoring gaze
And yearning heart, thy friend,
Love to its grave doth tend."

Even at Oxford, where Newman recognized that such work "did him no service in the schools," he wrote verse. Opposite the room in which he spent his first solitary three weeks at Trinity College, Oxford, in June, 1817, stood a wall fringed with snapdragon. Newman thus interpreted its thoughts:

Humble I can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

The poem "Snapdragon" was not written until after his transference to Oriel, when Newman had already come to regard the flower "as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even to death in my University." The poem, therefore, faithfully reflects the progress of his life.

With a gradual disappearance of the feeling that little time should be spared for verse, the poems gain greatly in power and in expression. Just before the Oxford Movement, Newman gave himself wholeheartedly to the congenial task of poetic composition. But even then he held "that the one thing called for was to bring out an idea; that the harsher the better, like weaving sack-cloth. . ." Later, he retouched these poems, for he felt that when he had written them, he had not had practice enough to have words and metres fully at his command.

Canon Scott Holland, describing a visit paid to Newman in 1877, declared: "His soul was in his voice as a bird is in its song. It was his spiritual expression." Such remarks might well be applied to Newman's metrical writings. As Thureau-Dangin has pointed out: "Toutes ses grandes émotions, les sentiments qui remplissent son âme s'épanchant en poésie." Better than elsewhere, in the poetical writings are found "his

courses of thought and his state of mind." Writing to F. Rogers in 1832, Newman observed: "I can hardly tell you what I would say about the verses I put into your hands. It was their private nature which constituted the liberty, for why should I tell you of things which do not pertain to you?" . . . I sometimes feel quite ashamed for having given you the book. . ." He recognized, no doubt, his friend's power to see the writer in the poems.

It is interesting to trace Newman's growing yet consistent ideas on the separation of friends by death or even by the circumstances of life. Of an extremely sensitive and affectionate nature, he felt such sorrow most trying. Oft recurring thoughts on the subject are reflected in his writings. At Oxford, October 20th, 1891, he is grateful for

> Blessings of friends, which to my door
> Unask'd, unhop'd have come.

And looking back in 1865 he reflected, "They have come, they have gone; they came to my great joy, they went to my great grief."

Biblical instances of separation occurred to him. They afforded him examples of the religious advantage of such trials. "David and Jonathon" closes with the stanza:

> Ah, had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
> Thy spirit keen and high,
> Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
> So dear in memory;
> Paul, of his comrade reft, the warning gives:
> He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

Another persistent trait in Newman's character was a deep-rooted affection for home. On his return from Rome in 1879, the newly-appointed Cardinal broke forth in the following expression of his feeling: "To come home again! In that word 'home' how much is included. I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home life. . . But still that is given

to few. The home life—the idea of home—is consecrated to us by our patron and founder, St. Philip, for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and institute." In a penitential spirit Newman wrote at Rome in 1833 of the possibility of being deprived of "Isaac's pure blessing and a verdant home." The papers contributed to the "British Magazine" during this period were entitled *Home Thoughts Abroad*. When he visited Cambridge, his best praise of the place was, "Surely, there is a *genius loci* here in my own dear home . . " So keenly did he visualize home that off Cape Trafalgar, he reflected:

> My home is now a thousand miles away;
> Yet in my thoughts its every image fair,
> Rises as keen as I still lingered there,
> And turning me could all I loved survey.

These references to home bring out plainly one striking aspect of Newman's mental life.

During the voyage in the Mediterranean, Newman, as his poems show, was deeply affected both by places and by scenery. His letters bear the same revelation. Still, the poet's thoughts were concerned chiefly with his own religious life and with the prospects of the Church.

The scenery from Palermo to Aderno, he likened to the Garden of Eden. And of Taormini he wrote: "I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot — a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea (heard) in the distance. . . It was worth coming all the way, to endure sadness, loneliness, weariness, to see it." Yet he felt chiefly the religious impulse of these scenes; and on seeing Sicily, "the most interesting profane country after Egypt," he asked:

> Why, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
> Toward these scenes of ancient heathen fame?

The danger of resting in such delight sobered him.

As Newman sailed from Corfu down the coast of Greece, the scenery naturally vivified his interest in classical studies.

"I had Homer's Odyssey, Virgil, and Thucydides with me, and seemed transported back to their time, for everything looks now just as it did then." His poem in sight of Greece off Zante said nothing, however, of antiquity and simply praised the Fathers of the Greek Church. When he mused on the combatants in Thucydides, it was to ask the question:

> But is their being's history spent and run
> Whose spirits live in awful singleness
>
> Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom?

The sight of Ithaca stirred him "not from classical associations, but the thought that what I saw before me was the reality of what had been the earliest vision of my childhood. Ulysses and Argus, which I had known by heart, occupied the very isle I saw." His feelings seemed comparable to those of Moses when he gazed on the promised land; for a religious sadness and a longing regret came over him.

At Rome, Newman was especially averse to "classical raptures." Doubtless, the state of his own church made him despair of conditions at Rome. His approach to the city increased his gloomy mood. He came from Naples through towns full of ruin up to the Pontine Marshes, where he mused sadly on his first sight of Rome. The question rose,

> How shall I name thee, Light of the West,
> Or heinous error-seat?

Try hard as he might, he could not push aside the thought that the spirit of old Rome, an evil "genius loci," still ruled there. He thought the Roman Catholic Church on a level with Babylon; in fact, it was worse, for, unlike that city, it had not yet expiated the curse." So he expressed thus his overwhelming idea of the future doom of Rome:

> O Mother erst, close tracing Jesus' feet!
> Do not thy titles glow
> In those stern judgment-fires, which shall complete
> Earth's strife with Heaven, and ope the eternal woe?

Sicily aroused similar distressing reflections. The religious rites there performed among the lower classes drew forth the lines:

> O Lord and Christ, Thy Children of the South
> So shudder when they see
> The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from Thy mouth
> As to fall back from Thee,
> And cling to charms of man and heathen rite
> To aid them against Thee, Thou fount of love and light.

The religious life of the people seemed to him "the perversion of all the best, the holiest, the most exalted feelings of human nature." He saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics he knew nothing." He summed up thus in the "Apologia" the impression made by this experience: "My general feeling was, 'All, save the spirit of man, is divine.'"

Still, in a number of the poems, he expressed a mixed feeling toward the Catholicism of Italy and Sicily. It both repulsed him and allured him. At Frascati, a suburb of Rome, he prayed:

> O Holy Lord, who with Thy Children Three
> Did'st walk the piercing flame,
> Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to Thee
> I dare not name.

The temptation that he feared may have been an instinctive leaning towards Rome. Other poems, also, reflect this mingled distrust of and longing for Rome, "the mother of English Christianity." In "the Cruel Church," he exclaimed:

> O Mother Church of Rome! why has thy heart
> Beat so untruly towards thy northern child?

He spoke of being "torn from faith's ancient home." In the weary days at Palermo, waiting to set sail for England, he gained comfort in visiting the Catholic Churches of the place.

He was in a mood then for looking on the Church of Rome as "the good Samaritan"; in the last poem written during these early days of convalescence, he thus speaks of the churches of Palermo:

> I cannot walk the city's sultry streets
> But the wide porch invites to still retreats
> Where passion's thirst is calm'd and care's unthankful
> gloom.

From Naples to Rome and from Rome to Sicily, where he suffered from a dangerous fever, his spirits were lowered by continued vexations.

Before the days of convalescence were over, news of the success of the Liberal Movement brought new anxieties. The purpose for which he was composing Lyrae, then became more and more insistent: "I was writing verse the whole time of my passage," he says in the "Apologia." These poems are occupied, first of all, with the distress to himself which religious conditions and his own temperament had brought upon him. During the week in which he was becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, he wrote as many as three poems in a single day. The first of these was the well-known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Next came a poem on the state of the Anglican Church, almost as fierce in mood as earlier poems inspired by fears of the Roman Catholic religion. He begins:

> Oh, rail not at our kindred in the North,
> Albeit Samaria finds her likewise there.

From the verses, one can see that Newman's mind was not for a minute free from care. The delay accentuated his impatience to reach home; in consequence, he wrote such verses as "Desolation," "Zeal and Patience," "Vexation," and "The Church in Prayer."

Furthermore, his thoughts on the disestablishment of the English Church were more vehement than they had ever been before. At Palermo he thus closed "External Religion":

Where shall this cease? Must crosiers fall,
Shrines suffer touch profane,
Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
The Heaven-sent Heir is slain?

While his mind ran on such thoughts, he wrote a number of poems against liberalism. Of his countrymen he said:

Each has his private thought, selects his school,
Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.

And, still meditating on the same subject, he wrote:

Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life,
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the wind's strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of dearth.

When he was forced to stop twenty-four hours in Paris, he kept indoors because to him, France was a dreadful manifestation of liberalism. He looked upon the revolution which ended with the abdication of Charles X. as the triumph of irreligion. Off the coast of France he wrote:

I dare not think of thee as what thou art,
Lest thoughts too deep for man should trouble me.

Bound up with his dispirited and baffled attitude toward conditions which dogmatic religion faced, was the subconscious feeling that something of service was in store for him in England. On board the Hermes, he wrote the lines:

Thy holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars' hill, a soldier lone,
Shall I thus speak the atoning Name,
Though with a heart of stone?

This feeling which had been insistent throughout the trip became on the homeward voyage a strong, impelling force. He mused on the confusion that John the Baptist experienced in

being "bid pour repentance on the Sinless Brow," and made the application:

> And so on us at whiles it falls to claim
> Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part.

Apparently, he looked on Jonah in his poem by that name as Gregory Nazianzen had done in a sermon explaining the former's flight to Pontus. Despondent at the sight of Israel's falling away, and fearful lest his reputation as a prophet should be lost, Jonah "retired and delayed in fulfilling the Lord's command." More encouraging was Gregory's own character, for this saint, although he did not desire any church offices, nevertheless accepted the bishopric of Constantinople with the hope of subduing further the Arian heresy rife in that city. So, also, Newman was determined to make active opposition against the Liberal party in England. What he said of himself in 1865 was true of his temperament in 1833; "like St. Gregory Nazianzen, I like going on my own way, and having my time my own, living without pomp or state or pressing engagements." The position of his mind was defined in the following lines from "St. Gregory Nazianzen":

> So works the All-wise! our service dividing
> Not as we ask;
> For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
> Our duty task.

When he was again at Oxford, verse writing was soon superseded by the writing of tracts, which, in the words of Dean Church, were "clear, brief, stern appeals to conscience and reason, sparing in words, utterly without rhetoric, intense in purpose." No more original poetic compositions were written at this time except two late Lyrae, one beginning, "While Moses on the Mountain lay," and the other, "They are at rest." But the prose works of the Movement offered a place for occasional metrical translations. Several from Gregory Nazianzen appeared in "The Church of the Fathers." "Tract 75" on

the Roman Breviary contained Newman's translation of a number of hymns for the canonical hours.

When such actual need as inspired "Lyra Apostolica" no longer impelled him to verse, his poetical composition became more occasional. He wrote naturally on such devotional subjects as the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Philip, St. Michael, the Guardian Angel, and Purgatory. For Callista, he translated another ancient hymn. Ambrose St. John, a fellow-Oratorian, prompted him to write the lines: "Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made."

His finest and last poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," expressed the culmination of his thoughts on death, many of which were ever insistently present in his mind. When he wrote, he had no intention of offering the poem for publication, but only of relieving his own mind by following out the inspiration which had come to him at the death-bed of a friend. He had often preached on the "evening of life." The text of his first sermon was, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." In 1864, when to all around him he seemed in good health, his vivid imagination led him to write "in direct view of death as in prospect." Hence, when he wrote "The Dream," he simply poured out his own heart and mind, steeped as they were in the imagery with which the Catholic faith supplied him.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTER FORMATION

By Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J.

I. Importance of Character Training.

"THE proper study of mankind is man," says Pope in his Essay on Man. It may be interesting and useful to study figures and numbers; minerals, plants and animals; the laws that govern the rotations and revolutions of the celestial bodies; the wonderful forces of light and electricity; the mysterious attractions of various elements, but the most interesting study for man is man himself, not, indeed, from the viewpoint of the anatomist and physiologist, but from that of the philosopher and the educator. The true philosopher sees in man not merely the last link in a long chain of evolution, but the crown of God's creation; "the principal and mighty work of God, the wonder of creation," as old Zoraster styles him: "the marvel of marvels" (Plato); a microcosm, a little world in himself, "the epitome and abridgment of the world" (Pliny); the viceroy of the earth, God's own image and likeness, and withal a being full of contradictions, a mystery and a puzzle. The educator sees all this in man, and more; he sees in him a pupil who needs guidance and training that he may be brought to realize the great possibilities that lie hidden in him. He endeavors to solve the puzzle, and to harmonize the contradictions, so that man may become the glory instead of the scandal of the universe.

Intellectually and ethically man is essentially superior to the brute animal creation. What we admire most in him lies on the ethical side. It is not his talents nor his endowments, nor his powers, nor his attainments, that we respect most, that count most. The more character, the more a man. Knowledge is power, they say, and say rightly; but character is far

more a source of power than knowledge. A man's success in life and the extent of his influence over his fellow-men, depend much more on character than on either intellect or fortune. Since the war with Spain, some years ago, it has become a common expression to speak of "the man behind the gun." In truth, not that army is expected to be victorious which has the greatest number of combatants, the latest pattern of battleships and guns, but that which has the best men behind the guns, which has the best soldiers and the ablest leaders, the best character from the military point of view. In teaching, the most important factor is not the system, nor the curriculum, nor the school building, nor the equipment of the class-rooms, but the man or woman behind the desk—the teacher; and not so much the teacher's learning and knowledge, however important and indispensable these may be, as the teacher's character. The noblest teaching is a noble teacher, and "the teacher's value lies more in what he is than in what he knows."—(Spalding).

The same great truth is confirmed by what we see in the family, in the home. There, in particular, we find that character is a source of power and the mainspring of happiness. What father is most respected by his children: he who possesses great wealth and brilliant talents, or he who has a noble character? What mother is loved most: the woman of fashion, of striking beauty, of exceptional culture, or the woman who has the most beautiful character? The answer to these questions is obvious. Again, who are the parents that exercise the most wholesome, the most lasting influence on their children? Are they those who bequeath to them a distinguished name and a large fortune, or those who leave them the memory of an exalted character? Such a memory will accompany the children through life, will be to them a guide and an inspiration, will warn them off dangerous shoals and rocks, will beckon them onward in the paths of moral excellence: such a memory will have more power and ennobling influence over them than the best system of school education can ever exercise. Thus it is clear that character is power. It is besides, the chief source

of happiness, not only to him who possesses it, but to all who come in contact with the happy possesser. What is the mainspring of happiness in a home; in married life? Is it abundance of earthly goods, or physical attractions, or political power, or social prestige? If any one should be of such an opinion he might learn a different lesson from what is so prominent in the press of this country. How often do we read of the marriage of a young millionaire, the scion of an ancient, distinguished family, with a wealthy, beautiful, highly cultured young lady; or of the daughter of an American millionaire, with a titled foreigner, an aristocrat of the highest rank, perhaps a duke or prince,—and after a few years we read that the romance, the international romance as it was called, has turned into an international scandal, and has come to a sad end in the divorce court. And yet they possessed whatever superficial people think necessary to secure all earthly happiness; they had wealth, social position, education; but happiness they did not enjoy. What was the cause of the failure? Lack of real character, in one of them, or more commonly in both parties. Indeed, wealth cannot give happiness, beauty will fade, social success may please the vain, but all these things leave the heart empty and do not satisfy the deeper, nobler cravings of human nature. Whithersoever we turn we find that character is the most valuable asset in life. It is, indeed, our narrow word for the better, holier, nobler life of man, for the truly human life. All other things: wealth, health, beauty, professional skill, political influence, literary reputation, all these are of secondary value as compared with character; they are the accidentals, not the essentials, in human life.

Character Formation.

From the consideration of the importance of character, it follows as a necessary inference that the most prominent place in education should be assigned to the training of the will, to moral education, to character formation. The great common sense of mankind has always held that the head must not be

educated at the expense of the heart; that it is a most serious mistake to overfeed the mind and let the heart starve. The latter system leads, if we may employ medical terms, to intellectual hypertrophy and ethical atrophy.

Unfortunately this most important part of training is much neglected in many modern systems of education. The inevitable result of this fatal error is a lamentable disproportion between the intellectual and moral progress of the race. The existence of this disproportion is candidly admitted by men who have hitherto been most optimistic about the educational conditions of the United States. Thus President Eliot, a few years ago, expressed himself very frankly "on the failure of our popular education." In spite of the greatest efforts of various agencies towards checking vice, he saw small results. His practical conclusion was that more money should be spent on the schools. But increased expenditure is not the needed remedy; it is not lack of money, but lack of the true method of education which is at the root of the failure of education. This has been correctly observed in several comments on President Eliot's indictment. The defects of our people, says one (in the Chicago Chronicle) lie "in morals rather than intelligence." And another remarks (in the Columbia State): "Is it fair to charge all of it up to education? Would it not be better for Harvard's President to revise his views as to the power of education? Learning, of itself, the mere accumulation of knowledge, cannot make morally better an individual or a society. . . Education (or rather instruction) ought never to have been regarded as an insurance against immorality, a preventive of crime, a cure for cupidity, or a guaranty that the golden rule will be observed. The education that brings this about must be more than a mere mental training; it must be moral and spiritual." These comments touch the weak spot of modern education. The plausible assertion: "Instruction is moral improvement," was an error of Socrates and the Platonic school, who identified virtue and knowledge; it has often been repeated in our own days in many variations, but it is a

false principal and the result of a false philosophy. The capital error of most modern school reformers lies in this very point ,that they expect too much from intellectual accomplishments for the moral and social improvement of mankind. Every second word of theirs is "knowledge," "culture," "science," "information"; they forget that there are highly cultured criminals and they seem to forget that what is far more necessary is a reform of character by training the will.

Morality depends on good will rather than on knowledge. The test of the value of learning and education is in its effect on the conduct of life, and the chief aim of any sound system of education must be the training of the will. Life from the cradle to the grave is a progressive school for moral development, and the primary object of Christian pedagogies is the formation of Christian character. As one of the first apologists and defenders of the Christian religion in the second century said: "Non magna loquimur sed vivimus." "It is not great things we speak, but great ideals we express in our lives." (Minucius Felix, in Octavianus). And St. Ignatius. the Martyr, said in the same century: "Let us live according to Christianity," thereby summing up the whole system of Christian ethics, and the principal object of Christian education. This is not so much knowing, as knowing in order to do; it is the effort to create the ideal man. Although the entire span of life is to be such a progressive school of moral development. childhood and youth in particular are the periods of character formation. This is the glad and joyous time, the time of gay flowers and of sweet singing birds, the time of new vigor and life; but above all it is the time of sowing and planting, not only of knowledge, when the windows of the soul are wide open for new impressions, when the virgin soil of the soul thirsts for the dew of heaven, for knowledge and learning; it is likewise the time when the heart and the will are most plastic, most flexible, when they most easily receive shape and direction. This great truth is well expressed in the following simple lines:

"I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day:
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past—
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone—
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more."

From these undeniable facts, namely, that character formation is of the greatest importance, both teachers and pupils should conclude that the principal object of all education must be the proper development of character. There is probably no one who will challenge this conclusion. But educational practice is often deplorably at variance with this great principle. Many teachers labor most zealously for the intellectual advancement of their pupils, that they may pass the examinations, but give little thought to moral training. Many students have the laudable ambition to gain ninety per cent., or over, in their class work, and to earn honors and distinctions, but have little or no anxiety to pass successfully in the school of character and conduct of life. This is certainly an anomaly and a practice fraught with serious dangers for the individual and society. The first care of every true teacher should, therefore, be to assist the children in the formation of their character. To this end it is necessary to have a clear idea of the

nature of character, of the different elements which enter into its formation, of their relative importance, and finally, of the methods which can best be followed in this important and difficult work.

II. Nature of Character.

Saint Augustine replied to the inquiry: What is time? by saying: "I know when you do not ask me." What the Saint meant was that he knew sufficiently well the meaning conveyed by the word "time," without, however, being able to give a philosophical definition of it. There are many such words of which we all have a certain, almost instinctive, understanding; we feel their meaning and the reality of what they mean, though it may be difficult to formulate a correct definition. Even those who have studied matters most thoroughly are frequently not agreed as to their definition. Such words are space, motion, personality, beauty, love, education, patriotism, and character. A great character, even more than a great picture, or a noble poem, or a magnificent mountain, speaks for itself. It commends itself to average men, even though they cannot take their sympathies to pieces and say precisely what the feature in it is that attracts them most powerfully. There is that in their humanity which in some mysterious way responds to the moral form of beauty which they instinctively recognize before them. (Liddon). But it is of great advantage to have as clear an idea of the nature of character as possible; this knowledge will be helpful in the work of forming our own characters and of assisting others to mould their characters. We shall, therefore, first analyze character, take it, as it were to pieces, and study its different elements or ingredients.

It will be worth while to examine first the very meaning of the term. Character is a Greek word, and derived from a verb charessein, which means to "engrave": character, therefore, is something engraved, cut and chiselled on the individual soul. It is a significant word; it means that character is the distinctive and distinguishing feature of my soul, which

individualizes me from all the rest of mankind. Thus we speak in theological language of certain sacraments which impress a character, which make an indelible imprint, an ineffaceable mark on the soul: baptism, confirmation, ordination; hence these can be received once only. Character is the expression and realization of personality; it is made up in one with exactly the same kind of elements as in others, but these elements are differently proportioned, are weaker or stronger and diversely related in such a way that the resultant from the union and manner of combination is in no two cases the same.. The ingredients are the same: different traits and habits; but the outcome of their blending and mixture is different. Each has a peculiarity which is a characteristic stamp, note, or mark, and is not to be found in another of the same kind. It is clear from this description that the word character is often used in a rather loose way, as when we say that some one has been given a bad character; that is, a bad reputation; although it would be well if these two words were used distinctively. (Abbott). Character is what a person is, reputation is what he is supposed to be, and we may be thankful that our character is different in itself from what it is in the minds and judgment of some people. Reputation is destroyed by slander and libel, but character may endure throughout the worst defamations; it is injured only by wrong-doing, by voluntary transgression.

The word character is frequently employed to denote mental and moral peculiarities of a certain kind, of odd, one-sided, eccentric qualities, as when we say: "He is a character." Of this specific meaning we need not say anything. But there is another more common use of the term, as when we say a person has a great deal of character, by which is usually meant moral strength, firmness, independence. It is a proper use of the term, but one which is apt to mislead us with regard to the real nature of character. There are some who pride themselves on their independence, or character, as they call it, although in their case it may be obstinacy, and lack of solid character. I do not want to say that there are special

reasons in our own times to warn against this kind of independence; it is useless to rail at our own age all the time. Human nature has always been the same; even Plato calls the youth of his day a hard and long name; he says that the boy is dys-meto-cheiristotation; that is; difficult to handle; and in this regard the American boy is not different from the Athenian boy of the days of Plato. There are people who say that the American boy offers some special difficulties in this respect; that he—and the same is said of the American girl—has too little reverence and obedience, and too much independence. Mr. Mosely, who a few years ago came as one of the English Commissioners to investigate American conditions, is reported to have said that "American children are simply small walking editions of the Declaration of Independence," and what seemed worse to the English critic, many American parents are rather proud of this fact. It is but fair to add that not only foreigners, but many Americans, believe that the youth of this country seem to put a rather wide and liberal interpretation on that famous document of 1776. But if this is so, it is largely due to wrong educational principles and practices of parents, and to radically false theories of some American educators. Thus some years ago a New York professor stated: "German children are taught to submit to authority, but our boys must be taught to govern themselves." (Professor Goodwin, in Report of Commissioner of Education, 1901, I. p. 249). We readily grant that the principle of submitting to authority can be carried to extremes, in education as well as in political life. But we think that children will learn to govern themselves only by first submitting to authority, as they possess neither sufficient knowledge nor strength of will to govern themselves reasonably. We fasten the young, tender tree to a pole, lest it grow crooked, or be bent and broken by the storm; the same is still more necessary in the case of the frail human sapling, in which there are so many perverse inclinations which tend to foster a growth in the wrong direction. It is dangerous to talk too much of independence to young people; they are apt to mistake license for li-

berty. And yet true internal liberty can be obtained only through voluntary submission. "Obedience to law is liberty" is a principle of the highest importance in education and character formation. I hope there are few who will subscribe to the philosophical tenets advocated by Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, who place before us as the ideal character the "Superman," who is his own standard of morality, who can trample under foot any law, human or divine, if thereby only he "asserts his own individuality, promotes his own greater good, acts from his own strong will, from inner spontaniety." This is the latest gospel of the anti-moralists and anti-Christians, preached in philosophical writings and popularized on the stage. Still it is a very old doctrine, it is the haughty self-assertion of Prometheus and the Titans, the rebellion of the proud spirit who before the creation of mankind raised the battle-cry: "Non serviam": "I will not serve." Such is not the ideal proposed by Christianity. He who was the model character declared that He had come to minister, not to be ministered unto: and she who approached closest to this ideal exclaimed, in the moment when the greatest dignity was conferred upon her: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Proud and rebellious independence, therefore, is not the ideal character.

One theory of character must be mentioned briefly here, if only for curiosity's sake. The materialistic school, denying the existence of a spiritual soul in men, explains thoughts, desires and volitions, as excretions of the brain, just as bile is the secretion of the liver. Accordingly they explain character chiefly as the product of vegetative processes; the difference of character, consequently, depend on diet; a man is what he eats. This is a delightfully simple and original idea; we can buy our character from our grocer. We can close our schools and establish a number of scientific groceries all over the land. The golden age of doctors and provision dealers will be ushered in; the doctor will tell us what elements are lacking in our system and we can get them from the grocer. They say turnips and radishes give courage; celery and peas, poeti-

cal imaginations; carrots, gentleness,—no doubt the price of the latter will rise rapidly for, as a paper stated recently, carrots are good also for a fine complexion. We do not refute the theory of those extreme materialists; it suffices to mention it.

There is another and more numerous class of modern thinkers who say that character is essentially determined by environment and heredity. We admit that these enter into the formation of character, but we deny that they essentially determine it. First, with regard to the much-used and overwrought term, environment, or conditions and surroundings, we say that too much is made of this element, both in evolutionary philosophy and pedagogy. A person has largely to make himself entirely independent of circumstances and rise above them in order to develop character. Yielding to environment, drifting along with the current is not character. A man of character takes command of circumstances instead of being their slave. History and personal observation prove that noble characters have been formed in the midst of most adverse surroundings and in spite of most unfavorable circumstances. Characters, noble and saintly, have been formed not only in the silence of the cloister and the sanctuary, but amidst the dangers of the camp, the allurements of a corrupt society, the snares and intrigues of courts; as is shown by the long list of saints who have attained to sanctity in the most diverse professions and different walks of life.

Still we admit that environment is an important factor in character formation. When teachers or parents notice, to their utter dismay, that the character of a boy suddenly changes for the worse, they know that the boy is in "a gang," as they call it. He has gotten into bad environment and it has fatally injured his character. As Holy Writ says: "With the holy thou wilt be holy, and with the perverse thou wilt be perverted." (Psalm xvii.). "Tell me with whom you go and I will tell you who you are," is an old saying, and in so far true, as great numbers of men, in fact the majority, are strongly influenced by association; they are the almost passive

recipients of outside impressions, retain them, repeat them, until they become like a second nature. Such characters are shaped by circumstances like the pebble on the shore which receives its form and smooth surface from the rough seas in which it was rolled. From this we see the importance of example in the process of character formation, the fatal influence of evil example, and the power for good coming from good example. This is especially important in the case of impressionable flexible youth. "Is example nothing?" said Edmund Burke, and he answers his own question by saying: "It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they learn at no other." Making allowance for the rhetorical exaggeration of the fervent orator, we grant that example does much, very much, in its influence toward forming character. It is an atmosphere which imperceptibly affects for good or ill the minds and hearts of those who breathe it. Teachers know that; and often find their most zealous efforts neutralized by the closer and more intimate teaching, silent though it be, that goes on in the children's homes, or in the company of their children.

The second element which enters into the formation of character is heredity. Although the importance of this factor, too, has in modern times been greatly exaggerated, yet it plays a part by no means insignificant. There is heredity of physical features, of outward appearance, of color of eye and hair, of size and shape, even of physical defects and deformities, and tendency to distastes, likewise of fecundity, longevity, handwriting, sometimes even of talents. This is amply proved by certain family likenesses and racial characteristics, as the Austrial lip and Bourbon nose. We are confronted by greater difficulties when we come to treat of transmission of moral characteristics. The school of Lombroso, which recognizes only constitutional and hereditary criminals, represents one extreme, and the other is the opinion of those who think that no moral traits are inherited. (Heimroth and others). But it seems certain, and confirmed by observation and the common consensus of mankind, that moral tendencies, inclinations to

virtue or vice, are transmitted. This is surely a consoling and encouraging thought for men and women of high character, for good and virtuous parents, the thought that they are able to give their children the best of inheritances, a precious capital for life. It is a solemn warning, on the other hand, for a precious capital for life. It is a solemn warning, on the other hand, for parents whose character is not above reproach, to be conscious that they may transmit to their innocent offspring something morally offensive, the terrible propensities of drunkenness and other vices. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and have set their children's teeth on edge." It is an earnest appeal to all to improve and perfect their own lives and thereby increase the moral character of the human race. It seems to be certain, then, that moral tendencies are transmitted, certain lineaments, faint lines, on the tablet of the soul, which grow more distinct under the action of surroundings, and are deepened or suppressed through co-operation of the free will.

This view is the most reasonable, and keeps midway between two extreme theories, the one holding that our character, even where it seems to undergo changes resulting from the exercise of the will, is entirely due to inheritance (M. Martineau); and the other claiming that no moral characteristic can be inherited. That the former view is wrong has been established by history and experience. From the days of the two very different brothers, Cain and Abel, it has often been observed that children of the same parents, brought up under identical surroundings and home influences, have grown very far apart in character. Furthermore, we ourselves have probably observed that a child who had inherited an irritable temperament, under careful, prudent and patient training and self-discipline has developed a gentle and amiable character. Socrates of old said that if he had followed his natural inclinations he would have become what his ugly and sensual features seemed to indicate—a sensualist and a drunkard. Of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Francis de Sales, two of the most loving and most lovable among the saints, we know that both

had a bilious temperament and were naturally very subject to anger. (Cf. Joly, Psychology of the Saints, p. 47). On the other hand a soft, impressionable temperament is not always a guaranty that the character of the person will be kind and charitable. There are young ladies who shed tears lavishly and passionately over the fictitious sorrows of the hero of a novel or play, and yet we may find that they do not possess an unselfish and charitable character, but, on the contrary, they are indifferent to real sorrows and indisposed to make efforts for their alleviation. Their sentiment has turned into exaggerated and barren sentimentality, but has not been developed into a compassionate character.

"Free Will."

Natural traits and tendencies are not character, but they are the basis, the foundation for it; they are not the fruit and flower of character, but the soil on which it grows; they are not the statue, but the marble from which it is chiselled. What, then, is the power that produces and forms character? We answer: man's free will. Will is the hand that wields the chisel and the hammer in shaping a beautiful statue out of a rude block of stone; the eye which directs the work is the mind, well instructed and enlightened, conscious well informed and acting on solid principles. Thus we find the third and most important element in character formation: free will. Character, properly so called, is the disposition of the will, which controls the natural tendencies and commands the surroundings towards a good and noble end. As the musical notes, taken separately, or thrown together at random, are not a masterpiece, but become such only when brought into harmonious combination by a master, so all the elements mentioned hitherto must be combined into well-balanced character, and the master that performs this is the will. But as the same notes can be united into most disagreeable and unharmonious combinations, so can the same natural elements which make up a good character to be the foundation of an unbalanced, ill-regulated, disagreeable character, if the component parts are

not properly blended, if one element is too prominent in proportion to others.

This is not the place to argue about the liberty of will; but what we have said so far, namely, that many have developed a noble character in spite of a most discouraging natural inheritance, and in sharp contrast with unfavorable surroundings: this in itself is one of the strongest proofs for the freedom of will and a refutation of determinism. If there were no free wills, the whole question of character formation would have no meaning; we should have to resign ourselves to a gloomy fatalism that we are what we have inherited, and that no effort can change it. As Euripides said of old: "Man's nature is like iron; if one is bad, no cure can make him good, though he try for eternity." (Fragments 805). A modern pessimist takes this up and says: "It is as futile to try to change a human character as to turn silver into gold." If this were so, if there were no free will, then we might close our schools; for those who are good are so without training and those who are bad are so irredeemably, and no education will benefit them; so the only thing left is to turn our schools into penitentiaries or insane asylums, and shut up therein all men with evil propensities, that the rest of mankind may be protected against them. This is certainly a most gloomy view of life, as discouraging as it is false. The other view, which asserts the liberty of will, is at the same time a most consoling and most encouraging truth, and one that is apt to stimulate us to new efforts for our moral improvement and that of others. No heart is entirely sterile soil; there is none so depraved as not to have some good quality or at least the seed of some good trait, which under the fostering care of a wise and charitable educator may be developed and become the germ, the nucleus, of a good character. "Everyone is the architect of his own fortune"; it is still more true that everyone is the architect of his own character; our nature is the material from which it is to be built, but our will is the builder. "God makes our nature, our own will makes our character," says Bishop Ullathorne. The good qualities of our character do not grow

wild "in a forest primeval," but they must be cared for like the flowers in a garden, although the seeds are contained in our nature.

We are now in a position to give a definition of character by saying that it is the sum of the inherited and chiefly the acquired ethical traits which give a person his moral individuality. As the acquired habits are based on the inherited traits, we may say that character is a person's inheritance of tendencies trained and shaped by the will. So long as the predominant natural dispositions sway the conduct unchecked, moral character is not yet formed. Whatever be the type of character it is the result of habits voluntarily cherished. It is therefore not a single act, but consists in established acts of self-government, in habitual exercise of the will in a certain direction. A good character is good will exercised habitually, or in the best and highest development of the will in the pursuit of goodness. A Christian character is the dedication of consecration of the will to goodness, as put before us in the teaching and example of Christ. There is precious material for a beautiful character in many a child, but if the will does not exercise its influence over this material in the right direction, it will at best remain a diamond in the rough, but will never be the precious cut jewel. Of course there are persons who think they are diamonds, just because they always remained in the rough.

To show that character consists in habitual exercise of the will in a certain direction, let us take a few examples. A person has made a promise, but finds it difficult to keep it; a little "story," as they call it, would help him out of the trouble, but this he does not want to use: he keeps his promise. Another time he has made a mistake; he is ashamed of admitting it; he sees that a lie would save him the humiliation, but he tells the truth, however difficult it may be for him, and no matter what the consequences may be. In an examination he sees that others cheat, and he too has an opportunity of doing so, but he resists the temptation; he is determined to be honest. Again, he applies for a desirable position; he

knows that he can obtain it by some misrepresentation with regard to age, studies, former occupation, or by some rather crooked intriguing; but no, he rejects all that, he will not tell a lie even if he should fail to get the position. This is a truthful character, the ideally truthful man. He habitually and deliberately tells the truth, although it often requires great interior struggle. We could similarly illustrate our proposition by the example of those who habitually are honest, kind and charitable, patient in trials, persevering, constant. He who in his actions habitually follows high moral principles, is the perfect, ideal character. If, on the other hand, a person habitually seeks his own gratification, trifles with the truth, is inconstant and fickle, he is considered a selfish, deceitful, fickle character. The sum of the moral traits is a person's character, and we call his character after that trait which is most prominent. The perfect character, a rare and precious thing, is that in which the various qualities are beautifully and harmoniously balanced, so that it is difficult to single out one of them as the most pronounced.

Character, therefore, is good will exercised habitually:

Sow a thought and reap a deed,
Sow a deed and reap a habit,
Sow a habit and reap character,
Sow character and reap destiny.

From this follows an important conclusion, namely, that the formation of character is not the quick result of some energetic efforts; the "get-rich-quick" system has no place in character training. Character formation is a growth, a living process, and the growth of solid trees is invariably slow; it is an unfolding, a moral evolution, sprouting into blades, growing into stalks, budding into flowers, ripening into fruits. Here is a salutary warning for teachers who sometimes get impatient, because there seems to be no progress in the development, moral as well as intellectual, of the children. One can bake an apple in a few minutes; but it takes months to ripen it. Similarly, it takes years before the

fruits of character become mature. Perhaps we are inclined to lose courage because, in the formation of our own characters, there is so little advancement. Since it is a growth we should not be surprised at not noticing much progress. In spring the trees are growing luxuriantly and yet we hardly notice it. Children are growing constantly and it is only after a long time that we perceive the fact. The progress in character formation escapes our notice much more, because so many different and even obscure elements are to be taken into consideration. But there is no doubt that very action contributes in some way to this formation, and if honest efforts are made there is surely progress.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.

—Longfellow.

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH IN CHINA

The same self-sacrificing spirit and apostolic zeal that characterized the first six Sisters of St. Joseph, who came from France almost a century ago to assist the Missionaries Christianize the dark children of the then-American wilderness, blossomed anew in the hearts of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pennsylvania, when in the year 1926 the Community whole-heartedly responded to the earnest petition of the Passionist Fathers for helpers in their missionary labours in pagan China.

Unwilling, however, to impose on any member an exile so complete, a mission so full of peril, the Superiors sent out a call for volunteers. Immediately numbers of Sisters eager to work for souls in the Field Afar offered themselves. On the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, 1926, Sisters Florence Sullivan, Christina Werth; St. Ann Callahan and Clarissa Stattmiller, learned with joy that they had been chosen to found the first mission of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Province of Hunan, China.

Five months later this little band of Sisters, accompanied by four Passionist Priests, volunteers also, arrived in Shanghai and began the long inland journey. Despite the trials and difficulties which at times seemed almost insurmountable, the undaunted travellers reached Schenchow, Dec. 23rd, in time to celebrate with the Sisters of Charity their first Christmas on foreign soil. Writing from there, one of the Sisters in her letter said: "We have had no happier hour since the day of our Holy Profession than that spent in assisting at our first Midnight Mass in China. The peace and joy which filled our hearts on that memorable night were surely the fruit of the many prayers that have been offered for us."

On January 3rd, the Sisters bid adieu to the good Sisters of Charity, whose kind hospitality they had enjoyed over



SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, OF BADEN, PENNSYLVANIA, WHO ARE DOING MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

TOP ROW—Left to right: Sr. Rose Gertrude Martin, Sr. Florence Sullivan, Sr. Marie Gertrude Casey.

FRONT ROW—Left to right: Sr. St. Anne Callaghan, Mother Genevieve Ryan, Sr. Christina Werth.

Christmas week, and continued the river trip to Kaotsing, where they were met by the Fathers in charge of the Yuanchow Mission, who accompanied them to their destination. As this last lap of the journey had to be made through roads infested by bandits, the party was guarded by a band of fifty soldiers. Arriving at Chenchow, amidst a wonderful display of fireworks set off in their honor by the welcoming Chinese, they went to the Church to offer thanksgiving to God for His provident care and beg His benediction on their undertakings, and thence to the Convent. Here all went well until Easter Sunday, April 3rd, when the anti-foreign and anti-Christian hatred propagated by the Communists broke into storm and the Sisters were forced to flee for safety through rough and dangerous territory. Grave fears were felt for their safety until June 8th, when the American Consul at Hankow notified their friends that several Passionist Fathers and the Sisters of St. Joseph had reached Kwenchow. Later came the sad news of Sister Clarissa Stattmiller's death on July 27th, the result of malarial fever contracted while in flight. On arriving at Shunking she was taken to the Franciscan Sisters' Hospital, where she was tenderly cared for until her pure soul went forth to receive the reward promised the good and faithful servant.

Her bereaved companions after months of hardship found shelter in Shanghai with the Sisters of Charity, who had also been forced to flee from their mission. When these Sisters returned to Schenchow the Sisters of St. Joseph remained in Shanghai, devoting their time to the study of the Chinese language while awaiting the arrival of more Sisters from Baden, Pa.

Notwithstanding the terrible ordeal to which the first band of Sisters had been subjected during the war waged against the Christians, at the first sign of the restoration of order, Mother Genevieve, untiring in her service for the Master, was chosen from the volunteers to head a new unit for the distressed missions in China. In respect to the wishes of the Sisters comprising this second mission band, the usual De-

parture Ceremonies were not held. Mass was offered in the Convent Chapel by Rev. Father Matthias Mayou, C.P., who accompanied the Sisters from Baden. And on Friday, March 9th, Mother Genevieve and her three companions were aboard the SS. Garfield as it wended its way through the Golden Gate to the Orient. Interesting letters written on board told of delightful visits to Honolulu and Kobe. Vivid descriptions were given of the mighty Pacific as it displayed its various moods—first as a calm and peaceful ocean, later changing to an angry, storm-tossed sea, threatening for a time to bring disaster to the vessel and its passengers. But once again the Master stilled the waves and brought His apostles safe to shore, April 3rd, 1928.

An extract from a letter received after their arrival describes the scene thus: "About half an hour before docking we spied our dear Sisters on shore. I cannot tell you the feeling that came over us on beholding them—tears of joy fell as we waved to them and they to us, and how delighted we were to find them looking so well when they came aboard to accord us their glad welcome. Fathers Celestine Miles and Father Adolph, a Franciscan, were with them. Going ashore we entered a tender which conveyed us to Shanghai. There the Fathers had two autos in readiness and we were soon speeding through the city to our new home, where we were greeted with firecrackers—no merrimaking is complete in China without fireworks. With God's help we are here to save souls if He thinks us worthy to work for Him. Pray for us and for the salvation of those beknighted souls redeemed by His Precious Blood."

The Child Jesus of Prague

The following is a translation by N. A. Benson, M.A., of the famous poem by Paul Claudel:

Snow falls, the great world's dead in deep December's gloom,
But there's sweet warmth within the quiet little room.
The fire-place filled with coals whose glow is red and bright
Shades the dark ceiling with a wavy slumbrous light.
Only the water boils with dull and bubbly sigh.
Above the little beds, there on the ledge up high.
Beneath His dome of glass, His head beneath the crown,
One hand holding a globe, the other stretching down
To shield His little ones who trust in that dear hand,
Most gentle in His swathing robe so solemn and so grand,
Magnificent in His great yellow hat of stone
The Holy Child of Prague rules from His royal throne.
He stands alone before the hearth that lights His face
As in the chancel's depth the hidden host finds place;
Till dawn the Christ-Child keeps His brothers in His grace.
Unheard as gentle breath, sighing and softly gone,
Eternal life pervades the room, and seems as one
With all the innocence of simple things laid here.
No evil comes to us whenever He is near.
Now we may sleep; Jesus, our Brother, guarding true,
For He is all our own, and all these good things too:
Our wooden horse, our sheep, our dear and lovely doll,
The three are sleeping there, the corner holds them all
And we may sleep, for all our pretty things are there.
The shades are drawn. . . . Yonder, afar, no one knows where,
Out in the snowy night a phantom hour goes.
The child in his warm bed is happy, for he knows
He sleeps, and One Who loves him watches o'er his sleep.
Vaguely he murmurs, stirs, his little hands half creep,
He tries to wake again, and softly falls asleep.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

In these days of ours when nations and their rulers seek to outlaw war, and the Christian Churches are seeking for a reunited Christendom few of us, it is safe to say, recall that already the Universal Church has given the world its later-day lead toward the path of peace and friendly understanding. But for seeking to fulfill the teaching of Him, the greater part of Latin America would have been involved in hostilities shortly before press, and public meetings, announced that the dispute was to be the war between Russia and Japan.

Early in 1900 Chile and Argentine were feverishly making ready for war. For three generations and more the two States had been disputing their boundaries in the Andes, and, as the matter concerned some 90,000 square miles of territory rich in minerals, the citizens of both nations in legislature and newspapers fought out to the bitter end. Dockyards became busy reconditioning warships and completing repairs on others; army reserves were called up, and war camps and cantonments established; extra credits were voted by the national assemblies, and Allies were called upon for military assistance. With the exception of one or two of the smaller and northern republics, South America was in the ferment of impending war.

Meantime, the Church of Christ was not inactive. The priests of both nations, and of the Allies as well, prayed, preached and laboured without ceasing for peace. It has been stated that in Chile her venerable prelate went from one end of his country to the other, sometimes having to go on foot, beseeching peace for the love of Christ and His Mother, and setting forth the horrors of war. War that was about to decimate and rend asunder two nations, hitherto friendly, whose peoples were of one common stock and religious belief. In times not long past they had died side by side for liberty, and ever been as brothers.

While the Church strove to bring about better feeling and a

peaceful settlement, the women ably helped. Mothers and wives and sweethearts, they interfered not with their men-folk by wordy dispute or persuasion; they went on their knees, and spent hours daily and nightly praying that He would guide each nation. The incense of prayer went up from myriad homes and thousands of places of worship—from splendid cathedral to humble adobe chapel.

And, prayer, the prayer of faith, brings an answer, although we cannot always understand His reply, being purblind through earthly ways and accesses of thought.

Who put forward the idea of arbitration none can tell. All in a night, as it were, arbitration came as a whisper, not alone in the capitals, but throughout the two lands so gravely concerned with the issues of life and death. Miracles usually concern the individual, are not extended or breathed upon a number of folks, but here was a veritable Pentecostal visitation toward Peace. And within forty-eight hours statesmen, men of war, and civilians, were eagerly, pathetically discussing the notion on each side of the frontier. War talk and war plans disappeared like a hoar frost before the rising sun; nay, they evanesced much quicker, when human nature is taken into account. Two days later, arbitration was suggested officially, and ultimately, Edward, England's wise and good-natured monarch, was asked to settle the question of boundary, both of the ardent and impulsive nations promising to abide by his judgment. He appointed experts to inspect and measure the disputed territory, and, Solomon-like, Edward Rex, having taken thought, parted it equally. And each of the nations cheerfully accepted his decision.

More good followed, and what ensued—and was carried out whole-heartedly—cries shame on the part-methods adopted by the nations lately concerned in the World War. Chile turned her huge arsenal into a manual training school, and two of Argentina's biggest warships were put out of commission, and converted into cargo carriers, an undertaking that redounded more to Argentina's good faith than her prosperity, as warships are built solely for war, and merchant steamers

for peace and cargoes, and the two do not fadge, or serve other ends to better purpose. The money, also, voted by the two nations for hostilities, was utilized for education, good roads, improvements on the coast line and elsewhere, and to erect public buildings in commemoration.

But enough had not been done. Till some one put forward that which the good Bishop Benavente of Argentine had mentioned in an anti-war sermon to inflammatory rancheros. And now the two peoples responded to it as one folk.

A Christ of the Andes to commemorate the crisis, and to stand as token of a lasting peace between nations who are really one race in common.

There was no need to ask for donations. Rich and poor eagerly came forward with sums large and small; some of the pure-born Chileans or so-called Indians, bringing articles and vessels of gold which had been hidden for several centuries from looting hands. And on both sides of the Andes funds were voluntarily contributed with the same promptness and good-will.

The great figure, cast in gun-metal, was, with incredible toil and much jeopardy erected on one of the highest accessible parts of the Andes, placed directly on the frontier line. And so that the statue turned not its back on either Chile or Argentina, it was set facing southward.

This figure, designed by Mateo Alonso of Buenos Aires, is sublime in conception and artistry. Twenty-six feet high, with the right hand raised in blessing and pointing upward, He sustains with his left a slender cross that is thirty-one feet tall. And He leans not upon it, but gives the suggestion of holding it up in front of the nations as the symbol and means of love having cast out hate. Huge blocks of granite form the pedestal; and a large sphere topping a granite column twenty-three feet high supports His figure. A bronze plate at the foot of the monument tells the history of it. But, when dedicated, the Christ of the Andes was made over to the whole world.

The Christ of the Andes. When nations cleanse themselves with self-sacrifice in the service of Christ our King, then the true brotherhood of man, and ultimately, somewhat of the Kingdom of Heaven, can be established on this earth.

—N. Turner.

Christ, The King

"Not of this world," His Kingdom is,
Whose birthplace was a stable bare,
Who walked the lowly ways of life
And shared men's daily toil and care.
Yet, none the less a King is He,
For aught He lived in poverty.

"Not of this world" His Kingdom is
Whose courtiers were obscure and few,
Who lived an outcast midst His own,
Despised, rejected, all life through.
Yet, none the less a King is He,
For aught He died on Calvary.

"Not of this world?" His Kingdom then?
Ah! blind indeed to things above.
His Kingdom is the souls of men,
Who swear Him fealty and love.
Yet none the less a King is He,
Yea, "Christ the King" eternally.

S. M. St. J.

COMMUNITY NOTES

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Orillia was fittingly celebrated in that beautiful and prosperous town on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, September 8th.

Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in the morning. During the day former and present pupils felicitated the Sisters, congratulating them on the splendid work accomplished by them during their quarter of a century's teaching in Orillia.

* * * * *

At our Novitiate House, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, on October 15th, Rev. Sister Mary Baptist commemorated the Golden Anniversary of her consecration to God in holy religion.

In the chapel of the Institution at 6.30 a.m. a low Mass of thanksgiving was offered by the chaplain, Rev. Father Dobell, and at ten o'clock Rev. Father Carberry, parish priest of St. Ann's Church, sang a High Mass of thanksgiving for the gentle and self-sacrificing Jubilarian. Sister was the recipient of tokens of remembrance from her Sisters and the many kind friends who came to greet her on that occasion.

Ad multos annos!

* * * * *

The Honourable Randolph Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and his niece, Miss McKenzie, gave the Sisters and Staff of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, a very pleasing surprise recently by paying them an informal visit. The distinguished visitor said that he was but making good his promise that whenever time or chance permitted he would visit the hospital because of the excellent work which he knew the Institution was doing for the people of Comox and the surrounding district.



ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, SIFTON, MANITOBA
In charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.



Sister St. Jerome and her pupils of the Ruthenian School, Sifton, Manitoba.

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE.

A revered and beloved member of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto, Sister Mary Gertrude (Frewin) passed to her eternal reward on October 17th, leaving behind her the fragrant memory of a life made fruitful by good works and heroic sacrifice.

In the picturesque Glen of Aherlow, Tipperary, and within sight of the historic Rock of Cashel, lies the old homestead of the Frewin family, their possession for past generations, and here Sister Gertrude was born. The vision of that dearly-loved home, nestling in the Irish Glen, was to her so vivid a memory, that sixty long years in the land of her adoption failed either to dim its outlines or to lessen its hold upon her love. To homes such as this does Ireland owe her true greatness. From beneath such roof-trees she sends forth her sons and daughters into the various walks of life, civil, military, religious, and, as in the case of the worthy Frewin family, invariably is their record crowned with that ability, integrity, and loftiness of purpose which is characteristic of true children of the Catholic Church.

It may not be amiss to mention here a few of the outstanding members of this truly distinguished family. The present holder of the Aherlow homestead is Mr. Thomas Frewin, a brother of the deceased Sister; his son is a well-known Dublin priest, and Sister Mary Regis of Preston, England, is a daughter. Another brother, Mr. William Frewin, whose son holds a high governmental post in China, is Solicitor-General of Tipperary. Close relatives, too, are Right Rev. Msgr. Ryan of Cashel, and his brother, Rev. Edward Ryan of Cappawhite, Ireland; Rev. J. J. Cusack of Rome, Italy, and Rev. Brother Walter, Superior of the Christian Brothers of Quebec. Among the nieces of the deceased are Sister Louis Bertrand of Troy, New York, and her Sister, Miss Mary Glavin, Secretary-in-Chief of the American Branch of the Propagation of the Faith Society, of which Society, an uncle, Right Rev. Mgr. Glavin, is President. The late Rev. Brother Arnold, a former Superior

of the Christian Brothers of Toronto, was an uncle of the deceased.

Sister Gertrude's decision in favour of the higher life was formed during a retreat which she made at the famous Trappist Monastery, Mount Melleray, situated in the Knockmealdown Mountains of County Waterford, Ireland. Here, in her young fervour, she resolved to make of herself a complete holocaust, even to the renunciation of her beloved home-land, with all its holy associations and endearing ties. Overcoming every obstacle interposed by affectionate relatives for the frustration of her plan, and turning a deaf ear to their loving entreaties, this young daughter of Erin, with an absolute trust in a guiding Providence, set out alone on the long journey to Canada. And the journey proved a most eventful one; its details form of themselves an interesting story. But, as Sister Gertrude, herself, so often naively remarked, good St. Joseph was almost visibly with her on the way, guiding, befriending, protecting, until his little sister was at last safely sheltered within the protecting walls of his own convent in Toronto, Canada.

And now began Sister Gertrude's selfless labour in the Master's vineyard, a labour carried on heroically and perseveringly for over sixty years; in the class-room, in the sick ward, among the orphans, and with the aged poor. There were no wavering steps in Sister Gertrude's career, no backward looks, no resting-places for the spirit in her long journey, and if ever there stole into her heart a yearning for another glimpse of her home in the old land, none knew of it, except perhaps, the silent Sympathizer in the Tabernacle.

Sister Gertrude's gentle presence has been removed from our midst; her customary place, always during life so faithfully filled, is vacant now. Eulogies are now spoken in her memory; mention is being made of her truly illustrious family connections, of the various posts of honour and responsibility assigned to a successful completion. But the best monument to her hallowed memory is the blameless record of her charity, her inviolable fidelity to the specially-beloved precept

of her Lord: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." An unkind word was a stranger to her lips, and action, intentionally hurtful, was never penned against her by the Recording Angel. On a par with her unfailing charity was another virtue, characteristic of the land from which she sprang—an unquestioning recognition of the Divine Will in all the vicissitudes of life. How familiar to those who knew her best was her oft-repeated, and wholehearted, "Welcome be the Will of God!"

It was these traits of gentle kindliness, and vivid faith that drew her whole Community round her at the end, and that lent even to the obsequies for her departed soul an element of hope and of holy joy. Mourning and sorrow seemed out of place before the holy and calm repose that rested upon her face in death. In the Diamond Jubilee year of Sister Gertrude's religious life God called His good and faithful servant Home. Surely for her there was no detour, unless perhaps her liberated soul winged its way to heaven by way of holy Ireland and the dear Glen of Aherlow.

On October 19th a solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the House of Providence by Monsignor Hand, assisted by Rev. J. Bagnasco, deacon, and Rev. J. Corrigan, sub-deacon, and Rev. C. Lanphier as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were the Rev. Dr. Dollard, Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. T. Toomey, Rev. T. J. Manley and Rev. F. Pennylegion. The prayers at the grave and final blessing were given by the Rev. H. Murray and Rev. J. Corrigan.

Requiescat in pace!

Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association

1928—1930

Honorary-Patron	The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.
Honorary President	The Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of St. Joseph.
President	Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.
First Vice-President	Mrs. J. A. Thompson.
Second Vice-President	Mrs. T. Battle.
Third Vice-President	Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.
Fourth Vice-President	Miss May Morrow.
Fifth Vice-President	Mrs. M. Lellis.
Past President	Mrs. Paul Warde.
Treasurer	Miss Teresa O'Connor.
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Wallis.
Corresponding Secretary	Miss A. Hayes.
Out-of-Town Secretary	Miss G. Ross.
Press Secretary	Miss C. Wright.
Historians	Miss Teresa O'Connor and Miss Julia O'Connor.
Councillors	Miss Kelman, Mrs. Brazil, Miss E. Kormann, Miss M. McGrath, Mrs. S. McGrath.

ALUMNAE NOTES

A general meeting of the Alumnae was held in the Convent parlor on September 24th, with Mrs. J. J. M. Landy presiding. After the opening prayer and the singing of a hymn to St. Joseph, Patron of the Society, the President called on Mrs. A. J. Thompson, delegate to the International Convention, held at Niagara Falls last August, to tell the Assembly something of its functioning. Mrs. Thompson reported as follows:

On the invitation of the Loretto Alumnae Association of Niagara Falls, Ont., the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae held its eighth Biennial Convention this year in Canada. This is its first convention outside of the United States, for although the Federation is International, including the affiliated associations of the United States, Canada, Belgium, France, Switzerland, England and Ireland, it was founded in the United States and by far the majority of its affiliated schools are in that country. At the last Convenion in 1926, Ireland was duly represented. This year, although no dele gates from any European countries attended, greetings came from almost all the affiliated Alumnae Associations.

The formal opening took place at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, on Saturday evening, August 25th. Welcoming addresses were given by the Chairman of the Convention Committee, Miss Mullen; the Mayor of Niagara Falls, Hon. A. P. Stevens, K.C.; the Archbishop of the Diocese, Mist Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., and finally, by the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, His Excellency Most Rev. Andrew Cassulo, Archbishop of Leontopolis, who told that when he had first received his invitation to attend the Convention and to bestow his blessing and sanction upon it, he had inquired minutely into the aims and activities of the Federation, which were so worthy that he wrote of it in detail to Rome. We felt, therefore, that the cablegram sent by His Holiness to wish us success was no idle greeting, but most sincere. After the addresses and musical

programme His Excellency came forward with the President. Mrs. Finan, to receive each member present and give to each his blessing.

Before proceeding to the business of the Convention, I think I am in duty bound to pass on to the members of the Association whom I had the honor to represent at that meeting, the message of our own Archbishop, Most Rev. N. McNeil. Stressing the needs of the day and the qualifications necessary for Catholics to do their part in the land, he said that although we are now meeting our obligations more or less adequately in regard to bequests and donations for the education of young men for the Priesthood, there was still an urgent need for the higher education of the laity. This might easily be met by bequests in the wills of those who could afford to further this cause. Most of us, he said, had brothers, sons, husbands or friends in the legal profession who could easily suggest this to their clients who are often quite anxious to leave their money to aid some good cause. This, being the message of our own Archbishop, I think we should give it our earnest consideration.

Pontifical High Mass on Sunday morning was so well attended that although the church was reserved for the I.F.C.A., at the hour appointed the aisles were filled with those who could not be accommodated with pews. After Mass, Archbishop McNeil read the cablegram from the Holy Father, and His Excellency the Papal Delegate gave the Papal Blessing. A most learned sermon was preached by Rev. Father McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College, on Catholic Culture of the Middle Ages.

On Sunday afternoon the Buffalo Circle (composed of all Alumnae Associations in the City of Buffalo) arranged a motor trip to Buffalo, stopping at all Colleges, Convents and Schools en route, long enough for a glimpse of the buildings, and ending with Benediction at the Basilica of Our Lady of Victory, Lackawana, N.Y. Most of you are familiar with the exquisite beauty of this church, the interior of which is entirely marble. Afterwards we had tea at the Statler Hotel, guests of the Buf-

falo Circle, and returned in the same buses which had waited for us, twenty of them, all well labelled "I.F.C.A. Convention." This little digression is, I know, beside the point of Convention business, but I wish you to know what Buffalo, the nearest American neighbour to the Falls, did to welcome the I.F.C.A. You are all familiar, of course, with the welcome extended by Toronto, the next door neighbour.

There were two sessions held every day in the Convention Hall at the Hotel, each session opened by prayer by some Sister of one of the many visiting orders. Many of the reports were mainly statistical and interesting only to the members concerned with those particular branches of the work; but many others were of a very different nature. It was a pity, indeed, that every member of our Association could not have heard them.

Monday was given entirely to Canadian affairs. After the roll call and reports of the officers of the Main Board, there were several splendid papers: "Loyalty," by Dr. Anna T. Sadlier; "Citizenship," by Mrs. M. J. Lyons, of Ottawa; "Child Welfare," by Mds. P. E. Marchand of Quebec and Montreal, and a splendid paper on the History of Higher Education, by Rev. Father J. E Burke, C.S.P., of Toronto. At this meeting Mrs. Manning Doherty paid a tribute to her mother, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, graduate of our School, and your delegate paid a tribute to our own Miss Margaret Hart, first International Trustee for Canada.

Monday evening, Tea at the Clifton, was given by the Ontario Chapter for all delegates and Sisters attending the Convention. This proved a very enjoyable affair.

Later in the evening at the Loretto Convent, sectional meetings were held at which some excellent papers were read on Education in the West and in the Maritimes, and on Vocational Guidance, The Benefit the Alumnae Can Be to the School, and the Benefit of the Alumnae and Schools from Federating with I.F.C.A. Discussions followed which showed keen interest in the questions.

A tribute of thanks was paid to the only French-Canadian

Alumnae in Federation—St. Michael's, Chatham, N.B., for the first Scholarship to the Education Fund. It was also announced that a Sister from New Brunswick who was awarded one of the Education Fund Scholarships at the Catholic University had taken her degree in two years instead of in four.

On Tuesday, the principal event was the presentation to Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., of a fully endowed, interest-bearing Scholarship Fund of $10,000 for the use of the Religious of any order whose Alumnae Association is affiliated with the I.F.C.A. This money was raised in the short period of six months. I may mention here, that although our contribution was not as large as we would have liked it to be, we, nevertheless, had some part in the work and our Sisters are hereby eligible to apply for participation in the Scholarship.

On that day, too, a very interesting address was given by Miss Naomi Larkin, Chairman of the Department of Literature, and two wonderful papers on Literature by two Sisters, one a Mercy Nun, Sister M. Fides, Ph.D., and the other an Ursuline, Sr. M. Monica, Ph.D., Author of "Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea."

The report of the Chairman of Social Service, Mrs. Philip A. Brennan, of Brooklyn, under whose management the "Mary Day" and "Mary's Mites" Movements were established. As the I.F.C.A. is under the special patronage of Mary Immaculate Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Spiritual Mother we should as devoted children offer her on a day apart, a special mark of homage following the now almost universal observance of Mother's Day by wearing the Miraculous Medal of our Mother on the Saturday preceding Mother Sunday and to make an offering and send in some mite towards the Social Service Bureau on that day.

The report of Braille work for the blind showed the most energetic co-operation of all Alumnae, particularly those in New York State.

Mrs. McGoldrick's report on Motion Pictures was intensely interesting and the results of the work of herself and her

efficient bureau have reached every school affiliated. Lists of all approved previewed pictures screened in New York State are sent out regularly to the various Alumnae Associations, some of which are on file here and are worth the perusal of every Catholic woman, particularly Mothers and Teachers.

Perhaps the Wednesday meeting was the most thrilling, Mrs. Sheeran, Editor of the Bulletin and Co-founder of the I.F.C.A., told of the slow progress of the Mary Memorial Altar Fund. In 1919 the I.F.C.A. pledged themselves to pay for the marble altar in the crypt of the National Shrine at Washington. To raise the necessary fund, the original idea was to ask every Mary in the Federation to contribute One Dollar or more. This contribution entitling her to a share in every Mass said at this altar during all time, also to have her name enscribed on a tablet under the altar. The response was slow, and now after nine years there still remains $13,000 unpaid. Mrs. Sheeran's appeal for money to defray this debt was such that the hall soon resembled an auction room, delegates standing and awaiting their respective turns to pledge sums of from $25 to $100 in the name of their respective Associations, or in memory of their friends or relatives, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers or children for whom they desire the benefit of these Masses until in less than forty minutes the entire sum was pledged—one old lady, a Jubilarian, sixty-seven years a graduate of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., pledging whatever the deficit would be on October 15th, when the list would be closed.

Nominations and elections came next, and the closing event was the Banquet on Wednesday evening, which began at seven-thirty and lasted four hours.

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Miss Angela Preu, who won the prize in the Essay Contest, launched by the Ontario Chapters of the I.F.C.A., read her composition, "Canada's Treasures," after which Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Recording Secretary of the Ontario Chapters, presented Angela with the prize ($15). The President congratulated Angela, and in recognition of the honour she had brought to her School, presented her with a Five Dollar gold piece.

Mrs. Shreiner, with Miss Walsh as accompanist, delighted the audience with her sweet singing. Refreshments were then served in the Library. Presiding at the tastefully arranged tables were: Mrs. A. Brazill and Miss Julian O'Connor, who poured tea and coffee.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent Chapel brought to a close a much enjoyed afternoon.

WEDDINGS.

St. Basil's Church, on October 17th, was the scene of an interesting wedding, when Clara Beatrice Moore, B.A., A.T.C.M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Herbert Moore, was united in marriage with Mr. James Nolan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Nolan of Bradford, Ontario.

Rev. D. Forestell, C.S.B., was the celebrant of the Nuptial Mass. * * * * *

On Saturday, October 24th, at St. Basil's Church, tastefully decorated for the occasion with stately palms and beautiful russet mums, Josephine Aileen McDonagh, L.D.S., D.D.S., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. McDonagh, became the bride of Arthur Kelly, B.A., son of Honourable Mr. Justice and Mrs. H. T. Kelly.

The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. Joseph McDonagh, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., uncle of the groom. * * * * *

A pleasing October wedding was that solemnized in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, New York, when Lillian Anita Way, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Way, High Park Blvd., Toronto, was united in marriage with Dr. J. L. Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hall of Phelpston, Ontario.

The Nuptial Ceremony was performed by the Rev. Louis J. Gallagher. * * * * *

Saturday, November 10th, at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Denise, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward Phelan, was united in marriage with Mr. John D'Arcy Coulson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Coulson of Ottawa. Rev. Dr. Dollard, P.P.,

was the officiant of the beautiful Nuptial Mass and Ceremony.

The Alumnae of St. Joseph's take much pleasure in extending heartiest wishes for much happiness to these esteemed Alumnae Brides.

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On Saturday afternoon, October 27th, our Association held a successful Bridge and Euchre party in the College Auditorium. This event was one of the pleasantest in the memory of the Alumnae, bringing together many members of the Association and their friends, including two of our esteemed out-of-town members—Mrs. C. E. Sullivan of Sault Ste. Marie, and Mrs. W. J. Aikin of Orangeville, Ontario, whom we were delighted to have with us again.

Following a most enjoyable afternoon of Bridge and Euchre, Miss Margaret Ryan, a clever pupil of the Academy, entertained the party to a short but quite charming musicale programme, after which tea was served by the Committee, under the capable supervision of Mrs. Lellis and Mrs. Fred O'Connor.

The prize winners at Bridge were: 1st, Mrs. Bourke; 2nd, Mrs. Barron; 3rd, Miss M. Evans.

Lucky Number, Mrs. Martin McCarron.

Consolation, Miss K. O'Donoghue.

The prize winners at Euchre were: 1st, Mrs. Wm. Blackburn; 2nd, Miss M. Landy.

Mrs. Landy then presented the Alumnae Scholarship to Miss Eleanor Godfrey, who had won nine first, two second and one third class honours—the highest standing in Matriculation. Miss Godfrey in a graceful little speech thanked the President and the Association for their cheque ($85).

Congratulations, Eleanor!

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Brazill on the arrival of Elizabeth Barbara, a tiny young daughter, who came to bless their home.

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To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Enright (Aileen O'Connor) on the gift to them of a young son and heir (Ernest John).

MISS EILEEN EGAN.

"None knew her but to love her
None named her but to praise."

It is with feelings of deepest sysmpathy that St. Joseph's Lilies offers a word of consolation to the family, relatives. and friends of Miss Eileen Egan, who died November 28th as a result of an operation in St. Michael's Hospital.

Eileen was born in Morris, Manitoba, but most of her life had been spent in Toronto. St. Joseph's College School claims her as one of its honoured graduates of a few short years ago. After graduation Eileen devoted much time to studying music and was nearing the goal of her B.M. when death called her.

Never unduly carried away by flattery from critics, nor applause from friends, her work was her joy. As an accompanist and soloist Miss Egan was in great demand and generously gave her time and talent, realizing that one's own personality is developed in proportion as one gives oneself to the service of others.

Eileen had a heart of gold, a keen mind, a conscientious devotion to work and a generous, kindly instinct. Those who saw the hopeful graduate of 1922—the dark well-built girl, whose deep yet happy-looking eyes gazed before her with an open, trustful smile, thought she had a long life before her, but God's ways are not ours. He will not allow us to linger too long in the smiling plains below when we have strength to climb higher. Eileen when she realized the gravity of her condition with full consciousness offered the sacrific of her life with complete abnegation and perfect faith. She who had loved God from her earliest days, who from St. Theresa of the Child Jesus had learned the "Little Way" to holy life, feared not death but smilingly and with the child-like confidence of her little patroness, Theresa, answered the Saviour's call—

Upon the Eternal Lamb to ever gaze
To enjoy the everlasting pageantry
With saints and angels singing hymns of praise.



MISS EILEEN EGAN,

Whose death occurred on Tuesday, November 27th, 1928.

To her sorrowing mother and brothers we offer our sincere sympathy, but they have much to comfort them. Eileen's holy death has given them courage to say "Thy Will be done," and that

> " . . . Is the prayer of prayers and how it brings
> When heard in heaven, peace and hope to them.
> When Jesus prayed it, did not angels' wings
> Gleam 'mid the darkness of Gethsemane."

OBITUARY.

We earnestly request the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends: Mr. Bernard Heck, Mr. George Kidd, Mr. Frank Johnston, Mr. James Fullerton, Mr. Thomas Ryan, Mrs. William Hassard, Mr. Auguste Lavery, Mrs. Mary Kormann, Mr. John Keating, Mr. James O'Brien, Mrs. Matthew Sheedy, Mrs. Ellen Thompson, Mrs. Margaret Joyce, Mr. Dennis Driscoll, Mr. Cornelius O'Gorman, Miss Margaret Eileen Egan, Mr. Charles T. Devlin. Judge J. A. Mulligan.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Saturday, October 6th, the annual Mass offered at the beginning of the scholastic year for the students of St. Joseph's College, was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Oliver, B.A., C.S.B., in the chapel on St. Albans street. The Mass was followed by a very impressive sermon addressed to the students and containing some entirely new points for their guidance and consideration.

In the first place the reverend speaker welcomed the new students of St. Michael's College federated with the University, on behalf of the President and College staff, assuring them that they were fortunate in being able to enjoy the advantages which this happy relationship of the University of Toronto with St. Michael's afforded in lecture courses; the use of laboratory equipment and especially in religious influence and instruction. The relationship of the student with the University was pointed out as one of giving and receiving, and in this case as in all others it is better to give than to receive. The influence which the Catholic student exerts upon the University life of his fellow-students outside his own college is deep and far-reaching, springing from the sources of his faith and religious training. Those who strive for the highest of all, namely, the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, they attain these and the lower aims included with them. If the Catholic student is true to the ideals of his faith he need not fear that his influence will be anything but the best, both as to culture of mind and of soul. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you," was the reverend speaker's closing recommendation.

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Following the time-old custom known as far back as the Fourth Century, the Sophs put the Freshettes through their paces, and they were duly initiated into St. Joseph's College.

In view of the great numbers of Freshettes, the Sophs had difficulty in holding their own; but finally, no cosmetics, the back-stairs, one year at College and their super knowledge triumphed. The Freshettes regaled the staff and members of the College with the portrayal of "A Desert Tragedy." But the hit of the evening was the song "The Wearing of the Green," sung by the Freshettes en masse. With the dancing and refreshments which followed, enmities were forgotten, Sophs and Frosh clasping hands in true College spirit.

E. Battle.

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On a Wednesday, early in October, the undergraduates and the faculty of the College set out for St. Joseph's Farm to indulge for a few short hours in the beauties of nature, and in a picnic. On our arrival fires were built and lighted and soon the golden corn was boiling. All were in a jovial mood and fun and jests ensued. After a plentiful supply of corn-on-the cob, sandwiches, tea, cake and fresh water from a bubbling stream, parties set forth on walks through the beautiful woods which surrounded us. All too soon was it announced that we leave for home.

The return walk through the woods was the most delightful part of the outing. The sun was sinking in the West, leaving in its path, streaks of golden glory. The stream, reflecting the sun's rays, flowed along rippling and bubbling below us, and amid a myriad of gaily coloured leaves, we trudged home tired, but thoroughly satisfied that this had been one of the jolliest of our annual Fall outings.

H. Knowlton.

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The girls of St. Joseph's College take this opportunity of thanking Reverend Sister Superior for the delightful party which was given for them on October 15th, the Feast of St. Teresa, one of the patronesses of the Community. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was attended by the students in a body, after which delicious refreshments were served, and

a most enjoyable dance. It was a splendid opportunity for the senior girls to become acquainted with the Freshettes.

D. Greening.

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We are glad to welcome back to lectures our class-mate Julienne Gauthier, who was taken so suddenly and so seriously ill in October. What would Third Year be without our Julienne!

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On the evening of November 17th, Father Bellisle, C.S.B., opened the annual retreat of St. Joseph's College with a short address followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The whirl of the first eight weeks was broken by three days of silence, of quiet and meditation. Under the able guidance of Father Bellisle, life here was viewed in the light of eternity and the questions brought to mind "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" And in the quiet of retreat many a thought arose and grew strong, which perhaps would never have appeared from beneath the turmoil of everyday life.

On the morning of the twenty-first, the closing Mass was celebrated in the Convent Chapel and the Papal Blessing given. The girls of St. Joseph's returned to their work and play with minds refreshed and with renewed eagerness.

J. Farley.

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The preliminary series of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament brought to the fore as St. Joseph's Representatives, Miss Marybel Quinn, '31, and Miss Lorraine Patterson, '32. Both young ladies are to be congratulated on their splendid showing. Miss Quinn's play was a repetition of her fine performance last year, while Miss Patterson's work gives promise of a particularly brilliant future on University Courts. Once more we congratulate both our tennis stars.

C. Hinds.

It is the privilege of the Saint Joseph's College girls to have for their Sunday Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B. His very beautiful and instructive sermons are listened to with great appreciation. We wish to acknowledge our gratitude to Rev. Father McBrady for his kindly interest.

L. Paterson.

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Congratulations to our Freshette, Constance Hinds, who won the Second Carter Scholarship for General Proficiency in Honour Matriculation. Constance is a graduate of Barrie Collegiate Institute, and has now embarked on the Classics Course. If she keeps up her former reputation, we doubt not she will bring honour to St. Joseph's in her University Career.

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The first meeting of the French Club was held at the College on November 27th. The motion, that French should be spoken exclusively at the meetings, was approved. Much enthusiasm is being shown and under the presidency of Miss Julienne Gauthier the club is anticipating a successful year.

P. Bondy.

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On December 11th, the Dramatic Society of the College presented "St. Francis of Assisi," an historical drama, to a delighted audience. Helen Grant, '30, made a very charming and convincing Francis, while Berneta Miller, '32, did full justice to the difficult role of Sir Pietro Bernardone. The Society hopes to give "She Stoops to Conquer" shortly after Christmas.

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"Le Cercle Francais."

"Examinations at the University of Paris are atrocious," said Father Bondy, C.S.B., Ph.D., speaking to "Le Cercle Francais" of St. Joseph's College on Tuesday evening, December 4th. Father Bondy, who is the Honorary President of the club, chose as his subject, "La vie d'un étudiant à Paris." The speaker pointed out that one did not go to the University of

Paris because the professors were superior to those at the University of Toronto, but to absorb the atmosphere.

In speaking of the examinations, Father Bondy remarked on the difficuplty with which a student was successful. The students are subjected to two types of examinations. The first of these is a written test, and those who survive are admitted to an oral examination at which about only one-third are successful.

In France there is only one university recognized by the government. Throughout the whole of France there are colleges of this university established at Lyons, Bordeaux and Montpellier, etc., but the most important branch is the Sorbonne of Paris. This university was begun by Napoleon.

As an example of how a foreign student might spend his leisure moments, Father Bondy pointed out the interesting places that he might visit, the Pantheon, Notre Dame, La Sainte Chapelle, which is noted for having the finest stained glass windows in the world, and which was built in the thirteenth century by Louis IX. He also suggested visiting the Louvre, which contains such famous pictures as "Mona Lisa" and Murello's "Assumption."

Rev. Father L. J. Bondy is a graduate of the University of Toronto, but took his post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins, later going to La Sorbonne, in Paris.



PAUL CLAUDEL, AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE AT WASHINGTON.

Here he appears in full diplomatic regalia, wearing over his right shoulder the cordon of a Commander of the Legion of Honour. Also prominent are the Maltese cross of the Belgian Order of Leopold, which bears the inscription, "L'Union fait la force," and the many-rayed decoration of the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun.

HIS EXCELLENCY, PAUL LOUIS CHARLES CLAUDEL, AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

Great was the privilege enjoyed on November 8th by the students of St. Joseph's College and College School in receiving as guest, during his visit to Toronto, so distinguished a personage as His Excellency, M. Paul Claudel, Ambassador of France at Washington. As poet, dramatist and diplomat the University of Toronto was proud to confer on this world-renowned gentleman the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, but as friend also was he welcome at St. Joseph's, with all the cordiality born of a living appreciation of the nobility of mind and deep sincerity of soul of this gifted Catholic mystic.

M. Claudel was accompanied on his visit to St. Joseph's by the Rev. Dr. Dollard, Rev. Dr. Barcelo and Count Rochereau de la Sabliere, the French Consul at Toronto. The stirring music of "La Marseillaise" greeted their arrival in the hall, where the assembled school awaited them and a hearty "Welcome was sung by the students. An address delivered by Miss Helen Dolan, Arts '31, then followed:

Votre Excellence:—

Dès que l'heureuse nouvelle de votre prochaine visite à Toronto nous fut annoncée, un sentiment de joyeuse attente surgit dans nos jeunes poitrines! Nous étions avides de voir, enfin en personne, non pas un étranger—non!—notre coeur nous poussa à la hardiesse de vous appeler par un nom plus doux—un ami—car, en vous lisant, nous vous avons connu.—nous vous avons aimé!

C'est donc à bras ouverts, que nous accueillons votre Excellence aujourd'hui, et nous, les Elèves du Collége de St. Joseph, nous considérons uniquement privilégiées de recevoir un visiteur aussi distingué que Monsieur Paul Claudel—catholique par excellence, poète doué d'un génie singulier, diplomate habile,—dont la renommée s'étend par tout le monde Chrétien et Littéraire.

En lisant vos écrits, Monsieur Claudel, nos jeunes coeurs

enthousiastes sont émus, et répondent spontanément à l'appel qui s'y trouve, des choses nobles et pures—des causes dignes et suprêmes. Nous sentons affermir en nous la résolution, coûte que coûte, de nous lever jusqu'au plus haut sommet de notre vocation individuelle. Vos paroles, telles que celles que vous avez adressées à Rivière "La Jeunesse n'est pas formée pour le plaisir, mais pour l'héroisme"—nous résonnent dans l'âme—Aussi ne sommes-nous pas charmées autant que relevées par ces lignes mystiques—

"Il est midi. Je vois l'église ouverte. Il faut entrer.
Je n'ai rien à offrir et rien à demander.
Je viens seulement, Mère, pour vous regarder.
Vous regarder, pleurer de bonheur, savoir cela.
Que je suis votre fils et que vous êtes là."

Parmi les incidents de votre carrière remarquable, permettez-nous, votre Excellence, de citer l'évènement qui, comme vous-même nous le dites, "domine toute votre vie—"l'instant mémorable, ce Noël de 1886, où vous fut donné le double don de Dieu—la Foi et l'Art. Dès là, votre grand coeur s'est ouvert à Dieu, et comme Lui, vous le donniez au monde!

Veuillez, cher Monsieur Claudel, nous compter aux rangs toujours croissants de vos admisateurs sympathiques, et soyez à jamais béni pour ce que vous nous avez rapprochées un peu plus de notre Dieu dont vous écrivez:

"Rien n'est trop court pour cet instant de Dieu en nous qui ne peut être divisé.

Gardons ce serment entre nous! scellez-moi de peur que je ne me dissipe.

Humanité de Dieu sur ma langue, consignez mon coeur et mon principe.

En ce Septième Jour que Vous fîtes, Seigneur,

Quel est Votre repos, si ce n'est dans mon coeur?"

En conclusion, Votre Excellence, daignez agréer nos respectueux hommages, et croire aux voeux de succès et bonheur que forment cordialement pour vous.

Les Elèves du Collége de St. Joseph.

His Excellency replied in a few words, first in French, for he said he would fain reply in the language in which he was honoured, and then in English, congratulating the students on the religious advantages to be enjoyed in a College of traditions such as St. Joseph's possesses, and further benefitted by affiliation with the University of Toronto, "one of the finest of its kind in the world."

After the singing of "O Canada" in French by the School, formalities ceased and in the reception which followed, many of the students had the honour of being presented to His Excellency before the exigencies of his programme demanded his departure.

M. Claudel's visit will be long remembered at St. Joseph's as an honour unique as his personality, and quite as inspiring as one of his own graceful poems.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND COLLEGE SCHOOL HEAR RT. REV. MSGR. MORTON.

On the morning of November 4th, as the guest of Monsignor J. J. Blair, who accompanied him, the Right Rev. Msgr. Morton, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Winnipeg; visited St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans Street, where both prelates celebrated Holy Mass. At 2 p.m. a greatly appreciated intellectual treat was afforded the students in Arts, the School, and the Sisterhood, when Monsignor Morton, who is a noted lecturer and a master of literary expression, addressed them in the Auditorium. He chose as his subject one which, he announced, would enable him to keep to generalities, namely the subject of Personality."

Having proposed his subject, the speaker defined it as "the being one's self," and went on to say, "This, like all philosophic definitions sounds very strange, for how could you be any one else, unless you were a magpie?" Continuing, he said: "Now, while you are young, being one's self is a very fine thing; you can plan out all kinds of glorious futures; but when you get old you look back and are disappointed with what you have done.

You may not be satisfied with your personality and may feel that you have not used all the means you had of making yourself all that you could have been. Not one in a thousand rises to his full personality. A spiritual writer has said that Our Blessed Lady was the only one in whom the full personality has been reached.

"We have all certain limitations of size, of age, of talent, of race and these are well and even very good for us; but we should make the best use of our limited capabilities. In this connection it is well to remember that growth takes place only in the early part of life. The body reaches its full growth about eighteen years of age, and after twenty-five there is little more growth of the body, neither does the brain grow then, although it may gain by experience and by exercise, which will make its judgments more safe at sixty than at twenty.

"Two things which influence the formation of our character are heredity and environment. We inherit certain qualities and charactertistics. Science got hold of this idea of heredity and the theory of Evolution is founded upon it, as well as the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence and in some measure the Mendelian theory, which escaped the notice of Charles Darwin.

"The Primary qualities of man are non-moral and beyond our control, e.g., if one is a Negro he cannot alter his colour, he cannot become a Nordic, he has to be content with his lot. The Secondary characteristics do affect the moral sense, but they can be corrected. We should seek to know what our weaknesses are and strive to overcome them. Take the matter of education, if you have a talent for some particular thing, your best policy is develop it, for you will get more profit out of that labour than by wasting your time in attempting something you are unable to do. But withal you must eke out your limitations. It does not do to be a great musician and nothing else. We must make up for our deficiencies by greater effort. So our attitude to heredity is this, that whatever things are forming our character, these things are within our control and it is well worth while to try to regulate and to supply for our

defects. This is a principle recognized by teachers, who will discover for each one of you her abilities and at the same time her defects. You must make up for your deficiencies as well as you can and obliterate them so as to come up to the average.

"Then there is environment. We are constantly thinking the thoughts that are in currency and saying the words that are current instead of the choosing those that are our own and this tendency includes all the prejudices peculiar to a country. No matter what country we are in, we acquire the national bias and we think every other country has unreasonable notions except our own. We also have a religious bias and the bias of our education. This is why Rome is making strenuous efforts for Catholic education. So with regard to environment we have to make allowances for our own prejudices. Thus the conditions and circumstances under which we live affect our personality.

We must have a sound body to have a sound mind. The soul has to work through the body, through the brain. When the body is asleep the brain cannot work rightly. We must keep the body in good condition. For this fresh air, exercise, nutrition are necessary. Self-indulgence will demand a strict payment, but reasonably we must have rest after muscular fatigue. Mental fatigue is different in the cause as in the remedy. The brain is forced in a particular line in the effort to remember, names, formulae, facts. The only way to rest those brain cells is to occupy other brain cells with some hobby. There is another sort of rest required and that is Nerve Rest, which is found in seeking pleasant companionship, agreeable society and not in being alone which gives occasion to brood and grow morbid. The rest for jangled nerves is pleasant company. These are practical hints on rest. The mind will be in good order if you have sense enough to keep the body in order.

"There are certain things peculiar to both soul and body which interfere with our personality, e.g., humours—things that come and go. With a little exercise of will we can overcome these. It is only a weak man who cannot hide his feelings. Besides we have inclinations which are more permanent.

Our friends will tell us these and then we must resist them. We have passions, which tend to make us run mad and if uncontrolled become very terrible things like the inherent rage of the wild beast.

"You will have seen all through, that the personality depends upon the will and that gives us the hint where free will lies. Some suggestions comes into the mind. At first we are free to reject it by getting the will to bring up some other consideration. But if you let the mind dwell on it and think only thoughts relating to it, we get into such a state of passion that the soul becomes powerless to resist. Do not forget that there was a state before the passion was roused, when it was quite within our power to have made other suggestions.

"Thus personality lies within our will and we have the ability to develop it to the utmost, or just a little as we choose. We get power by exercise, by trial, as we learn to work by working and to read by reading. We learn all things by the repetition of acts until the habit is formed. Take this lesson home, that you have to train your will and exercise it daily that it may become the master in its own house."

Monsignor Morton, graduate of science of London University, England, is not only a learned but also a very attractive lecturer, who can embellish his discourse with apt illustrations and humorous examples. He was gracefully introduced to the audience by Msgr. Blair, who at the close of the lecture also offered a vote of thanks on behalf of those present.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

"Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven.
With the Moon's beauty and the Moon's soft peace—"

These two lines express in just so many words the spirit of the man Spenser and the atmosphere of his "Faerie Queene." Throughout his entire life Edmund Spenser was either elevated in rapture, or very much on earth—a disillusioned mortal. This moodiness was part of his nature, essentially amourous, nervous, irritable and above all, ambitious. He was almost certainly of humble origin and his literary bent caused him much suffering, for the greater part of his life was spent striving after preferments which he rarely obtained. Despite his changeable moods, however, he was a steadfast friend and remained loyal to his patrons throughout his entire life. This appears strange when one considers that neither Leicester nor Gray were the characters he painted them, but perhaps his very complex nature will account for his evident blindness. Critics to-day, however, refuse to believe him unaware of the existing conditions of his time. Despite his keen susceptibility to beauty and love and the delicacy, "maidenliness" and idealism of his artistic temperament he had the qualities of a practical man. He studied the art of flattery for advancement's sake. The perception of the defects of the world he lived in made him, not only discontented, but a sharp critic of men and manners. He disapproved of society, yet yearned after it. How, then, can we reconcile his extravagant pictures of Queen Elizabeth with his indignant attitude towards the failings of his age. The truth is that Literature had a hard struggle at the beginning of Queen Bess' reign and Spenser sacrificed his convictions to diplomacy. Almost with absurdity he gives way to extremes of lyrical madness in praise of her, thanking her for things she did, and did not do, yet in his heart justifying himself with the thought that she is, after all, merely an ideal figurehead. This interpretation, luckily, never entered Eliza-

beth's head (else he had lost his)—Spenser's perpetual dignity and almost sober cheerfulness belied his ironical tendencies.

Nevertheless, his character itself only indirectly affected his fame. The key to his poetry is in his imaginings for his genius is best seen in his impersonal works—the record of his dreams, not of his doings. At the same time, no poet was more a courtier and in his masterpiece, the "Faerie Queene," which he considered, bespoke the ideal Knight.

One may consider this work from many aspects: pictorial, moral or literary. The first of these is the outstanding one. The whole work is so dominated by the magnificence of the imagery that we form the opinion that Spenser's method was to tell a story by way of pageantry. In this he resembles Ariosto, whom he surpassed in form and feeling. A picture such as the procession of the Seven Deadly Sins gives evidence of his tremendous power. We could almost paint it in every detail so minute is his description. Imagination and observative ability blend with a certain poetic spirit to produce scenes which vie with the works of painters and poets of all time. Can we imagine anything more detailed or effective than his portrait of the Dragon? or of the Knight in the Cave of Error? The story itself takes so little hold that his extraordinary power of impressing the eye makes itself exquisitely felt.

"Spenser's Fairyland" is a realm of dreams. With no effort whatsoever he transports us into a vague country where there are no towns and little bustle of life. In this faraway land the wildest fancies are at home. Romances of chivalry harmonize with legends, classical myths and allegories, having no other unifying force than the same subtle thread which binds our dreams together—the fact that there is present, more or less, at each episode, one single person. (In dreams it is usually the Ego, here it is Prince Arthur). Scarcely realizing it, we advance, following the frail narrative, sustained by the calm monotony of the stanza which echoes Spenser himself. It is the Italian "Ottava rima" with the added Alexandrine which seems to give an odd conclusive tone to each few paces in our march. From plain, to wood, to castle we

wander, and then on—, slowly, dreamily, as if through some quaint, faraway age. This sense of the medieval is intensified by the use of archaic words and phrases. It almost seems as if, to preserve its atmosphere one ought still to print it in old characters. Was it Spenser's chief object to make this impression? We realize that it was not, for a quick survey of the poem reveals its allegorical nature. It is easily seen to be a satire on Spenser's whole age—generally and particularly. First, Prince Arthur and Gloriana represent Magnificence and Glory, and the Red Cross Knight typical Holiness. In the particular allegory the Prince is Leicester, Gloriana Queen Elizabeth and the Knight Sir Philip Sidney. This special point presents great opportunity for further development, but is really of only secondary importance. To-day we do not appreciate Spenser's references to English society and we find our greatest enjoyment in the purely literary aspects of the masterpiece which gave him second place among the authors of his time and ensured him of posterity's continued recognition. Its wandering atmosphere and plastic beauty remind one of Ariosto, but his very earnestness raises him higher than the great Italian, so that it remained only for Milton to reconcile beauty with virtue.

Had he lived Spenser might have produced something which would have had more Essence, but he could never have surpassed himself in colour or spirit. His word pictures are perfect, filling us with a delight in beauty which even his more grotesque scenes do not mar, and the free, musical, soothing rhythm of his verse adds that sense of remoteness which is so much a part of it all. Anyone who has read the Faerie Queene refrains from pointing out its weaker points. It pleases, and that is enough.

Helen Grant, '30.

The Hour Glass

Sitting before the hour-glass of the year,
I feel its running sand bewitch my eyes:
As in a dream, time's wingèd feet I hear
Crossing the hushèd skies.

Once, when the months were young, how calm and slow
The moments went upon their leisured way:
Ah; then I thought the sand was loth to go,
For time was fain to stay.

When Summer dallying came, and every Now
Seemed fixed in its place of haunted spell,
The trancèd Hour-glass seemed to know not how
To serve two masters well.

When Autumn came with fevers and delays,
And life stood shivering in the Winter blast,
The Hour-glass speeded on the laggard days,
And bade the sand run fast.

Now as the tired days face the final rush,
The Hour-glass measures true their eager tread;
But soon the sand will cease in the soft hush
That cries: The year is dead.

Then I shall feel Time's Spirit standing here,
Turning my Hour-glass in his shadow hand—
Setting a-going for one other year,
The pendulum of sand.

—Selected.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN ALSACE.

There is a sweet witchery all its own hovering about the New Year Tide as the mists that dream and linger in the hidden places of the hills. Perchance it is as the meeting ground of dear memories of past days and wistful hopings for the "things to come" that so many of the fairy folk of legend's lore gather within its borders. From the rich vintage of the tales of old Alsace comes the strange and appealing figure of the Lady in White to join this throng.

Fertile and fair are the fields of Alsace, but the heart of Alsace beats behind the bulwarks of her hills. Above the vineyards spread along their slopes, above the pine-clad ridges, proud and noble still the ruined castles stand out, sharp against the sky—mute memorials of past days, oppression stained. Among the broken arches of once-festive halls bats flutter in the musky darkness. Only the silver lances of the moon glance now, where once there gleamed the lances of princes. Yet, their history is not ended—for legend clothes them once again with living power. It is one of the castles which provides a setting for the story of the Lady in White. Once in the year, on New Year's Eve, when the wind moans down from the mountains and whistles up from the vales, at the mystic hour of midnight, when the dirge of the Old Year trembles into the melody of the birth song of the New, she comes from the depths of the darkness to walk upon the broken battlements. Draped in garments of purest white, she gains the highest turret, and stands there, poised upon its summit, gazing over the length and breadth of her dear land. Before her is unrolled the story of the future—the joys and sorrows, triumph and despair, the gay, gray, wistful, lovely things that make up "A New Year." M.D.C.

EXCHANGES

The Gothic.

To describe one's first and general impression of the "Gothic" as "favourable," is to throw a cloak over its merits. The "Gothic" is thoroughly enjoyable in all its articles. It is filled with the spirit of earnest and enthusiastic contributors who put into it—themselves.

The "Promenade" is a bright spot. The cleverly intermingled and varied "notes," plus trite comments give a clear idea of events around the seminary. "Jazz and Funerals," treats a modern in a peculiar way, yet, upon examination, it lacks rather than possesses that flippancy one might expect to find. There is a serious thought presented in a way which "takes."

"George Arliss and the Merchant of Venice" is an instructive criticism. Under the pen of Mr. Deimel the "Graduates Abroad" are not merely enumerated; each has his personality. The whole tone of the "Gothic" convinces one that it is fulfilling its purpose, "To further the literary development of Sacred Heart Seminary."

L. A. Driscoll, '29.

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St. Mary's College Review.

We have read with great pleasure the extremely interesting magazine from St. Mary's College. There are many articles which attracted attention, among the first being "The Race of Life" by Duncan Shanahan, which is concerned with those four destroyers of the human race—war, pestilence, famine and death. The prize-winning speech on "harmful literature" seems to have well merited its award, as it covers this absorbing question most expertly. We were especially impressed with the space devoted to short stories, as there seems to be many well deserving of honourable mention—"Abandoned" and

"The Priest of White Horse" by Thos. J. Greene, are foremost among these. There are some poems of quite exceptional merit also—"The Daddy of a Priest" is a touching appeal for help in the education of the priesthood. There appears to be an adequate space reserved for the review of college activities and events, oratorical contests, debates, etc., and also for the class groups. But we were somewhat surprised to find no Alumni notes. Surely it might be of interest to the students to know what those educated under the same excellent auspices as themselves have been able to accomplish.

Best of luck, then, to that excellent College periodical—"St. Mary's College Review."

Dorothy Enright, '29.

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Loyola College Review.

We have read few Reviews which proved as interesting and instructive as the "Loyola College Review," combining as it does the various phases of student-life with topics of general interest—and welding the two into a well-balanced literary magazine. The articles and poems are really excellent and bespeak the character and ability of the student body. We like the caricatures of the graduating year and the Introduction of the Freshmen. The editors are to be congratulated on the general excellence of the Review. We wish them the continued success which the past achievements portend.

K. Kernahan, '29.

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The "Loria."

The "Loria," St. Joseph's College, Brooklyn, an exceptionally well-written magazine, holds in our estimation a high place in the ranks of student publications. The short stories are light, interesting and hold passages of beautiful description. "There Was a Man" portrays a very lovable and human

character in a realistic manner and the description of the tramp in "The Road of Life" shows keen observation of human nature. The editorials are well adapted to a College journal; their style is clear and concise, and the subjects chosen are closely related to undergraduate life. The presence of so many and such delightful poems is noteworthy. These poems are little gems of description, bright with color and quite original. The College Calendar gives us an insight into the many and varied diversions of an active student body. Best wishes for your future success, "Loria," and may we see you again.

Loretto Breen, '29.

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The "Delescope."

The September-October number of the "Delescope," issued by De La Salle Collegiate, is an interesting representation of the school's activities.

The editorials and clever short stories are well written and we are sure greatly appreciated by all "Del" readers.

Sports and Humour form the lighter vein of the magazine. Sports are given a justly prominent place and the keen wit, and true sense of humour assure us that the boys are not at all lacking in eutrapelia.

B. Simpson, '30.

COLLEGE-SCHOOL NOTES

For some time, basket-ball, badminton and other indoor sports have been very popular with the girls of St. Joseph's College-School. Now a class of resident pupils are attending a series of swimming lessons.

As in the past, will we not all join in wishing the girls success in their new line of athletics?

Estelle Desormeaux, Form III.B.

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FIELD DAY.

The most important day in the fall term, the day that every one looks forward to with eager anticipation, is our Annual Field Day. In the morning one can see hurrying girls making their way towards the various booths with pins, scissors, streamers and even ladders. Then the great change takes place. By one o'clock the grounds are gay with vari-coloured booths with willing girls behind them ready to tempt you with all kinds of goodies.

Every class has its athletes up to the mark so that the many races; sack, coat, three-legged, track and dashes were very close. The resident pupils at last had the joy of carrying off the basket-ball pennant from their friendly rivals, the Day Scholars. Form II.A proudly displays the Volley-Ball Pennant and Form I.A the one for Soft-Ball.

All were delighted that the proceeds were so large, as it helped to defray the expenses of our new clay court of which we are justly proud.

A vote of thanks was extended to our mistress, teachers, and all who helped to make our Field Day such a wonderful success.

Dorothy Chambers, Form II.A.

The annual election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held on Sunday, September 30th, with the following result:

President—Miss Margaret Ryan.
Vice-President—Miss Mary O'Brien.
Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Anne Morin.
Choristers—Misses Estelle Desormeaux and Helen Quilty.
Councillors—Misses Marjorie Masters, Genevieve McManus, Minerva McCarthy, and Aurley Way.
Sacristan—Miss Emily Bogue.

Many of the new resident pupils are not yet enrolled in Our Lady's Sodality. These young ladies are looking forward to the privilege of being received as members on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Annie Morin, Form III.A.

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On Tuesday morning, October second, the spacious auditorium of St. Joseph's College-School was filled to capacity by the senior pupils of the Academy, when it was their great privilege to be addressed by the Reverend Father Cornish, who conducted the Novena of the Little Flower at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

In his own charming way the Reverend Speaker portrayed the picture of a convent graduate. She should, he said, be the ideal woman in her particular state in life, showing by her mode of living that she profited by the lessons given her by the holy women, who devote their lives to the religious and moral training of the young.

He warned us of the scandal given by convent girls who do not live up to the ideals placed before them and who, after having left school, are a disappointment to their parents and the world around them. Father here told us of a sad, but striking story of a scandal aroused by an unfaithful convent graduate and to what it led.

In strong terms, he condemned the fashion in dress and the

customs of the day. If in doubt as to the propriety of certain practices, he advised us to pause and reflect for a moment and to ask ourselves what Our Blessed Lady would do in like circumstances.

Father Cornish earnestly recommended the recital of three Hail Marys before our work and in all important undertakings. Time has proved that those who practice this devotion obtain many blessings—and their labours are crowned with success.

In conclusion, the Reverend Speaker exhorted us to be true in after life to God and to ourselves—to be women of culture, faithful to duty, and to be an honour to Our Church and dear St. Joseph's.

Mary Timmins, Commercial Class.

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Our students of the Art Department have again had the privilege of visiting a number of Exhibitions which have been on display at the Ontario Art College. Beautiful Oil Paintings by Corot, Collet, Comfort, Gaghon and "The Elevation of the Cross" by Rubens, were among the many attractions.

On another occasion a few of our class enjoyed a lecture given by Lawrence Smith on Batik work. It proved most interesting and we learned of its origin and viewed a practical demonstration of the work by the lecturer himself.

On Saturday, October 20th, a number of our youthful artists tried the examination for a scholarship at the Ontario Art College. The Misses Dorothy Chambers, Rosemary McCormick, Geraldine O'Brien and Jean Trumphour were among the lucky winners. Over two hundred students tried the examination and we are proud to claim four scholarships for our school.

Adele McGuane.

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At the annual election of officers of the Holy Angel Sodality the following students were elected:

President—Agnes Fischer.
Vice-President—Eileen Phelan.
1st Councillor—Aileen Conlin.
2nd Councillor—Freda Horgan.
3rd Councillor—Brenda Kidd.
4th Councillor—Elsie Boutin.

An impressive ceremony was held in the Convent Chapel, Sunday, October 21st, when a number of the pupils were received into the Holy Angel Sodality. After the singing of "Come Holy Ghost," the aspirants to membership recited their Act of Consecration after which Rev. Father Kehoe, O.C.C., invested them with the badge and medal of the Sodality. The members previously enrolled renewed their promises to be faithful in their practice of fidelity. The ceremony closed with the singing of "Bless Me, Befriend Me."

Margaret Ryan, Form IV.

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The Resident pupils of St. Joseph's spent a pleasant Hallowe'en in dancing, singing and telling stories. A large pumpkin with weird eyes and grinning mouth was set up on the stage, and before this odd spectre, a scene was enacted, and a ghost story told with only the soft, mellow glow of the pumpkin to light up. Elsie Boutin gave a good imitation of a Spanish dance, Victoria Fleming gracefully toe-danced, "Fairies in the Woods," and the "Sailors' Hornpipe." Daisy Callaghan and Agnes Ryan sang while Margaret Finucan presided at the piano. And last, but not least, Mary Timmons and Mary O'Brien told our fortunes—much to our delight or disgust. At the close of the entertainment refreshments were served. Needless to say we all enjoyed our Hallowe'en Party.

Celine LaFayette, Commercial Class.

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On Thursday evening, November 1st, the Sisters and Resident Pupils of St. Joseph's were delightfully entertained by six of Miss Beatrice Conway's chosen elocution pupils.

For more than an hour the audience listened to the youthful artists, all of whom exhibited much talent. Master Ralph Robinson, aged six, deserves special mention, as he was the only gentleman on the programme and proved himself a very clever elocutionist.

We are grateful to Miss Conway for the pleasant evening she afforded us and we trust she will favour us again in the near future.

Mary Mickles, Form III.B.

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Students' Retreat at St. Joseph's.

The young ladies of St. Joseph's College-School are, each year, provided a few days' respite from regular duties, to be spent in a spiritual Retreat, that they may not, in the midst of manifold distractions lose sight of "the one thing necessary."

These precious days were spent this year from Thursday, November 22nd, to Monday, November 26th, under the guidance of Rev. J. E. Burke, C.S.P., and the many students who availed themselves of the privilege of making this Retreat consider themselves very greatly favoured to have been in charge of this able Retreat Master, who has, in so attractive a way, given them many practical means of attaining sanctity in whatever paths their lives may tend.

The Retreat closed with the Reception of the Papal Blessing and the ceremony of Consecration to Our Blessed Lady, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The evident happiness of the students testified to the success of these days of special grace.

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Crusade Activities at St. Joseph's High School.

Mission work began in St. Joseph's High School towards the end of September. Representatives were elected in each class and there followed a general renewal of missionary zeal.

Fourth Form began to collect material support by holding a candy sale. The Commercial class took up the work in October. Besides a candy sale active members supplied valuable articles for chances. Third Form decided to hold a bazaar and all spare moments were spent in devising novelties which might attract their fellow pupils. The bazaar proved a decided success.

The Junior Forms report mission days held regularly while the halls sometimes resound with the Crusade Hymn which is being practised. We hear rumors of a missionary play being composed in the Second Form and on the whole we consider ours a live unit.

Phyllis Coward, Form III.

CANADA'S TREASURES.

A FEW short years ago this magnificent Canada of ours lay trembling on the open palm of the Iroquois, dreading the fatal clasp of those long, dark fingers that would crush the sap of life from her very soul. The Redskin, tracking the caribou and deer, and shooting the rapids of the mighty rivers, did not dream of the wealth of treasures that lay beneath his touch. Nor did he see, as his fine, dark eyes were lifted from the camp-fire to scan the distant misty hills, the shining minerals below the soil.

With the coming of the white man,—first scorned as a weakling by the valiant Indian, then feared as a conqueror—a new and radiant morn dawned for Canada. Many years—nay, many centuries—were to pass ere even he realized the Eldorado he had attained, but he showed appreciation of the vast forests filled with game; of the rivers teeming with fish. His beauty-loving eye gazed out over the rolling prairie and his heart filled with rapture—all, all was his!

For a long while Canada lay as a Sleeping Beauty, unconscious of the panorama she was soon to display. But she was to awaken. Her Prince Charming had come. Because he was troubled for a brief time by the briers did not mean that he would not reach the inner chamber.

The span of two decades—ordinarily but an overnight in the life of a nation—has witnessed the virtual re-casting of Canada's industrial and commercial character, and the emergence of the Dominion from comparative obscurity to a position of modest, but real consequence in the field of international trade. The delayed exploitation of the vast areas of wheat lands in Western Canada, and of pulpwood lands in Eastern Canada has been mainly responsible for the fact that the Dominion, as a whole, is really much younger commercially than politically. The new century brought an abrupt departure from the steady, but moderate pace of national de-

velopment. The ensuing years saw millions of acres placed under cultivation in the prairies of Western Canada. Later in the East, they witnessed the remarkably rapid expansion of the pulp and paper industry, which converted an immense area of pulpwood forest into a leading commercial asset. These were merely two outstanding features of widely distributed advance in Canadian industry.

Agriculture is the economic heart of Canada. Among the natural resources of the Dominion arable lands stand unrivalled. The distribution of these lands is such that Canada possesses, not an unbroken belt, but a series of agricultural areas between Prince Edward and Vancouver Islands, characterized by diversity of contour, soil, and climate, and by corresponding variety of crop production. In tapping the fertility of the prairies, what merely commenced a fresh career of accomplishment, by virtue of which it richly merits the title of economic fairy to the industrial and commerial life of Canada. Some of the outstanding products are potatoes, oats and hay. The future of the live stock industry promises well. Milch cows, horses, sheep and swine are raised in large numbers. As a consequence the dairying industry has reached an advanced state of development. Fruit farming and poultry husbandry also hold an important place in agricultural activities.

Forest areas rank second only to arable lands among the basic resources of Canada, and forest industries have been surpassed by agriculture alone in mothering commercial growth. The Province of British Columbia contains over two-thirds of the merchantable saw-timber of Canada. The forest here is almost entirely coniferous and made up chiefly of Douglas fir, western cedar, spruce, and western hemlock. The remarkable growth of Canada's export trade in the products of the forest industries, has been due mainly to pulpwood products rather than to those of saw-timber. The pulp and paper industry has been built upon trade abroad, and owes its exceptional advance to the demands of the United States market with its huge consumption of newsprint and other paper.

Canada, occupying the northern half of North America, shares in the possession of enormous resources of coal, in large resources of low grade ores, and it is confidently hoped in great potential resources of oil. Long before the exceptional production stimulated by the War, the Dominion had become the world's principal source of nickel, asbestos, and Cobalt, and an important producer of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, and a number of the rarer metals. The mining areas of the Klondike, Sudbury, Cobalt, Porcupine and Kirkland Lake have become familiar in the world's mineral markets.

The industrial structure of Canada rests in an uncommon degree upon the utilization of water power. The extension of this industry has been notable with regard both to the rate of development, and the diversity of the field which it serves. It is an important and extremely fortunate fact that a large amount of the accessible water power is situated in the "acute fuel zone," a territory stretching for about one thousand miles east and west, and centering upon the Great Lakes where native coal is neither conveniently nor economically available. Power rivers are distributed between the provinces in such a way as to better industrial situations. Among those prominent in the East are the St. Lawrence, Saguenay, St. Maurice, and Ottawa.

Canada is singularly well endowed with fishery resources, not only on the Atlantic, but also on the Pacific coast, and inner fresh-water areas. Canada possesses fisheries of exceptional value. While they do not rival the agricultural, forest or mineral resources in their contribution to the monetary sum of primary production, they form, nevertheless, a natural asset of the first order. The most important species of the yield are cod, haddock, halibut, salmon, mackeral and flounder. The "Great Banks" of Newfoundland are especially noted for cod. The canning of fish, a highly estimated branch of the industry, is carried on throughout the Dominion.

Indelibly associated with the earlier periods of Canadian history, fur resources merit a rank among the natural assets of the Dominion, immeasurably higher than is suggested solely

by the currency value of the fur trade. It was the quest for fur that led the explorer over a great portion of the territory now embraced by the Dominion, and for several centuries the fur trade played a unique role in shaping political as well as economic development. With the coming of the settler, the lumberman, and the miner, the fur trader has long since lost his commercial pre-eminence, but Canada is still conspicuous among fur-producing countries. The beaver is the most renowned Canadian fur-bearer, although the muskrat is taken in much greater numbers and vies with the former in value of animal yield. Marten, mink, fox, fisher, otter, and ermine are trapped in large numbers. The range of fur resources also includes many less prominent species.

In her evolution Canada has proved herself a true child of Great Britain, having spread rapidly from a small settlement to a broad Confederation. She is indeed now a Queen among the colonies, and gives the Mother heart joy as she looks upon the many successes accorded to this, the fledgling of her flock, for:

"There is a glory in completed life,
In rich fruition, and achievement gained,
In sweet harmonious refuge after strife—
The glory of an evening crimson stained.
But there is equal wonder at the spring,
And at the heart of youth, aflame with fire,
And at the joyous paean of that choir
Who, in the chancel of the morning, sing,
And at the new-born moon, and April showers,
And buds that light the tapers of rich flowers."

Angela Preu,
St. Joseph's College School, Form IV.

A LEGEND.

When the Holy Family was fleeing from the Wicked Herod, they came one morning to a field of newly-sown wheat. To cross it, instead of following the long road, meant a great saving of time. St. Joseph asked the owner of the field if he would allow them to do so, as they were in danger from an enemy who pursued them.

The man was indignant at the request of this poor looking traveller and was about to refuse. But his eyes fell on the Lady, and the Child she held in her blue cloak, and at once he bowed low before them, giving his consent and bidding them hurry, hurry, lest perhaps their enemy overtake them.

St. Joseph led the little ass off the road into the field, and the man stood and watched the little group passing over his field, their figures bathed in light from the morning sun. And lo, as they went and he still watched them—the little ass picking its way carefully through the thick soil as if it wished to carry gently the Treasure of the World; the man looking back fearfully now and then, as if he feared the enemy had overtaken them and would steal their Treasure; the woman bending her head to whisper to the Child—the farmer saw the wheat springing up, and up, and grew tall, and taller, until it hid the little group from his sight. A field of wheat with ripening ears nodding in the gentle morning breeze was spread between him and them.

As he stood, bewildered, a troop of soldiers rode up. The leader of the band gruffly accosted him and bade him tell them quickly if perchance he had seen any travellers pass that way—a man, a woman and a Child; the woman riding an ass, the Child hidden in her mantle.

"Yes," said the man, "I saw them," and his eyes held a strange light.

"When? Where? Which way did they go?"

The man seemed dazed, the impatient leader sought to hurry him.

"Dolt! Answer me. Which way did they go? When did you see them?"

"They passed this way when I had just sown the wheat you see before you," the man made answer, and his voice was hushed, awed, as if he told a wonderful secret that no man yet had heard.

"Stupid! That wheat is ready for the harvest. The people we want left the city but yester e'en."

They clattered away. The wheat had hidden the Christ Child from His enemies.

When the farmer gathered the wonderful wheat that had grown and ripened in an hour, he found on every grain the tiny imprint of hoof—the hoof of the little ass. And from that day to this every grain of wheat is marked with the tiny hoof print to remind us of the kindness of the wheat, and the work of the little ass. Run out and get a grain and see for yourself.

The field of wheat hid Jesus, so the old legend tells us. In Holy Communion He still hides Himself under the veils of wheaten bread.

TRAVELLING TO-DAY AND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Grandmother, here is my license as an air pilot; I just now received it," joyously shouted Anne as she mounted the stairs to her Grandmother's apartment.

"Dear me," sighed her Grandmother, "to think that I should live to see the day when people would be flying around in the air!"

"Grandmother, tell me how you used to travel in your youth; I love to listen to your stories," coaxed Anne, settling herself at her Grandmother's feet with her head resting on her lap. "In my youth there was little travelling except on very necessary business or other important matters, and travelling took so long. Now you only have to step on the train and be at your destination in a few hours, while long ago, all travelling was done in stage coaches or the like, over terrible roads that shook you and jolted you so that you were nearly always laid up for a while after you reached your destination.

"Progress was slow, and at every town the horses would have to be changed. To-day you never see a horse used for travelling purposes, unless in the country or in the West. Here you just travel around in high-powered cars.

"Look at your boats, they go so fast. Long ago we had only sailing vessels. They were used even to cross the ocean. There were terrible storms. The waves would lash right up over the decks. In those days the boats had to wait for a favorable wind and weather to start. Now the steamers wait for nothing and start out regardless of the weather.

"Aeroplanes! It would make your ancestors turn in their graves if they ever thought you would be flying around in the air. Half our fun in the winter was to go on dog-sleds. We used to organize parties and go in the sleds over the snow. Often when going through a drift, the sled would tip over and we would be tumbled out into the snow. In the summer, it was horse-back riding. We were all great horsewomen. I remember once my horse took fright and ran away. I hung

on for dear life till your grandfather rescued me. Tony was the horse's name. He was a beauty, coal black with a white nose. There goes the bell to dress for dinner, so I must stop. It has been so interesting recalling old memories that I did not notice the time," mused Mrs. Slater in a dreamy voice.

"It has been very interesting to me, Grandmother, and times certainly have changed. Everything is so fast and comfortable now while everything was discomfort years ago. Many thanks, Grandmother," replied Anne as she skipped off to dress for dinner.

Nora Welsh, Form III.

HOPE.

Hope, ah! she's a lovely fairy
Flitting as a dream,
Ever shining, ever brilliant
Like the rainbow sheen.

Beautiful as morning sunrise
Lightsome as the dew,
Drawn from out of Heaven's bosom
Hope, that's you.

Muriel Brockelhurst,
Form I.C.

CRISTOBAL.

You ask me for a Christmas story. I shall tell you one which I read when a child, one which has lingered in my memory and whose impression is deepened each year when on Christmas evening I repeat it to my friends.

Long ago in Burgundy there lived a lad named Cristobal. His large dark eyes were as beautiful and as bright as the stars, but alas, sightless.

He had not always been blind, as perhaps a wild and passionate lad named Jasper, might have told you. On a certain Christmas evening a merry boy was little Cristobal as he pattered along to Church carrying his Christmas candle of various colours. A new painting of the Holy Child had just been hung in the church. Cristobal looked at this picture with reverent delight, and to his surprise, the Holy Child returned his gaze; wherever he went, the sweet, sorrowful eyes followed him, as though they wished to say something.

After the midnight Mass was ended the people went home. In great haste Cristobal, eager to see what the Yule-tide might have in store for him, rushed out of the church with careless speed, stumbling over a boy, who stood in his way,—the naughty, impudent Jaspar. Jasper's beautiful Christmas candle was cracked in many pieces by his fall. In his anger he dealt Cristobal fierce, merciless blows.

It was then that Cristobal's eyes went out like falling stars. Their lustre and beauty remained, but they were empty caskets, their vision gone. Poor Cristobal never hoped to see again. He carried in his mind, pictures of familiar scenes and faces, but oftenest came Jasper's face as he had last seen it. Only one charm could dispel the horror of it,—the remembrance of the beautiful child in the church. A whole year had passed away and it was Christmas-tide again. Everyone seemed merry, but Cristobal. He had stolen out of the room to muse over his troubles, in solitude, when a beautiful Child appeared to him, the Little Jesus of the picture on the church wall.

He comforted Cristobal and told him how He had watched him in the church a year ago. When Cristobal asked Him what He had wanted to say to him, He answered, "Only this, little brother, are you ready for Christmas?" Cristobal told Him how his eyes were sore and burning, from blindness, and his heart was sore and burning from hatred of Jasper.

Then the Little Jesus gave him for a Christmas gift ten golden words, "Pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you."

From then on, Cristobal forgave Jasper and wanted to help him. That night he walked in the procession, but on the way to church shouts of "Fire" were heard. He was at the count's house and everyone was safe except Jasper, who was crying in vain from the third story, because nobody would venture up the ladder.

Then Cristobal prayed to the Holy Child to let him see and save Jasper. At once the iron band fell from his vision and with supernatural strength he tore away from the people and rushed up the ladder. Heedless of his scorched arms, he bore the half-conscious Jasper down the ladder and was received with shouts of joy.

Jasper could hardly express his thanks for Cristobal's wonderful deed of love. But Cristobal told Jasper of the Holy Child and said, "thank the Little Jesus, and when he comes next year to ask what feelings we hold in our hearts, let us both be ready for Christmas."

Doris Brown,
Form III., S.J.H.S.

A TRIP ACROSS ONTARIO LAKE.

The telegram came about ten o'clock. Helen was giving a small informal dance and wanted me to go over for the week-end. Her brother, Harold, was in the city on business and I could cross the lake with him.

All day long the sun had been beating mercilessly on the hot pavements, and playing havoc on my nerves, so with a prayer of thanksgiving I welcomed the slight breeze which rose about four. I was to meet Harold about five, so I had to change into a soft little white dress.

My brother called for me in his smart, low, yellow roadster, and we fairly flew down to the docks, where Harold was pacing up and down in not very patient expectation. He went on board and found two cozy deck chairs in the prow of the boat. The wind had been steadily rising, and it was quite necessary to wrap in a soft woolly coat which I had with me.

After getting seated, we began to examine our surroundings. There was hustling and bustling everywhere. The wharf was simply crowded with people—rich Americans returning from a month spent in the wilds of Northern Ontario, poor shop girls seeking some refreshment after a busy day's work, sophisticated cosmopolitans whose trunks were brightly labelled: "Shanghai," "Vienna," "London," "Cairo,"—a band of boy scouts, and their patrol leader crossing to the camp at Fort Niagara.

The shout of "All Aboard" arose and the gang planks were drawn in. The heart of the great boat began to beat, smoke rose from the huge red and black smoke-stacks. Slowly we glided out of the bay into the sparkling waters of Lake Ontario. Don Romanelli's dance orchestra was on board, and strains of popular music drifted up from the lower deck.

Graceful white sea-gulls hovered around the boat, swooping down to pick up tid-bits thrown overboard by the passengers. Swift sail-boats skimmed over the surface of the lake headed from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Centre Island.

Bright sea-fleas flew past, seeming scarcely to touch the water. They were practising for the race for the Canadian Championship which was to be held the following week.

The land had now disappeared from sight. A sister boat sailing past blew a deep blast of greeting. A sailor standing on the forecastle began to signal in Morse Code. This seemed quite romantic to me, but I was disillusioned when Harold explained that he was merely saying that the two sacks of potatoes which had disappeared from the hold were found.

The captain took the wheel to guide the boat safely into the channel leading into the Niagara River, which is very narrow and winding. Steep hills arose abruptly from both shores. On the left was the United States, on the right Canada. Brock's monument towered on Queenston Heights. Cars could be seen driving along a tree-bordered road on the American side.

The sun, a great orange ball, sank slowly in the west. Purple shadows enveloped the hills. Lights appeared here and there on the shore. One by one the stars began to twinkle in the sky, until the deep blue vault of heaven was lit by myriads of tiny golden lamps.

A yacht strung with gaily-coloured lanterns swung into sight. The sound of laughter and song rose to our ears, but faded away as we turned a bend in the river. The boat stopped to load on a cargo of peaches, which would eventually become delicious peche melbas under the skilful directions of the chef at the Statler.

Soon we docked at Lewiston, where Helen met us with the car, and we quickly drove through sweet-scented orchards, and sleepy towns until we reached their summer home just outside of Buffalo. There we spent half the night planning for a glorious week-end.

Irene Baxter,
Form V.

MY BOOK SHELF.

In a quiet, secluded nook, on the top floor of our house, is my book shelf. The shelf itself is not imposing, nor are the books a costly or valuable collection. But the memories of the happy hours I have spent in this spot, make it dearer to me than the most magnificent book shelf in the world.

The shelf is made of wood and designed to fit into the corner. It is brown and old and shabby, and one would scarcely deem it worthy of mention, but on this little old shelf are my best friends, and greatest treasures.

I have sorted out my books and left only those around with which are linked precious memories. On one part I have placed my earliest books. One of these has rumpled pages which eager little hands have turned many times and on which eager eyes often sought the brightly coloured pictures. This book is just a volume of fairy tales, but it conveys to me happy memories of my carefree childhood.

Next is a book dusty, and little used, for somehow ever since the day when my little playmate was killed, and my tears dropped so freely on its pages, I have never been able to remove it from its resting place. I feel it would be like breaking a sacred trust.

An old, green-covered book comes next. It contains the lives of The Saints; and the evidence of the many quiet Sunday afternoons I have spent in its company is shown in its worn appearance.

Here, also, I keep treasured volumes of Tennyson, Longfellow, Keats and Browning. Their poems appeal to my more serious moods. Several little leather-bound volumes reveal themselves as Shakespeare's plays and Scott's "Lady of the Lake" also take their place on my shelf.

Many worn and ragged books contain thrilling accounts of Adventures in the West, and on the high seas, in the days of sailing vessels. I can even now recall how intense was my

excitement as I eagerly traversed their worn pages, tracing stories of western stampedes, or pirate lore.

Last, but not least, on my book shelf come several volumes by my favorite authoress, L. M. Montgomery. Perhaps my favorite book is one by her entitled, "Rilla of Ingleside." How often have I wept with her in her sorrows, rejoiced with her in her little pleasures and thrilled with her at the low spoken words of her lover," Rilla-my-Rilla." In this book I see a vivid picture of the horrors of war, and the noble sacrifice of Canada's sons.

Beside my book shelf is a cozy chair from where I can command a splendid view of the surrounding country. Not once, but many times, have I dozed to sleep in its comfortable depths. No outsider can ever realize the importance to me of this little corner. Almost before I could understand their significance, I delighted in stealing away and reading my treasured volumes. They seemed to sympathize in my sorrows, and rejoice at my happier moments.

To a casual visitor my book shelf would appear nothing more than an old shelf, with a few old, worn books upon it, but to me it means a great deal. In these worn and ragged books I see my friends and companions, who have all my life helped me in troubles, and entertained me, and I feel for them as I would for true and noble friends.

Laureen O'Brien, Form I.-B.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

It was an annual rite of the Daley household, this telling of the tale of the Christmas Visitor. Little snow-haired, rosy-cheeked Mrs. Daley gathered her children about her and told them their beloved Christmas story.

"Once upon a Christmas Eve, about four hundred years ago," she began, "some young girls in their father's castle, discussed admiringly their new gifts. One had a fur cloak, another had a warm hood, and a third had fur-lined mittens. In fact, they had all that any girl of those days, or these, might wish. As they sat around the large, roaring, cheerful Yule-log fire, their mother told them how the Christ appeared to a privileged few, each happy Christmas Eve.

She had just finished her story when a knock was heard at the door, and a beggar entered. Such a poor, bedraggled specimen. His sparse clothing was coarse and ragged, his feet and hands bare and blood-stained.

The girls, full of the beautiful Christmas spirit, led him to the fire, bathed his poor feet and gave him bread to eat, and wine to drink. At last he rose, warmed and comforted. In each girl's heart was a struggle. One thought, "Should I give him my fur cloak?" and another, "Should I part yith my hood," and the third, "My warm mittens, shall I give them?" And each one thought of that shivering Babe wrapt in swaddling clothes, and made the sacrifice. Thus the poor beggar when he rose to go was clad in all their Christmas finery. Going to the door, he smiled gratefully at them, raised his hand and blessing them, disappeared. It was the Christmas Visitor.

A few moments of silence ensued as the Daley girls thought over their mother's story. "Oh," sighed May, "nothing like that happens now-adays. How I wish the Christmas Visitor would come to us."

Half an hour later, as she set out to visit the little Visitor of the Crib, she found, seated on her door-step, a poor old man. He, like that Divine Beggar, wore ragged clothing, His poor

bare hands were blue with cold and were bleeding. His large, brown eyes held a look of great sadness. Apparently he had found little kindness in the world, and his friends were few.

Full of compassion that such misery should exist on the Blessed Christmas Night, the girl led him into the house. There the entire Daley family, remembering Him Who said, "Feed the hungry" and "Harbour the harbourless," ministered to the poor beggar. At length, warmed and fed, he rose to go, though they had besought him to remain.

At the door a wonderful change took place, gone were the tattered clothes, and their "Beggar" stood arrayed in heavenly garments. A bright light illuminated His Being. Then, raising a hand, whose palm bore a star-shaped wound, He blessed them, and said in a sweet, loving voice, "Even as you have done it unto one of these, the least of My Brethren, behold, you have done it unto Me, and disappeared.

Margaret Gillooley,
Form II.A.

BETHLEHEM.

It was a stormy winter's night,
Two thousand years ago,
Two weary pilgrims took their flight
Through the deep and drifting snow.

On, on they trod to a little town,
Destined as soon to be
Made famous by the birth of One
Incarnate Charity.

This little town was Bethlehem,
Its people were Hebrews,
And there a little Child was born,
The King of all the Jews.

Beyond, above a stable cave
A gleaming star shone bright,
Strange Heralder of Him Who came
With peace to earth that night.

If there's one place in all the world
Which I should like to see,
It's that little town of Bethlehem,
Where Christ was born for me.

Judith Burrows,
Form IV., S.J.H.S.



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Pius PP XI

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Mater.

VOL. XVII. TORONTO, MARCH, 1929 No. 4

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF PIUS XI. AND CATHOLIC LOYALTY

THE year of Our Lord, 1929, will be for Catholics generally commemorative of many solemn facts of historical value, which will be appreciated only as we are able to interpret them in the light of the antecedent conditions which they rectified. We celebrate this year the Centenary of Catholic Emancipation enacted in the year 1829. What that meant in terms of religious liberty to our Catholic forefathers in the British Isles, and to the subsequent reactionary irreligious movements amongst others in England and the United States, may be passed over, with other events of the pre-Victorian epoch. It does not concern the purview of this article and is recorded only by way of chronology. This is the year of the Golden Jubilee of Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, who was ordained priest fifty years ago. As faithful children of the great White Father whose power, though seated on the Vatican Hill, is in reality enshrined in the hearts of his children in this young and treasured land of Canada, as well as in other countries to which we are united in the bonds of Faith, we desire at the beginning of this year to be amongst the first to present to him the homage of our filial love and respectful attachment. In all parts of Italy we hear of great preparations that are being made to celebrate this auspicious anniversary with manifestations of religious enthusiasm and social eclat which will be found worthy of the best traditions of the Italian people. Nay, more, in all parts of the world, in farthest Australia as well as in distant South Africa, pilgrimages are being formed under the direction of eminent members of the Hierarchy, and

Catholic representatives of every race will go in person to the Eternal City to offer, as it were, their symbolic tributes of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the representative of Jesus Christ on earth. It is understood that the worthy occupant of the Mother See of Canada, the Archbishop of Quebec, Cardinal Rouleau, will represent the Hierarchy of Canada on this occasion, and convey to the Holy Father the congratulations of a united Canadian nation.

Achille Ratti, our present Holy Father Pius XI, was born at Dessio, 31st March 1857. After severe and arduous studies the brilliant young student was ordained priest 20th December, 1879. He was appointed Apostolic Visitor to Poland in 1918 and Nuncio in 1919. Consecrated Bishop of the Titular See of Lepanto, 3rd July, 1919, he was created Cardinal 16th June, 1921, and was immediately promoted to the historic See of Milan. Elected Pope on the 6th February, 1922, he was crowned the 12th February, taking the name of Pius XI.

A few years ago I had the privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, and at my request two Protestant ladies were allowed to come with me, one of whom was the wife of a well-known clergyman in Minnesota and the president of a Travel Club in that State. I asked them afterwards what impression the Holy Father had made on them. Both replied as women do, simultaneously, "He has such piercing yet kindly eyes. He must be a good man." That was my humble feeling also. His face is the index of a pure heart and a great mind. It was impossible to look at him without recalling that fine stanza of the old poet:—

> "A sweete attractive kind of grace
> A full assurance given by lookes
> Continual comfort in a face
> The lineaments of Gospel bookes
> I trow that countenance cannot lie
> Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

How true are the old proverbs—"Vultus animi Janua et tabula." Does not even the word of God say—"A man is known

by his look," "and a wise man, when thou meetest him, is known by his countenance." (Eccl. 19.26.) Yet this is a strong personality, of middle height, with massive shoulders and sturdy frame, showing the sterling characteristics of the resolute mountaineer who has been inured to fatigue, hunger and hardship on the snow-covered summits of the Italian Alps. In fact during the early years of his priesthood he was a well-known member of many Alpine Clubs in Europe, and has published a classic on his experiences on Alpine climbing which is most interesting not only for the topographical information conveyed, but also for the psychological criticisms and reflexions of varied feelings inspired by the grand scenery. The dogged patience, fearlessness, habitual self-control and resolute hardihood which he has acquired on the icy summits of the mountains have stood him in good earnest in his dealings with the changing views and tangled problems of humanity. From the heights of the Vatican illuminated by the sunlight of the Holy Spirit whose help is never-failing to the Supreme Doctor of the Church he alone is enabled to view things in their proper perspective.

If, as our old companion Aguecheek remarks, "The sea it is which brings out the real character of a man," so it may be said of the mountaineers that they develop high thoughts and noble aspirations which conceived amidst the vast solitudes of ice and snow, are brought forth to reality at the most opportune moment. So it has been, we imagine, with the Alpinist of the Vatican.

> "His thoughts are as a pyramid up-piled,
> On whose far top an angel stood and smiled.
> Yet in his heart he is a little child."

But why describe the personality of the man when his real life is lived in his deeds, which are the only adequate reflexion of his inmost soul and character. "By their works ye shall know them." His success in war time and during the aftermath of war and civil strife in Poland are too well known to be discussed. The great work of cataloging in the Vatican and Milan

Libraries; his Encyclicals, which are said to be devoid even of secretarial corroboration, betoken the missionary zeal with the world-wide outlook.

Seven short years ago Pius XI assumed the Tiara or triple crown of Jurisdiction, and on the eve of his anniversary, during the Golden Jubilee year of his priesthood, he has crowned a long and varied career, on 11th February, 1929, by the settlement of the vexed Roman question which has baffled Kings, Statesmen and European Chancelleries for 60 years, and which may be seriously regarded as one of the most important events in the International history of modern Europe. It may be said that there were many "questions," all hopelessly interwoven, owing to the complex difficulties that must necessarily arise in discussions between Church and State. The story of the Roman difficulty is well known. Briefly, for over 1100 years (754-1870) the Pope was temporal ruler over what is called the "Patrimony of St. Peter," or the Penal States. The decree of Constantine the Great to transfer the government to Constantinople gave the first legal basis to the Papal possessions. The Emperor gave the Lateran Palace and its surroundings. Subsequently noble Roman families gave wealthy estates to the Church. Charlemagne acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of Adrian in the Duchy of Rome and in the States of the Church restored by Pepin's Donations (754-756). In 781 A.D. the Papal States comprised the Patrimony of St. Peter, Rome, Sabina, Subiaco and the entire coast from Terracina to Civitavecchia, Perugia and Ancona. In 1198-1216 they included also the Province of Romanagna. During the reign of Julius II (1503-13) the Duchies of Bologna, Moderna, Parma and Piacenza were included. Intercine strife in Italy frequently changed the boundaries of the Papal states which finally were absorbed in the Roman Republic by Napoleon in 1798.

The new ideas inspired by the Revolution became prevalent and even aggressive in Northern and Central Italy from 1820-1848. It was really owing to the tremendous power of Napoleon III. and the influence of the French that the Pope was able to retain vestiges of his former civic authority over the Patrimony of St. Peter until 1870. The war between France and Germany

unloosened the flood-gates. Garibaldi had previously invaded the Papal States in 1867. French troops were withdrawn 20 July, 1870, and the Italian army entered and took possession of Rome, the home of the Popes, on the 20th September, 1870. For the Italians, Rome, the Seat of Ancient Empire, was the capital of United Italy, and was so declared 30th June, 1871. Pius IX refused to accept the situation forced upon him, and having issued repeated official remonstrances to the European governments, retired to the Vatican, since when the Pope has become a virtual prisoner. Radical and Masonic elements hostile to the Church in Italy, had gained the ascendancy under the successor of Humberto I, and it was not until the coming of Il duce Mussolini that any attempt was made to do justice to the Papal claims. Very true, the Italian Government attempted a solution by the "Law of Guarantees" in 1874, but as this had no other purpose than to relegate the Holy Father to the position of private citizen in Rome, it was not accepted. The hold of the secret societies, lawless and godless as we have known them to be, was broken by Benito and his Fascists, and a settlement was reached which does ample justice to the claims of Italian nationhood, and was accepted by Pius XI as the "quantunque piccolo" of Papal Independence.

To begin with, the Vatican realized that owing to national obligations and aspirations there was no hope of recovering the lost cities and provinces of the Papal States, and it is undoubtedly a tribute to the great forbearance and self-sacrificing diplomacy of the Sovereign Pontiff that he surrendered all, in fact, in order to preserve his complete independence with a modicum of territory, possessed of course with sovereign rights, in which to exercise his just and natural relations to the Catholic world unhampered and unimpeded by Governmental restrictions.

An indemnity of 37 million dollars will be made to the Holy Father in course of time, for the property confiscated in 1870. There is also mention of 50 millions to be invested in Italian consols at 5%. Altogether this sum is lower than that offered by the Law of Guarantees in 1874, but owing to the

present financial conditions of Italy it will be some time before anything above the nominal interest may be paid.

When our clerical friends, not of ourselves and not of themselves at times afflicted with what Gladden called the "Cicada Papaphobiana," go outside the Gospel, which unfortunately is not rare, to tell their congregations, as wise as they are themselves in matters of this kind, that the Pope has secured a "Kingdom" once again and make odious comparisons between the "Royal Kingdom" of Papal Rome and the Fisherman's hut by Galilee's Sea, and the bench of the Carpenter in Nazareth, they simply do not know what they are talking about. It is but an incongruous reproduction of the ludicrous drama exhibited to the gaping crowds in Dayton, Tennessee, some few years ago, when so-called Defenders of the Bible appeared before public audiences to demonstrate that they knew nothing of Science and even less of the Bible.

As a matter of fact, there is no Kingdom, good, bad, or indifferent. There is the plot south-east of the Vatican to the colonnade of St. Peter, and the square before St. Peter's Church. Every visitor to Rome knows the topography of the place. Naturally enough his summer residence at Castel Gondolpho is restored to him, so is the little Church which enshrines the Holy House at Loretto. As well might the three Tailors of Tooley Street represent the people of England, as this small plot of land should represent a "Kingdom" except to the jaundiced credulity of those who have eyes and see not and ears and will not hear." But there is complete and absolute independence for the Holy Father in that little territory of 105 acres, all told, and that is the main solution of this difficult problem. The epoch-making treaty of 11th February, 1929, gives the Holy Father a few acres over and above what he had possessed since 1870, but he is free and independent within its limits. That is all.

Of course it is obvious to those who have inherited atavistic traditions from by-gone days, that the present situation only exhibits in another form the growing power of the Popes, a secret collusion between the Vatican and Mussolini, and a

tendency to concentrate once again, if ever it did occur, the entire loyalty and allegiance of Catholic peoples on the person of an independent Pontiff. This has been repeated over and over again. To this we reply that we Catholics owe **civil allegiance** to our own Governments, whether Empires, Kingdoms or Republics, and to the Holy Father, the Head of our Church, we give obedience in all matters affecting Faith and Morals.

From time immemorial the civil loyalty of Catholics has been questioned by those who were imbued with Erastian or pseudo-nationalistic principles. To such people the State is everything. This theory constitutes what might be called the Prussianizing of the human conscience, and we all know but too well from our experience of 1914, to what depths of infamy it will lead men if suffered to go unchecked.

Sometimes it assumes one form, at other times another form of expression. We hear it said, for example, that Catholics have a divided allegiance, that they owe supreme "worship" to the Pope. Again it was asserted during the Presidential elections in the United States, that Catholics gave unqualified obedience to a "foreign Potentate" who had sinister designs on the sovereignty of the great Republic. Strange though it may seem, people actually believed these things, more especially when they were delivered from the pulpit, Bible in hand.

Every occasion of popular interest or excitement, whether it be a horse race or a presidential election, or even a football match, as I experienced personally last fall, is sure to resurrect the Banquo's ghost of Papal claims and Papal tyranny. The present occasion is no exception to the general rules which govern the psychology of the crowd. It is obvious from recent articles in the American magazines that outsiders to whom religion is a local affair and to whom the State is everything, the Alpha and Omega of all civil, political and religious life, cannot understand a world-wide universal church whose basic principle of life and teaching is summed up in the words of Jesus Christ—

> "Give to Caesar the things of Caesar and to God the things of God."

For them Religion must be regulated and adapted by the government, and become, as it is in many European countries, one of the departments of the State. Like Catherine de Medicis and her friend Elizabeth of England, they would enforce the principle of "cujus regio illius il religio" or, basing their convictions on the machiavellism of Cavour, maintain that the "Church must be free but in a Free State." La chiesa libera nello stato libero. Cardinal Manning says in the "True story of the Vatican Council" (page 201), "The chiesa libera nello stato libero needs, as Liberals say, a supplement in the Codici Penali. Modern Liberalism means the Caesarism of the State. Liberalism seems to believe that all power in Heaven and on earth is given to it, that the State has power to define the limits of its own jurisdiction and also those of the Church. All sin and blasphemy against God is forgiven to men. There is only one unpardonable sin, Any man who speaks against the omnipotence of the State is disloyal and shall never be forgiven."

From the very beginning of the Christian Catholic Church, this pseudo-nationalism has been in evidence. It was not so much the Christianity of the Christians, nor their positive and oftentimes aggressive convictions that theirs was the only true religion and all others were false and diabolical in origin, that opened the flood-gates of persecution which lasted over 300 years, but it was the firm and unalterable judgment of the Senate and people of Rome that the aforesaid Christians were enemies of the Empire. "Hostes humani generis." Religion for the Pagans was synonymous with the worship of the Patria, just as it is to-day for those who deny the supernaturalness of Christianity. After all men must worship something, and if that something is not God, it will be as for our Celtic forefathers, something that reflects the power of God, the Sun, and Moon; the Earth (Ceres), with the Greeks; or Patria, the Fatherland, as with the Romans. Despite the repeated protestations of Christian loyalty to Emperor and Empire, despite their prayers and sacrifices offered for the Imperial family, despite their bravery in the cohorts of the Imperial army, as Tertullian testifies they were regarded with suspicion and distrust because they

did not give, what they could not give to man, the Supreme homage and worship they owed to God.

So it was in the days of Tiberius and Diocletian. Such it was in the time of Henry and Elizabeth of England and during the religious revolution of the 16th century in Germany, Switzerland, Russia and the Scandinavian Peninsula. This old pagan conception of nationalism is at the root of most of the suspicions with which the Catholic Church is confronted to-day in every country. To paraphrase a sacred text it enters, like water, into the body politic, like oil it permeates the very bones of the nations and like a garment and a cincture it wraps itself around every thought and action that are concerned with the relations of Church and State.

Cardinal Manning says—"Catholics are told that they are denationatized, that they could be only loyal at the expense of their religion, and that their allegiance was divided and that they depended on a foreign Head."

We Catholics are not called upon to make violent protestations of our loyalty to King and Country every time a popular preacher or newspaper scribe wishes to replete the shekels in his corbona by diatribes against the Pope, or veiled inuendoes as to the future condition of Catholic civic allegiance in view of the sovereign independence of Our Holy Father. Exaggerated expostulations and over-statements on our part remind one of the Queen in Hamlet saying, "Methinks the lady protests too much."

I must confess I am not overwhelmingly enthused when English Catholics boast of their staunch "British patriotism which rallied around the Virgin Queen and defied the power of an interfering Pope." Nor does my soul rise to heights of supreme patriotism at the tirade of the great Irish Patriot Daniel O'Connell, "I know of no foreign prince whom in temporal matters, the Catholics of Ireland would more decidedly resist than the Pope."

Even a few months ago an American clergyman, chaplain of a famous Catholic regiment, inspired by a patriotic sense of duty, publicly announced that were the Pope to land an army

and dare pollute the sacred soil of the great republic, he would be the first to hurl the might of the famous regiment against the proud invader. First of all, the Pope has no army or navy, and, secondly, it is inconceivable that he should attempt to leave the Vatican, and, thirdly, it is absurd to form prognostications as to his ability to land at all, even if he had an army or navy. A British navy might do it. They have done it. It appears to me that such emphatic utterances on our part are only an appeal to the **profanum vulgus,** and convince no one of our sincerity. Deeds speak louder than words.

We have proved our loyalty time and again, not so much in the odious verbosity of the conventicles but on the decks of flame and on the fields of blood. There is no need to reiterate our absolute civil allegiance to King and Country here in Canada or in any other country. We have been taught it in our Catechisms, we have imbibed it with our mother's milk. The question is asked (page 57, Butler's Catechism)—"What are the duties of citizens towards the Civil Governments?" Answer. To obey the laws and respect the public officers, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience's sake, for so is the will of God." (1 Pet. II Rom. xiii). We should likewise pray "for all who are in High Stations that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life."

In the prayers before Mass recited every Sunday, we pray for the King and Queen. Nay, more, every day during the Lenten Season we pray for the King in Lauds and Vespers. "Domine salvum fac regem et exaudi nos in die qua in vocaveremus te." Catholic loyalty is not in noisy shoutings, but in prayers and deeds.

> "Give to Caesar the things of Caesar, but to God the things of God"—

are the words of Jesus Christ. These words form the basic teaching of the Catholic Church. They underlie all systems of Law, Policy and International Jurisprudence, and make us understand our civil duties to our King and our spiritual obedience and spiritual duties to the Head of the Catholic Church.

Italian Loyalty.

The difficulties that beset the civil allegiance of Catholics in Italy and specially in Rome may be gauged by the fact that Pope Pius IX., even after the occupation of Rome, maintained his protests against the seizure of the States of the Church. In a Decree "Non expedit," 29 February, 1868, he had already forbidden Italian Catholics to participate in the political life and especially in the election of representatives of the Kingdom of Italy. Within recent years a gradual tendency to exchange of relations has been noticeable, for Pope Pius X permitted the participation of Catholics in the Municipal and Provincial elections. Since the Encyclical "Certum Consilium" of 11th June, 1905, in certain cases on the recommendation of local bishops Italian Catholics took part in the parliamentary elections. In 1909 there were over twenty-two representatives in the Italian Parliament. Many waters had flowed under the Bridge at Castel San Angelo since the revolutionary excesses of Mazzini and Garibaldi. A new generation had grown up who were wholly unconscious of the relative merits of the struggles which their fathers waged on one side and the other. Italy in 1910 was alive to a very pronounced national consciousness. Her success in the field and in diplomacy was marked. Her colonies in Tripoli were flourishing. It needed but the disruption of the unholy chains that bound her to the Triple alliance, and her entry on the side of the Allies in the Great War, to rouse the nation to the highest pitch of patriotic fervor. Sincere and well-meaning people were distracted by the thought that their native land had been erected on the ruins of spoliation, for which no adequate compensation could or would be given if a United Italy were to be a reality.

On the other hand they owed everything to the Papacy, their historical grandeur, their innate culture, their wonderful proficiency in the arts and sciences. It might be truly asserted that the civilization of Italy was conceived and nurtured within the Sanctuary. As Leo XIII, Italian nobleman and true patriot, once stated in that masterly Encyclical "Inscrutabli" (April

21, 1878), "Unquestionably to the Roman Pontiffs it is that Italy must own herself indebted for the substantial glory and majesty by which she has been pre-eminent amongst the nations."

Placed between the Scylla of devotion to the Papacy and the Charybdis of national patriotism to the House of Savoy that had benefited by the revolution which had achieved an United Italy, it is difficult for us to conceive the conscientious scruples of the Italian mind, much less to criticize them. The Quirinal represented their country. The Vatican across the Tiber was the Home of the Head of their religion, the Representative of Jesus Christ on earth.

The genius of Mussolini and the magnificent conciliation of Pope Pius XI have achieved the impossible. The deadlock of 60 years has been broken and the aspirations of Catholics the world over have been realized in the epochal event of February 11th, 1929. Italians of Rome and the former Papal States may give full and complete civil allegiance to King Victor Emmanuel, without feeling that they are contravening in any way their spiritual loyalty and devotion to the Vicar of Christ.

This is the crowning event of the Jubilee Year of Our Holy Father. This is the brightest diadem in the Tiara of him who will henceforth be known as Pius the Consoler, Consoler of Italy and of the Church.

May we not apply to him the words which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anchises when Aeneas visits the Elysian Fields and hears from his old father that the mission of the Government he is about to found in Rome, is to rule the world by Moral Power, to bring Peace between opposing nations and factions to spare his subjects and to subdue the Proud—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
"Hae tibi erunt artes, pacis que imponere morem.
"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

JAMES P. TREACY, D.D.
St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto.

I Am the Resurrection and the Life

'Tis written on each leaf in lines of gold,
On sunlit green of bush and budding tree:—
Enamel'd by young violets on the lea,
It pearls each lily with its tracery,
Each silvern daisy peeping from the mold.

The birds have caught its music on the wing:—
It trills and trembles in each feather'd throat
As upward, upward, with triumphant note,
Thro' sweeps of shining space, the songsters float:
The very vapours rise to hear them sing.

O fountains, fling your waters in their wake;
And let your ALLELUIAS swell the lay;
Each crystal drop, each wreath of rainbow spray
Is chanting with the glorious Easter Day:
"I will arise—arise, for Christ's dear sake!"

"Arise!" the church-bells chime: "All flesh, arise!"
Come forth, pale Sleepers! Loose the graveyard gate!
"Not yet!" The Dead reply: "not yet!—We wait
The Resurrection and the Life—the great
Celestial Easter—Pasch of Paradise!"

ELEANOR DONNELLY.

"FAITHFUL EVERYWHERE AND ALWAYS"

Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

I MAY assume, I suppose, that every reader of The Lilies is aware that there once was an Irish Brigade in the service of the French monarchy during the hundred years (in round numbers) between the English Revolution and the French. This brigade was founded by Irish regiments who, after the termination of the sectarian revolutionary civil war at Limerick in 1691, refused all offers from the new, foreign, and Protestant King, and followed King James abroad. At first they were recognized in France as King James' troops, and hence were entitled Jacobites; but after the peace of Ryswick in 1697, when France found herself obliged to recognize the new King of England, Ireland, and Scotland, an army of King James could no longer be kept up, under that name, and these regiments were taken into the service of the French King. These faithful men received from Louis XIV the privilege to enjoy all the rights of natural-born subjects of France without any obligation to take out letters of naturalization, and in fact, as Count Arthur Dillon is quoted by O'Callaghan, "all orders of the State by a sort of universal feeling assigned to them the right of citizenship; and then it was that in order to stamp with a name forever memorable those strangers admitted to French citizenship, they were termed Jacobites, that is, Faithful to King James."

It was this loyalty to an unfortunate King, says a Whig writer in the 18th century, which "first gained them that esteem in France which their behaviour ever since has preserved for them unto this day."

Indeed the Irish Brigade continued to consider themselves and were considered by others as soldiers of the House of

Stuart. Thus in 1705 after the death of King James, a noble Spaniard in Paris remarked: "Were it not for the great actions of the Irish on the Continent, the cause of King James III. would be quite forgotten in Europe." A Whig writer in 1727 argued: "As long as there is a body of Irish Roman Catholic troops abroad, the Chevalier[1] will always make some figure in Europe by the credit they give him, and be considered as a Prince that has a brave and well-disciplined army of veterans in his service." And the Irish officers who secretly came home to recruit for the regiments in France or Spain or Austria always represented the service to which they invited men as that of their rightful King rather than that of any foreign power.

No one can suppose that William had any moral claim to the obedience of the Irish. Dr. Pusey, I believe, was the first Protestant or Anglican to remind Protestants in a sermon of the 5th of November that they could not at once on the same day glorify revolution and censure Catholics for not submitting passively to persecution.

In 1788 Prince Charles Edward died, without heirs, and his younger brother was a Cardinal and therefore beyond all possibility of succession to the British throne. In 1789 came the beginning of the French revolution, which by step after step put a strain upon the feelings of the Irish and forced them to reflect that they might soon have to make a grave decision. In the summer of 1791, when the King fled from his virtual imprisonment and was recaptured, the time for choosing came, and how the crisis was met by the Irish is told in a letter of Richard Burke, from Brussels, to his father: "Have you heard of the singular circumstance of M. de Fitzjames returning from Rome, and in the moment of disappointment at the King's recapture, finding his regiment, men and officers, come over? They met him near the place where Turenne fell, and just one hundred years after the adherence of the same regiment to King James. They have put on their colours—

[1] This was the polite Whig title for the prince whom vulgar Whigs called the Pretender.

"1691, Toujours et partout fidèle, 1791."

This regiment, called the Regiment of Berwick, from the great soldier who first commanded it, and now in 1791, commanded by his descendant the Duc de Fitzjames, thus addressed Louis the Sixteenth's oldest brother, the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., at Coblentz: "The officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Irish regiment of Berwick, filled with the sentiments of honour and fidelity which are hereditary in them, entreat Monseigneur to place at the disposal of the King the devotion which they make of their lives in order to support the royal cause, and to employ their arms with confidence on the most dangerous occasions." To which Monseigneur[2] replied: "I have received, Gentlemen, with a genuine sensibility the letter which you have written to me. I will cause to be forwarded to the King, as soon as possible, the expression of your sentiments towards him. I answer you by anticipation, that it will alleviate his troubles, and that he will receive from you with pleasure the testimony of fidelity which James II received one hundred years ago from your forefathers. This double epoch should forever form the device that shall be seen on your colours, and all who shall be faithful subjects will read their duty there and recognize thence the model they should imitate. As for myself, gentlemen, be well convinced that your last act will remain forever engraved on my soul, and that I shall count myself happy as often as I shall be able to give you proofs of the feelings with which it inspires me towards you."

In the following year when this and the other regiments of the Irish Brigade were taken into the service of the King of Great Britain and of Ireland as the ally of the French royal house, and desirous of restoring the French monarchy, the Comte de Provence presented to them a Drapeau d'adieu, or farewell banner, as a symbol of their deserts, with these words: "Gentlemen,—We acknowledge the inappreciable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade in the course of

[2] This, or the shorter form Monsieur, was the title by which people in France customarily spoke of the King's oldest brother.

the last hundred years, services that we never shall forget, though under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive this standard, as a pledge of our remembrance, a monument of our admiration; and, in future, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your stainless flag—

"1692—1792
Semper et ubique Fidelis."

This banner bore an Irish Harp and was embroidered with shamrocks and fleur-de-lis.

The Origin of the Brigade.

It was all for my rightful King
I left my native strand.
. . . . . .
He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the Irish shore
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore
My Love,
And Adieu for evermore."
—Old Song in Scott.

Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem; propterea morior in exilio. (I have loved righteousness and hated unrighteousness; therefore I die in exile).

The origin of this Irish Brigade goes back to the close of the revolutionary war in 1691, when thousands of Irish soldiers after the Treaty of Limerick declined the offers of the new King and went into exile in the service of King James and of his ally the French King. However much any one may say that James deserved to be deposed by the English nation (though the King can do no wrong), whatever right his daughter may have had to that throne, the loyalty of a rational man to our present gracious King is not les-

sened by saying that her Dutch husband had no more right to the throne of England (much less to that of Ireland) than King Henry V., had to that of France. For Henry had the support of a French party which professed to be the popular party; he took a French princess to wife, and his claim to succeed to the throne of France was acknowledged by the French King and the Three Estates. His son, King Henry VI., had of course a stronger claim, and more French support; and if Providence had not specially interfered by the mission of St. Joan of Arc, the Lancastrians, who had usurped the Crown of England, would have succeeded in France also; and, as the world worships success, no doubt the change of dynasty would be described in French history as a "glorious Revolution." Those who speak of this conflict as a war between England and France, do not at all study the circumstances. The expedition of William in 1688 was not a war of Holland upon England. And assuredly the Lancastrian King of England had not the allegiance of the whole English nation, nor was it any interest of the English people that their King should become King of a great continental country and transfer his residence there. The difficulty which they found in raising armies for their war in France, and the ease with which they were subverted by the Yorkists at home shows that the House of Lancaster had not the nation at their back. And in France our brave St. Joan was a royalist and a loyalist [3] like Sarsfield [4] and Burke and O'Connell, or the great Marquis of Montrose, or Falkland and Strafford.

[3] This name is used in its proper sense in Canada, but in Ireland it has been 'soiled with all ignoble use' by people loyal only to their own sectarian interest, and 'defiled by every charlatan.' Names in politics often reverse their meaning. Thus in U.S. politics, "Republican" was originally the title taken by the Democratic party; having been dropped by them as superfluous, it was taken by their opponents and now means Unionist, Imperialist, Plutocrat, and Prohibitionist, and "one hundred per cent American."

[4] If any one asks us why Providence sent a St. Joan in the circumstances of France rather than in similar circumstances in other countries, or in later times in France, we can only answer, "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, and who hath been His counsellor?"

Light people who speak as glibly as if they knew the mind of the

The Whig Macaulay's "History" of the English Revolution is an historical romance of great brilliance in which there is a hero and a villain. The hero is a foreigner, a Dutchman, and the villain is a countryman of his own. The book might be creditable to a Hollander, but the Englishman who could compose such a work cannot be classed politically among the nobler kind of men. Willing to wound and yet ashamed to strike, the base Whig quotes Swift to the effect that James when he became a Papist became a coward. Macaulay, both as Secretary at War and previously a member of the government of India, knew well that Papists are not cowards. The truth is that James' heart was broken by the treachery of his daughters. and his son-in-law, who was also his nephew. David fled before Absalom, and no one called David a coward. The Dutchman, as Macaulay could not deny, was the author of the revolution by stirring up sectarian bigotry and fanaticism, and the Whig party were his tools. The greatest man of the Whigs acknowledges that there had been no free choice. William imposed himself on a nation which did not want him by a mixture of art and force, and he usurped the throne of his wife as well as of his father-in-law, for she was persuaded by Gilbert Burnett that it was her duty to be her husband's subject.[5] The Irish exiles in those days, as Catholics and Jacobites, did not regard their battles as conflicts between Irish as such and English as such, but as a civil war. Some of their officers and a few of the private soldiers were English. The struggle was primarily a civil war between Jacobites and Williamites or Hanoverians, between persecuted Catholics and Protestant per-

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Lord assert that Providence intervened in order to save France from being Protestantized. They forget that King Henry VI. was a saintly man, and his family had been distinguished for zeal against heresy. Besides, if his son had not been killed in the Yorkist rebellion, the Tudors would not have become the head of the party, and have gained the throne. Now so far as we can see, without the Tudors there would have been no Anglican schism, much less Protestantism in England. On the other hand, the House of Lancaster residing in France would have become French. Therefore, we must say that God's ways are above us.

[5] As to William's assertion in his motto 'Recepit non rapuit,' the simple answer is that "the receiver is as bad as the robber."

secutors, between Loyalists and Revolutionists, between the faithful and the breakers of a treaty. They never put away their old uniforms. The favorite air with the bands of these regiments was The White Cockade. Of all their exploits the most popular at home was that which was commemorated in the pipers' time, "The Day We Beat the Germans at Cremona." Thus a French nobleman, LeBaron Cantillon de Ballyheigue, in the nineteenth century had a picture representing his great-grandfather, Captain James Cantillon of Ballyheigh, Co. Kerry, at the head of his company of grenadiers at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, crying out, "Long live King James III. and the King of France!" After the battle of Dettingen in the war of the Austrian succession an Irish officer, relating in a letter how they treated the wounded whom the enemy left on the field, says: "I had every English soldier transported to the hospital before I suffered a German or an Austrian to be moved, and did them all the kind offices in my power."

The Wild Geese.

At the end of the seventeenth century there was as many as eighteen thousand Irish fighting with France against the Dutch King of England. After the peace of Ryswick in 1698 all armies were reduced; and many remnants of Irish regiments in France were combined together. But whenever France was at war, the value of Irish warriors was so well known that the regiments were revived; recruiting was carried on secretly in Ireland, and the smuggling vessels that carried French wines and silks to the South-west coast of Ireland generally brought back a cargo of "wild geese." But among the permanent regiments of the Brigade three in particular deserve to be noticed. The first is the Regiment of Berwick. This was an infantry regiment formed after the peace of Ryswick from remnants of other regiments and given to the Duke of Berwick, James Fitzjames. This great soldier and great man, born in 1670, was first sent at the age of sixteen by his father, then King of England, to learn warfare under the care of a distinguished Irish-

man, Lieutenant-General Count Francis Taafe, in the Austrian service, against the Turks. In the Irish war against the revolution in 1689 Berwick distinguished himself both for ability and personal valor; and the Irish people followed his later glorious career on the Continent with pride and hope. He was celebrated in Gaelic verse as the "victorious hand of battles" and as the "Cause of joy to Inisfail." The great day in his life was at Almanza in Spain, in 1709, during the war of the Spanish Succession; at the head of a French and Spanish army, this English Catholic exile beat the Anglo-Dutch or Dutch-English army commanded by a French Huguenot exile, the Marquis of Ruvigny, whom King William had made Earl of Galway. Berwick was twice married, first to the widow of Sarsfield. His one son by this marriage was settled by him in Spain, and inherited his English titles together with his Duchies of Liria and Xerica which had been bestowed upon him by the King of Spain. Berwick married a second time the daughter of the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, another Jacobite exile. And he himself became a naturalized Frenchman, and received the French title of Duc de Fitzjames, this title descended to his family of the second marriage. The command of his Irish regiment continued in his descendants of this younger line, but it retained the name of the Regiment of Berwick. At the time of the French Revolution it had for its colonel his grandson Jean Charles de Fitzjames, Duc de Fitzjames, Marechal de Camp.[6]

Another regiment, that of Dillon, was one of the Irish regiments newly recruited in 1689 and sent to France in 1690, as Mountcashel's Brigade, in exchange for the veteran French troops which King Louis sent to the aid of King James. It is remarkable that it was always commanded by members of the noble family of Dillon.

A third regiment originated in the King's Royal Irish Regiment of Footguards. When King James' army in France had to be nominally disbanded after the peace of Ryswick, this

[6] This title was not the same or equal to that of Marechal de France. It did not correspond to our "Field Marshal" but to Major-General.

regiment received the name of Dorrington's Regiment, from its Colonel. Later it was called Roscommon's Regiment, and at the time of the revolution it was called Walsh's Regiment, from its commander Comte Antoine de Walsh-Serrant (so called from the estate of Serrant in Anjou). O'Callaghan, however, relates, and believes, a story that this family of Walshes were not really of Irish blood, but were descended of a Jew named Wash, who, being converted to the Catholic religion, changed his name to Walsh in order to pass himself for Irish, and brought up his children to think and feel themselves Irish, and by purchasing the estate of Serrant made his way into the ranks of the French nobility. I do not see for my part why a convert Jewish family has any less right to become Irish than any one of those Cromwellians who call themselves Irish and pretend to be better Irishmen than the Macs and the O's, as if malice against his mother country and his ancestral race were sufficient to constitute any man an Irishman.

These three Irish Regiments lasted down to the revolution.

GOOD FRIDAY.

O gentle Christ! O Crucified!
If such the havoc wrought by sin
Upon Thy Body, who will tell
The bruised and wounded Heart within?
The pain, the grief, the anguish sore!
. . . . . .
O Love! let me not wound Thee more.

My Irish Brook

The brook that sparkled by my home
In Ireland far away,
Dreams of the wide Atlantic foam,
Its waters wild and gray.

From hills that knew my boyhood's feet,
My boyhood's happy dreams,
Through fairy fields and meadows sweet
It glances and it gleams.

By amber pool and willowy bank
It circles, runs and winds,
Through iris rich and mallow rank,
Till it the river finds.

'Neath silver moons and golden suns,
With current full and free,
In stately sweep the river runs
Unto the calling sea.

There, from its mountain many a mile
Of wandering apart,
My little brook sinks with a smile
Into the ocean's heart.

The ocean wanders 'round the earth:
Its waters wild and gray,
That touched last week my land of birth,
May wash the West today.

And it may be, as far I look
From Gaspé's distant shore,
The ripples of my Irish brook
Caress my feet once more.

—P. J. COLEMAN.

REV. FATHER DANIEL CUSHING, C.S.B.

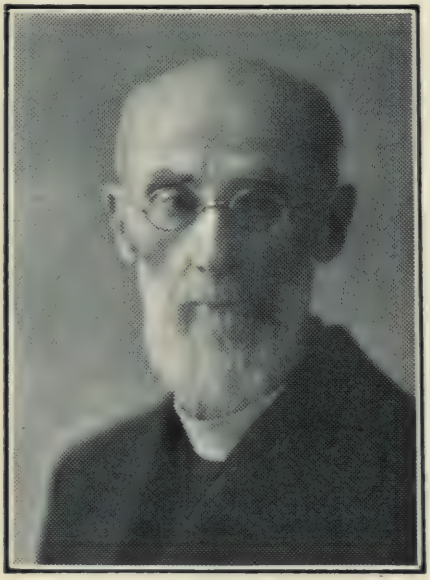
After a long and devoted life Father Daniel Cushing has passed from the busy scenes of a successful career in the field of education to a well-earned rest and the reward of a faithful servant of God. So often had he survived the test of severe illness that when the end came at last, it was a decided shock to his many personal friends.

Father Cushing did his greatest service to the Church in Ontario as a college professor and director. He is best remembered as a schoolman from his long connection with Assumption College, though he was twice President of St. Michael's College. For many years he had been a member of the General Council of the Congregation of St. Basil. His varied experience and wise counsel made him invaluable to his Congregation.

Despite the handicap of incessant ill-health during a long life, he attained a high standing in academic circles and in recognition of his academic attainments the University of Toronto granted him the LL.D. degree (causa honoris).

As a scholar his attainments were varied. He excelled in Mathematics, Philosophy and the Classics. His mind was clear and penetrating and he had a remarkable facility in the orderly and lucid presentation of subject-matter studied in the class-room. His students always enjoyed his classes because they made successful progress under his tuition and it rarely happened that he had to resort to any means of pressure to secure satisfactory response on the part of his pupils.

The many labors incident to teaching and the executive direction of a college eventually undermined his health and incapacitated him for further college work. For the past twenty years Father Cushing was engaged in the guidance of souls in the higher paths of spiritual perfection. In the art *par excellence* of the guidance of souls he seems to have attracted the complete confidence of all who went to him



REV. DANIEL CUSHING,
C.S.B., LL.D.

for advice in their spiritual affairs. What was the secret of his power in dealing with souls in spiritual trouble would be difficult to determine, for the secret springs of spiritual motivation are too deeply hidden in the locked chambers of the soul to be open to inspection. The delicate and invisible play of spiritual energy is intimate and personal and only a sensitive and keen mind can catch its workings and adjust the lines that have fallen into disorder. There is, however, some power of understanding in broad human sympathy which enables a man to grasp and solve the riddles of another's conscience and to devise the proper remedies. Although severe in his external mien, Father Cushing possessed an extraordinary degree of human sympathy, which extended to the spiritual experiences of other souls.

Besides his consecration to the priesthood and his consecration to the religious life he added a persistent and heroic consecration to duty. In the fulfilment of duty he constantly taxed his physical strength to the utmost, until his health became so undermined that he was no longer able to carry on in college work. Thereafter till his last illness he devoted himself to the spiritual direction of souls. Thus when his friends thought that his work was done, he entered on a new sphere of service and persevered with amazing success to the very end.

Almost the last of the early pioneers in Catholic education in Ontario, Father Cushing will long be remembered as a man of virile Catholic sentiment, a great educator, a holy priest, a truly devoted soul, and an outstanding personality, whose memory will long remain with many of his friends as a fountain of benediction and edification. Requiescat in pace.

AMICUS.

THE VICES AND THEIR ANTIDOTE

By Rev. K. J. McRAE.

The Vices in General.

The shadow, as if it were, of Lent was brought before us on Septuagessima Sunday, and a special object of that Holy Season, the mortification of the flesh with its vices, was, at the same time, brought vividly home to us by the words of St. Paul (I Cor. IX. 24-27), "Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things: and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible one. I therefore so run, not as at an uncertainty; I so fight, not as one beating the air; but I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection; lest, perhaps, when I have preached to others I myself should become a castaway."

We cannot expect the plentiful crop of flowers and fruits of virtues that we should have ready for the Easter time if we allow the noxious weeds of vices to grow up unmolested, in our souls, just as a gardener, no matter how skilful, cannot expect a good crop of flowers or vegetables in a garden overrun with weeds.

But in order to eradicate the weeds without, at the same time, eradicating or injuring the flowers or vegetables, the differences between them must be carefully studied. Now it is somewhat similar in the spiritual life. The vices must be carefully studied before attempting to eradicate them so as to prepare the soul for the necessary virtues.

Vice, then, "Is the counterpart of virtue, and has a correspondence of opposition to it as to character, progress and result. Like virtue, vice is not an action, nor a series of actions, but is a permanent quality or habit of the soul predisposing it to certain classes of sins. The act of sin passes at once, the habit of the sin

or the vice remains, as a facility for further sins, a source of them, and a delight in them. A virtue is a permanent resemblance to some particular perfection of God; a vice a permanent state of departure from some divine perfection. As vices increase, there is further obliteration of the image of God in many different respects, and a growing hideousness of the soul that turns it into a blasphemous caricature of the All-holy and All-beautiful. The vices, as being opposed to God, who is the ideal of perfection, are also opposed to human nature and human reason. They are diseases of the soul, which disorganize the faculties, curtail freedom, bind the soul in a degrading slavery, drain away its strength, destroy spiritual vision and the savour for spiritual things that are of God, both in this world and in the next. Vice endures as the character of the soul after the act of sin has ceased, and after death has removed the opportunities of sin; and the soul remains forever a hideous object, spoilt for its purpose, loathed by God and loathing Him.

"Vice takes its rise in concupiscence, or the general disorder of our inclinations, whereby they are turned to temporal and sensual things. The vices are the specific manifestations of concupiscence in particular forms, according to the different natural impulses which have run to excess and disorder. Some vices appear as it were spontaneously, in consequence of hereditary predispositions resulting from the sins of our ancestors. At other times the moral nature of a child is allowed to run to waste without check, and, like a garden neglected, it produces more weeds than fruits. Or, again, circumstances suggest some act of sin; this is repeated; the habit is formed by indulgence, it becomes inveterate, and the vice becomes almost a part of the nature; thenceforth it is an ever-present danger, a domestic foe that will never be entirely crushed. It may be resisted and kept within bounds, for freedom always remains, and the grace of God is all-powerful, but it continually endeavours to assert itself. It constitutes our dominant passion and ultimately is either the field of our victory and the cause of our reward, or is the ground of condemnation and eternal misery. Do not make the mistake of supposing the vicious habit is the legitimate energy of nature,

and entitled to respect. It has indeed its uses; but these are that it may train us to conflict, and establish us firmly in the contrary virtue.

"In order to combat the vices of our character we need: 1. Great generosity and ardour towards God's service, forgetfulness of self, and readiness to sacrifice present pleasures for the sake of God's will and the future reward. 2. Sternness and rigour towards ourselves, to make us persevere obstinately in a difficult course, and resist feelings of softness and tenderness towards ourselves, and abstain from following that which is most obvious and easy. 3. Cheerfulness and courage that we may not fall into depression at the severity of the struggle, the prospect of its long continuance, and our occasional infidelity to grace. Remember that the vices that are within you, like all things else, are intended to turn to the spiritual profit of the elect; that struggle is the lot of all, and is the condition of the crown; that the time, though it seems long and the end is not in sight, will prove to be short; and that the reward is worth a thousand times our efforts." (Bellord's Meditations on Christian Dogma, Vol. II, pp. 142-3.)

In the foregoing the nature and course of the vices are clearly described, and the necessary qualifications or measures for combatting them indicated with equal clarity. But, of course, it would be utterly impossible for us to overcome them without divine aid. God, however, has lovingly provided for us all-sufficient aids in the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, conferred upon us in the Sacrament of Confirmation. Each of these gifts is opposed to, and is intended to enable us to overcome, a particular one of the seven principal vices, commonly called the Seven Deadly Sins.

Seven Principal Vices and Their Antidotes, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

"*Fear* is a Gift of God, the Holy Ghost, which impresses on our souls a great respect for God, a great dread of His judgments, and a great horror of sin. It is easy to see that this salutary

Fear is opposed to Pride, for which it is the remedy. What are the effects of Pride? It puffs us up, it leads us to the worship of ourselves, it makes us arrogant and presumptuous, and, by diminishing within us the Fear of God, it lays us open to every other kind of fear. The Gift of Fear, on the contrary, moves us to act as little children under the hand of God—to be humble, and modest, and kind to all.

"The Fear of God, by permitting no other fear to dwell in our souls, delivers us from *worldly* fear, which often induces us to offend God rather than lose our rank, our employment, our money; from *carnal* fear, which draws us into sin, to avoid inconveniences, pain, death; from *servile* fear, which gives us the spirit of the miserable slaves of Sinai instead of that of the joyous children of Calvary. In fine, it regulates *natural* fear, that is, timidity, pusillanimity, cowardice, shame, and inspires the Christian with that grand independence of character which makes him the lord of the world, enabling him to say with the utmost truth: 'I fear God, and I have no other fear.'

Counsel is a gift of the Holy Ghost which enables us to see the way to Heaven and to adopt the safest means of travelling thereto. Counsel is opposel to covetousness, for which it is the remedy. What are the effects of Covetousness? It spoils the mind, by making it prefer less to more. It blinds us. It enchants us to such a degree as to sacrifice eternal for temporal goods, look upon gold as our God, seek our happiness on earth, and waste ourselves in building castles in the air.

"The Gift of Counsel, on the contrary, rectifies the mind, by making us prefer more to less. It shows, with special evidence, that the goods of time are unworthy of an immortal soul; that instead of being means, they are often an obstacle, to our salvation; and that we must always, in our calculations, prefer the goods of eternity—never seeking our God on earth or our happiness in riches. By disengaging the soul from all material possessions, it gives us a great firmness and soundness of judgment, to settle doubts for ourselves and others. In fine, it enobles the heart, by delivering the affections from the

tyranny of avarice, which the language of every nation pronounces sordid.

"*Wisdom* is a gift of the Holy Ghost which makes us relish the things of God; that is to say, God Himself, and everything that leads us to the possession of Him. The Gift of Wisdom is opposed to Lust, for which it is a remedy. What are the effects of Lust? It spreads a deceitful charm over the pleasures of the senses, towards which it allures us, and in which it teaches us to seek our happiness. It makes the soul the slave of the body. It darkens the understanding, hardens the heart, and reduces man to the level of the beast.

"The Gift of Wisdom, on the contrary, disgusts us with the pleasures of the senses, and, spreading an indescribable charm over goods of a superior order, draws us sweetly towards all that is worthy of an immortal soul. It emancipates the heart from the sway of the senses, and raises us to a level with the angels, in whose inclinations and joys it makes us sharers. It not only delivers us from *animal* wisdom, but regulates our *natural* wisdom, that is, it lets us taste the pleasures of earth within their just limits.

"*Understanding* is a Gift of the Holy Ghost which enables us to grasp with ease, and to comprehend as far as finite mind is capable of comprehending, the truths of religion. The Gift of Understanding is opposed to Gluttony, for which it is the remedy. What are the effects of Gluttony? It endeavours to make the physical life predominate over the moral; it wishes to have the soul the slave of the body. It makes us stupid, and unfit for study. It blunts the edge of the mind, and renders us indifferent to everything that deserves our attention. The more we eat the less we think; the more daintily we eat, the less sensibly we think. But, above all, Gluttony separates man from the true light, and prevents him from understanding things of a spiritual order. Is not this what we see every day on an immense scale? When a relish for material things, or the love of the comfortable, as it is called, governs society, the understanding of truths of a superior order disappear. Man loses his faculty of drawing ideas from facts. In a little while he will only see,

even in the natural order, the immediate cause, or, what the irrational animal sees, the plastic manifestation." (Gaume's Catechism of Perseverance, Vol. II., pp. 232-4).

The effects of Gluttony, described above, are clearly shown to be the desire of some at least of the members of a new Society over in England, who want to be "Like Gods," but rejecting the true God, want to believe nothing except what is made known by the senses. This is done by Own Francis Dudley in a small book entitled, "Will Men Be Like Gods?" published by Longmans, Green & Co., 310 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont. A companion volume was reviewed in the Catholic Register of January 24. It is entitled "The Shadow on the Earth, A Tale of Tragedy and Triumph."

"The Gift of Understanding, on the contrary, makes the soul predominate over the body. It leads to sobriety, a necessary virtue for men of study. It enables us to penetrate deeply into the sense of Holy Scripture, sermons, and explanations of the truths of religion, showing us all the weakness of the errors and objections of the impious. Hereby, it strengthens our Faith, the most precious treasure in the world.

"*Piety* is a Gift of the Holy Ghost which teaches us to render a filial worship to God. The Gift of Piety is opposed to Envy, for which it is a remedy. What are the effects of Envy? It withers, degrades, hardens the heart. It makes us unjust, fills us with the bitterness of Cain and the jealousy of the devil, and leads us to all the iniquities of selfishness, which is only another name for the hatred of our neighbour.

"The Gift of Piety, on the contrary, communicates to the heart a delightful sentiment of affection, which enobles it, which refines it, which renders it respectfully filial towards God and towards everything belonging to God—His Church, His word, His temples, His priests, His suffering members—and which makes it lavish on all mankind the generous love of a brother and the tender compassion of a friend.

"*Knowledge* is a gift of the Holy Ghost which imparts to us an acquaintance with the truths of religion, and teaches us to make a holy use of human information. The Gift of Knowledge is opposed to Anger, for which it is a remedy. What are the ef-

fects of Anger Anger blinds us. This is so true that the term *blind* is applied to it in all languages. It hinders man from reasoning, from seeing the light of truth, from distinguishing that which is true from that which is false, and that which is seriously evil from that which is slightly or apparently so, and spreads over the countenance the furious look of a lunatic or a wild beast. The light of reason vanishes from the angry man to give place to brute force: death is ready to issue from his hands and feet.

"The Gift of Knowledge, on the contrary, enlightens the soul, and, adjusting our views to a true appreciation of all things, prevents us from being irritated at evils which do not deserve punishment, or stays us before the right of vengeance which God reserves for himself. It gives us the simplicity of the dove and the wisdom of the Serpent. It puts us on our guard against purely human science, and establishes in our souls that steadiness of glance, that rectitude of judgment, that practical good sense, at once so precious and so rare.

"*Fortitude* is a Gift of the Holy Ghost which, raising us above our natural weakness, makes us do great things for God and our neighbour, and overcome the obstacles that oppose us in the accomplishment of our duties. The Gift of Fortitude is opposed to Sloth, for which it is a remedy. What are the effects of Sloth? Sloth enervates the soul, binds it with the chains of the passions, and lulls it to sleep in the abominations of sin. Sloth makes us incapable of attempting anything good, and capable of attempting everything evil; for idleness is the mother of all evils.

"The Gift of Fortitude, on the contrary, gives elasticity to all the powers of the soul. It makes us undertake with courage and continue with earnestness things of importance for God, our neighbour, and ourselves, as we see in the examples of Our Lord, the Apostles, the Saints, the Martyrs, and missionaries. It makes us reject indignantly the solicitations of the flesh and the devil, and the scandals and maxims of the world; trample human respect under our feet; and endure with sweet and peaceful resignation all sorts of trials in body and soul, contradictions, reverses of fortune, abandonment of friends, and life itself." (Id. pp. 234-5).



REV. BROTHER LEO OF JESUS,
F.S.C. (1843-1896).

President of St. Joseph's College,
Rome. Musician, Composer,
and Hymnologist.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND THE FINE ARTS

THE mother and protector of Letters, the Catholic Church has, likewise, been a forceful inspirer and a sympathetic patron of the Fine Arts. As, through her monasteries, the books and parchments of by-gone ages were saved and treasured, copied and circulated, so the Fine Arts were assiduously cultivated and brought to their highest perfection by monks and their pupils. The religious life in the Catholic Church, with its lofty ideals of supreme love and service, has been the inspiration of some of the greatest creations in music, sculpture, and painting that the world has ever known.

The more modern religious communities have inherited the traditions of their venerable predecessors and have striven to perpetuate the ideals and tastes of a glorious past and to infuse into our modern materialistic world a spirit of appreciation for the true Beauty, ever Ancient and ever New. As an educational force, the Brothers of the Christian Schools have assumed their share in this conservational and inspirational mission. Having as their special duty the imparting of Christian instruction to the masses, they have well understood the educational value of the Fine Arts, from both the religious and the aesthetic standpoints.

While the achievements of the Christian Brothers in this direction have been chiefly along the lines of instructional, technical, and professional training, they have, by the very fact, produced among themselves some out-standing artists whose work has called forth almost world-wide appreciation and recognition. Within the limited space of this article, it is impossible to do more than refer briefly to a few of the men and the methods that have contributed not a little to popularize and apprize Christian Art, as well as to encourage art education.

In referring to the Fine Arts, we are here including not only

those generally accepted as such, viz., Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Music; but, also, those auxiliaries to the Fine Arts: carving, illuminating, and engraving.

In the Realm of Music.

In the Brothers' celebrated College at Passy, near Paris, was for many years a figure famous in the musical world, Brother Leonce (1819-1909). A friend and pupil of the great Rossini, Brother Leonce conducted his music classes with such success as to place the Passy College in the front rank with its musical organizations: choir, orchestra, band, etc. Celebrities from all over Europe, and even from America, were accustomed to gather there for a musical treat on great occasions, and we find in the Visitors' Book such names as Cardinal Wiseman of Westminster and Archbishop Lynch of Toronto.

Brother Leonce's own compositions are numerous, but not all of them have been published. His published works include three "Messes Solennelles" with orchestration, several motets and hymns, and "A Collection of Canticles." For the organ, he composed "Tablettes de l'Organiste" and "Tribune des Chapelles." His compositions are remarkable for extreme care in the minutest details and the orchestration is invariably rich, sonorous, and musical.

His successor at Passy and later at Froyennes, when this College was transferred to Belgium, was Brother Albert (1842-1914). He was likewise a distinguished musician and composer and his work attracted the attention of the leading artists of the day. He is the author of three Masses with orchestration, a number of liturgical melodies, a volume of organ selections, and a Treatise on Harmony. He edited "A Collection of Ancient and Modern Hymns" in which appeared several of his own compositions.

Brother Leo of Jesus (1843-1896), for some time President of St. Joseph's College, Rome, was another musician of note and the College Choir under his direction attained an enviable reputation even in the Eternal City, the home of the Fine Arts. He edited a Hymn Book for Schools containing a number of

his own compositions. Music and song were in him the outpourings of a singularly great and noble soul, and he died in the odor of sanctity.

In 1882, on the occasion of a great international Musical Festival in Vienna, a boys' choir of over 1,000 voices carried off all the honors in a contest held in the public square of the city. So great was the enthusiasm of the audience, including the élite of the Austrian capital, that they would have overwhelmed the leader had he not rushed hurriedly from the scene in an effort to escape being crushed by his over-ardent admirers. The leader and trainer of this marvellous choir was Brother Stanislaus Kostka (1866-1927). For over forty years he was in charge of the music at the Imperial Orphanage and at the Normal School at Strebersdorf. In those days it was said that Vienna had two famous choirs, that of the Court and that of the Imperial Orphanage, and the leading musicians of the country would come great distances to hear Brother Stanislaus' choir. From the Normal School came forth a considerable number of teachers for the schools of Austria who had received all their musical education and training from him. He edited a Hymn Book that is still in use in the schools and "A Collection of Songs" in no less than four volumes, especially for school use and having the approval of the Minister of Education. Many of these selections and nearly all of the accompaniment are his own composition.

Art and Art Schools.

We cannot approach the subject of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, without recalling that distinctive creation of the Christian Brothers: the Art Schools of St. Luke in Belgium. The Brothers concerned in the foundation and functioning of these schools form a group of artists of the first rank and are specialists in their various branches. Besides, the Belgian Art Schools serve as an excellent illustration of the part played educationally by the Brothers of the Christian Schools in the domain of the Fine Arts.

The founder of these schools was Brother Marés (1839-

1914), who had himself been a pupil of Navez at the Royal Academy of Brussels and early aspired to improve the prevailing tastes by a return to the old Medieval and Christian ideals of art. With the support and patronage of several men of influence and wealth, including Baron John Bethune and the Count de Hemptinne, the young artist-Brother at the age of twenty-four undertook the establishment of schools wherein all classes should have the opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of Christian art, both for professional and industrial purposes. It was almost a revolutionary movement. Everything had to be done: a new inspiration given, an entirely new program drawn up, and methods formulated of presenting the matter in a more practical and definite way than had been previously attempted.

The first school was opened at Ghent in 1862 and, in spite of determined opposition, the venture met with phenomenal success. Already at the London Exposition in 1883, Brother Marés' program was acclaimed by an English jury and he received a Gold Medal. As an artist and recognized authority, he was consulted by some of the most eminent artists of Europe. He enjoyed the friendship and appreciation of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, as well as of the Bishops and leading men of the country. He lived to see his work successfully and permanently established and died May 9, 1914, at the good old age of seventy-six, consoled in his last hour by the blessing of his intimate friend and admirer, the great Cardinal Mercier.

The purpose and scope of the Art Schools of St. Luke are thus outlined in their prospectus: "Unlike the official school of Fine Arts in Belgium, their method follows the principles of the arts and crafts in vogue during the most beautiful epoch of Christian and national art—the Middle Ages. The study of the works of the old masters, thinkers, and artisans, is bound to have more important consequences than the mere conscientious reconstruction of the monuments of a vanished age, no matter how worthy of attention or how interesting these may be. An intelligent comparison of the numerous

and varied works of art emphasizes the guiding principles of Christian aesthetics, as well as of technical training. A communion of faith and of ideas with the masters of medieval art facilities an institution of their secrets and permits of pleasing discoveries and intelligent restoration; while an analysis and an individual interpretation of the art-forms of the past lead to the elaboration of modern art in perfect accord with the environment, habits, climate, and materials available in Belgium."

To-day there are seven such schools conducted by the Brothers in Belgium, located at Tournai, Ghent, Liège, Mons, and three at Brussels.

Among the collaborators of Brother Marés, we must mention Brother Fidelis (1867-1927), both a pupil and associate of the founder of the St. Luke Schools. For many years he was Director of the school at St. Gilles, Brussels, and had previously been a professor at the University of Lille. He has left a considerable artistic production, mostly anonymous. These include designs and sketches for every branch of decorative art. In painting, he worked in fresco, encaustic coloring, and distemper. A large canvas over the high altar in the Mother House of the Christian Brothers at Lembecq is one of his chief works. It has for its theme the motto of Pope Pius X. "Instaurare Omnia in Christo," as applied to the work of the Brothers. It shows every department of the Order and its every educational and apostolic activity being offered and directed to the Christ-King Crucified, who occupies the centre of the picture.

Brother Fidelis was a master in oils and in water-colors, but he excelled in drawing. He was a frequent contributor to the "Bulletin de Metiers d'Art" and the author of a standard work: "La Figure humaine dans les Arts industriels."

Following the War, he took up Book Illustration, of which he became a past master. The "Vesperal" of the Abbey of Mont César, illustrated by him, is looked upon by the critics as a masterpiece. Speaking of "L'Heraldique des Provinces Belges," also illustrated by him, a French critic says: "It

is the finest book of this kind that has appeared." It was said of Brother Fidelis that "he exercised his art as a priesthood; he never aimed at personal fame, each of his works was an act of apostleship."

Another name associated with St. Luke Schools is that of Brother Marius (1857-1916), who founded a School of Design at Liège in 1880. He specialized in Architecture and, for a period of thirty years, was professor of Architecture at Ghent. During that time he formed a number of artists of leading and ability who are now prominent as city or provincial architects, principals of technical schools, or eminent professors. His advice was eagerly sought and, in this way, he collaborated to a great extent in the construction or restoration of a number of the public buildings and monuments throughout Belgium.

It may be of interest to mention here the large part taken by the graduates of the Brothers' Art Schools in the restoration of Belgium after the terrible devastation wrought by the Great War. No sooner was peace concluded than the Commission concerned with the restoration of the devastated areas called for competitive designs of facades, etc. Of 468 designs submitted, 94 were accepted, and 81 of these were from graduates of the St. Luke Schools. In each of the nine categories of plans, a pupil or ex-pupil of these schools ranked first, and of the 24 Gold Medals awarded, exactly 20 went to them. They also carried off premiums to the value of 24,000 francs out of the 39,770 francs allotted for the purpose.

Painting and Sculpture.

Leaving the Belgian Brothers and their schools, we find elsewhere too, among the sons of St. De La Salle, men whose artistic genius has impressed itself upon their times and, through their educational activity, upon future generations.

For many years connected with the well-known Francs-Bourgeois Institute in Paris was Brother Acradius (1821-1890) who taught drawing and art there. He specialized in modeling, lithographing, and etching, and was recognized as being far

in advance of his time in methods and results. His remarkable successes and accomplishments won for him the rare honor of membership in the French Academy and, for his pupils, distinction at the World's Fair in 1878. He published a Collection of Practical Models, Drawings and Machinery Parts, Fragments of Architecture, etc., lithographed in black and in colors.

A number of the Brothers' Chapels, notably at Rheims, Lille, Paris, Rouen, Vienna, Lembecq (Belgium), and Premia de Mar (Spain), are adorned with beautiful mural decorations and paintings that are the work of Brother Arille (1846-1923). An accomplished artist and painter, he taught art at the Brothers' College at Rheims and is the author of a number of art textbooks. Brother Arille's paintings have been greatly admired by art critics and include copies of several celebrated Madonnas, the Apotheosis of St. De La Salle, and St. Joan of Arc. He was awarded Gold Medals at the Expositions of London, Chicago, and Paris.

On the occasion of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady by Pope IX., in 1854, the Bishops of the world presented the holy Pontiff with a beautifully illuminated Album containing the Papal Bull translated into all known languages. The exquisite decorative workmanship of this precious volume was the work of another Christian Brother, Brother Victorian (1801-1880). He was teacher of drawing in an art school in Paris and specialized in illuminating manuscripts after the manner of the Middle Ages. He is the author of a Drawing Course for schools that has been extensively adopted and highly commended. His work is perhaps best known by a set of pictures that he produced for school-room decoration of Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, the Guardian Angel, St. Nicholas, and St. De La Salle.

High up in the mountains of Avergne, overlooking the little town of Volvic, stands a colossal statue of the Most Blessed Virgin with arms outstretched in silent benediction over the surrounding country. That statue is the work of a famous sculptor, Brother Gamaliel (1818-1865), who for many years

directed a School of Architecture and Sculpture at Volvic. A man of brilliant mind and artistic temperament, he had studied in Paris under the best masters and had taught sculpture and design in the capital itself with remarkable success. Coming to Volvic, he deterimned to create his masterpiece as a tribute of devotion to the Queen of Heaven and to establish the reputation of his school. A wealthy citizen contributed the funds and Brother Gamaliel set himself to the task.

Under his magic touch the cold marble became a thing of beauty, almost of life. Much of the work was done by his pupils under his direction, but the master reserved to himself the making of the features of the great figure and the crown of stars that encircle its brow. The blending of motherly solicitude with queenly dignity that looks out in calm repose from the marvellously life-like countenance of the statue of Mary attracts and wins the hearts of devout pilgrims, as well as the administration of the critics. So, thanks to Brother Gamaliel's piety and skill, the much-loved and greatly-frequented Shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde has made Volvic in the Auvergne country famous.

Canadian Artists.

In Canada, too, there have been some noteworthy artists among the Brothers. Brother Martinus (1870-1923), teacher of drawing for many years at Mount St. Louis College, Montreal, left a reputation for marked ability both as a producer and as a teacher of art. His attractive manner and clear and methodical treatment of his subject made his lectures greatly appreciated and his students in Architecture were sure to secure leading and lucrative positions in after life. His taste was delicate and his talent versatile. Whether in pen work, water-color, or oils, he was an adept. He is the author of "Le Beau Ornamental," a book extensively used in educational institutions, and this was followed by "Le Beau dans la Musique," and "Le Beau en Litterature," both of which appeared in a series of articles in "La Revue Canadienne."

Many in Toronto well and gratefully remember Brother

Maxentius, who taught art for years at the De La Salle Institute and later was supervisor of art in the Separate Schools of the city. Numerous of his pupils have since attained prominence as artists, draughtsmen, and architects. He was a familiar figure at the Exhibitions of the Ontario Society of Artists and counted among its members several intimate friends



MONT CERVIN, THE "MATTERHORN," IN THE SWISS ALPS.
(A pen-and-ink sketch by Rev. Brother Martinus, F.S.C.)

and admirers. He was a friend and associate of the late Dr. May of the Art School, and in 1893 was appointed by the Ontario Department of Education to take charge of the Exhibit from the Ontario Catholic Schools at the World's Fair in Chicago. For much of the successes and distinctions won by the schools on that occasion, no little credit is due to the devoted labors and untiring energy of Brother Maxentius. From the Ontario Art School he carried off every distinction within its gift. He is now living in retirement at Lachine, Que.

Within the limits of this article, it has been possible to do

scarcely more than hint at the work accomplished and still being done by the Brothers of the Christian Schools in the domain of the Fine Arts. Enough has been said, however, to indicate that they have not been unfaithful to their sacred trust as heirs of a tradition of Christian Art inherited from the Cloistral Schools of the past, nor have they failed to pass on to succeeding generations a true love and appreciation of that essential element in Christian education and culture.

We may fittingly conclude with the following remarks from an address by Mr. Camille Vybo at Tournai last summer, on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the St. Luke School there:

"From the coming of the Christian Brothers in 1878, really dates the restoration of Christian Art in Belgium. The results show what can be done when the teaching is confined to the humble sons of St. De La Salle who are nothing less than educators of the first rank. To judge of the work done by the graduates of St. Luke, you need not visit the Exhibit in the Cloth Hall, you have but to go through our city of Tournai of which they have restored most of the facades; the churches and public monuments of which they have built. It is Tournai itself you must visit, with its numerous edifices, its town hall, its villas, its houses, its chateaux, among which, as recently stated by the Royal Commission of Belgian Monuments, is to be found some remarkable work. Now this marvellous development of industrial art which characterizes our city is due to the St. Luke Schools. Without them, much promising talent would have been buried or have taken a wrong direction. Tomorrow we shall resume our onward march along the straight path under the aegis of the 'Signum Fidei' of the Brothers' Institute and, as in the past, our objective may be summed up in these three words: Verum, Pulchrum, Bonum. Truth, sought in God; Goodness, diffused around us; Beauty, propagated by our Works."

Brother Simon, F.S.C.

THE WHITE BREAD OF FRAMFELDT

Framfeldt could not be found on a map by the greatest of geographers for the simple reason that it is not there. It lost itself somewhere back in the Middle Ages, among the wooded hills of Central Europe, and has only managed to keep up a half-hearted pursuit of the so-called progress of the world. From which fact you are not to judge that it is dead. By no means! Nor is it surrounded, like the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, with a next-door-to-impossible hedge. Not in the least! You arrive quite easily by taking a branch line of the railway from D——, and a rattling cart from the little station, whose name was lost under the lashings of the last ten years' storms. Once you arrive, and become "acclimated," you are little enough inclined to move on—if you are fond of gathering "odd bits" either of scenery for a sketch-book, or unreliable information in the shape of legend-lore you will find its charm as attractive as the famous "lotus flower." The most appealing of these tales, in my opinion, is woven about the tiniest of all the tiny cottages, which has now been quite deserted for many years and would certainly be described as "haunted" were it but large enough to accommodate a ghost. I tell it to you, because it introduces a very beautiful Easter custom which is still cherished among the people of parts of Europe, and many of our own Canadian settlers. Hold out your plates—for it is a slice from the legends of the far lands that I offer you in the Vale of the "White Bread of Framfeldt."

The tiniest cottage had no cobwebs about it in those days. Frau B—and cobwebs were not to be thought of in combination for one moment. Even the little yard was clean, and the rows of garlic and cabbages resplendent—Young Martin could have pointed out the reason. "He should learn to make himself of use," Frau B. would declare, nodding vigorously; and waving a plump hand towards the window through which "young Martin" (adjective never omitted) might be seen chopping kindling at the moment.

"Of course! of course!"—Why not? But Frau B.'s visitor sighed in secret. Her son was off on a miniature hunting expedition, which would not help to get the fire lit. She wondered if 'Young Martin' would be so energetic if his mother were not there. But then, it was a foolish thought. Frau B. had an almost uncanny faculty of keeping her eye on anything and everything in which she might have reason to be interested.

"You are busy."

"Very!" declared Frau B. "You see—my girl—"

The pause was an eloquent one. It brought out all the details far more emphatically than any amount of oratory. Frau B.'s daughter had gone to the "big town" to work. She was very pretty. It was rather generally understood in Framfeldt that there was a young man in the case.

"Of course!" It was annoying to have nothing more "individual" to say, but when there is no choice—what will you?

"She will be coming home in not very long"—the touch of pride was, of course, quite inevitable, "her young man too, to see us. He is quite well-to-do, with a fine job."

"I hope he is a Catholic!" There are times when a little dose of "cold water" is absolutely necessary.

"Well, I should hope so! Father F. knows of him. What a thing to imagine now!" The latter remark, although addressed to the cat sitting gravely on the window ledge, was uttered in such a tone that the visitor suddenly recalled a pie that must be in the oven. Her hostess thawed on the way to the door.

"You must hurry away? So. So! It's everybody hurrying every way these days—and I myself with visitors coming right after Easter. La! La!"

Thereafter Lent came, and Frau B. started to save. As the days went on she worked harder and harder at the rugs she made to sell to anyone who would buy them, and rubbed harder and harder at the 'best pans' on the wall which were already doing their utmost to shine, but seemed through age and discouragement to be making rather a poor job of it. "Young Martin" even began to discover charms in the schoolroom when

compared to the rigour of home. But Frau B. was saving everything except labour—and the cottage should play the palace when Leocadia came home. The final straw came caught in the envelope that announced that "coming home" as being one week after Easter—"maybe not quite a whole week," the letter said.

"We shall not have an Easter dinner until they come." Frau B.'s tone was more decisive than ever. Her husband nodded.

"But, mother." Young Martin's dismay was too keen to keep in restraint, "But we *must!* Why, what about the white parcel?"

Frau B. tapped the stout handle of her fork on the table.—Plainly "Young Martin" was in the right—every year there was a fine dinner for Easter, all wrapped up in a white cloth and taken to be blessed by the Priest, when the people went to Mass. Yet old soldiers never yield, and Frau B. was decided. "There will be nothing worth taking this year," she said, "So you get along to school now."

"Young Martin" got along—but all through the mazes of arithmetic and the tangles of reading and stumbles of writing, even through the magic moments of the story he was planning plans. It takes a long time when you are not used to it—but they were all ready long before the day of their needing was come.

"I shall make us some white bread"—I think—I am sure it was the unusual energy required in cleaning up the old shoes to look like new that made an odd little twinkle run across her husband's face, as Frau B. reached her decision. "My white bread—it is not so good always, and I must practise up for when we have our big dinner." The last part was accompanied by a glance at Young Martin, who had been unusually quiet the last few days. There was no response, so Frau B. started her preparations. By the night before Easter the white bread was laid out on the table in great curly loaves; Frau B. had not quite enough courage to examine it, and so no one else was to either—until they came home from Mass.

Easter morning dawned—a beautiful day. The grey sky was shot with lightning clouds and ribbon strips, but the sun was still under shelter of the tree-tops when a boy ran down the back road, climbed the fence—scrambled through the win-

dow. The cloth still lay on the table, in the kitchen, but it covered no white bread—and a funny knobby bundle lay in St. Stanislaus Church away over in the corner. No one had time to go to the kitchen, or at least to do more than pass through on their way out. "Young Martin" seemed very exuberant after they passed the gate—It was well that he was feeling more sensible.

It is impossible to describe his mother's feelings, however, when she discovered that he had brought the bread to church so early. After all, one cannot be angry on Easter Day—Frau B. was feeling almost guilty when they reached home again.

"It is blessed anyway," she thought as she climbed down from her seat in the cart—"and—O!"

The daughter was there to greet them, and the "boy friend" too—"Went to an early Mass and came out to call," laughed Leocadia.

"Fine—so glad—such a fine surprise"—Frau B. for once was at a loss for words, and glad to be able to go to the kitchen; she was outwardly the same—inwardly she was actually shaken. "He will never marry her now," she groaned to herself as she carried the white bread in to join the rest of what was not so poor a meal after all—"White bread—it will not be good, I know." But Young Martin only smiled—"It had been blessed, at least!" As for the young man, he did marry her, after all, and moved out himself to Framfeldt. You see, he was not so very wealthy after all; but Frau B. was consoled. All through the neighbourhood the fame of her white bread was passed along—and as she never condescended to make a second lot, its reputation became more and more splendid. When "Young Martin" was very old he would often smile to listen to the little proverb woven about it. And now the tiny cottage is fallen into ruin; the windows are gone, the walls hung with cobwebs, and great clumps of nettles have taken the place of the garlic and cabbages. And still when the peasant folk gather about their firesides, and the wind whistles down the chimney, the story is told again of the "White bread of Framfeldt."

Muriel Curry.

Vigil

The shade of night impurpling falls
Within, on the old church's walls;
The wintry day's faint, dying smile
Fades down the deep and solemn aisle.

As wraith-like, in the stillness cast,
The world recedes — is lost at last,
Leaving the soul the hush of Lent
Before the Blessed Sacrament.

What majesty of calm is here,
What walks of peace the saints held dear,
As figures in thy soft glow glide,
O sentry of the altar side.

Without, the rude world's fretful din;
The quietness of prayer, within.
Without, the surge, the tireless plod;
Within, the royal rest of God.

F. B. FENTON.

THE STATE OF IRELAND AFTER THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION

Thy rival was honored while thou wert wronged and scorned,
Thy crown was of briars while gold her brows adorned,
She wooed me to temples while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters while thine, alas! were slaves.
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I loved not or turn one thought from thee.

The Cromwellian Colony in Ireland had once proposed, as the best way of establishing peace, that the native Catholic population should be exterminated; and now they proceeded to violate the Treaty of Limerick, without much objection from the Imperial government,[1] and to enact statute after statute for the purpose of depriving the Catholics of education and property, and to reduce them gradually to the condition of the Red Indians or the Negroes in America. But there still glowed an unconquerable spirit which derived a greater glory from failure than luckier peoples owed to success. There were in those days, as the great Whig historian tells us, Irish Catholics of great ability, energy and ambition, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland. Scattered all over the Continent of Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish Counts, Irish Barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations. One exile became a Marshal of France. Another became Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land, he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who had signed the Declaration against Transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being courted assiduously by the British Ambassador.

[1] "I do not know how to bring an indictment against a whole people," says Burke.

This policy of oppression was pursued by the Cromwellians without the slightest regard for the interests of the Empire or of their mother country. There were, indeed, fierce disputes between the colony and the mother country, but in such disputes the aboriginal population had no more interest than the Red Indians in the dispute between New England and Old England about the Stamp Act. The ruling few, even when in mutiny against the imperial government, had no mercy for anything that looked like mutiny on the part of the subject many. The Protestant masters of Ireland, while ostentatiously professing the liberal doctrines of Locke and Sidney, held that a people who heard mass and spoke the Celtic tongue could have no concern in those doctrines. Neither Molyneux nor Swift nor Lucas nor Boyle ever thought of appealing to the native population for support. At a later period Henry Flood excited the dominant class to use revolutionary means for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform. But neither he nor those who went close to the verge of treason at his bidding, would consent to admit the subject mass to the smallest share of political power. Charlemont passed a long life contending for what he called the freedom of his country. But he voted against the law which gave the elective franchise to Catholic freeholders, and he died fixed in the opinion that the Parliament ought to be kept pure from Catholic members—(even the United Parliament where the Catholics could not be a majority). Indeed not only in the time of Cromwell but for a century after 1688 the inclination of a Protestant to trample on the Catholics was generally proportioned to the zeal which the Protestant professed for liberty in the abstract. If an English Protestant uttered any expression of compassion for the majority oppressed by the minority, he might safely be set down as a High Churchman and a Tory. To the Catholics every trophy set up by the State was a memorial of shame and every festival instituted by the State was a day of mourning. In front of the Senate House of their country the Irish saw a statue set up to their conqueror. If they entered they saw the walls tapestried with the defeats of their forefathers. Thus they were doomed to see the monu-

ments in their midst of their own subjugation. When one reads the history of all this mad criminality or criminal folly and blindness on the part of the Protestants in Ireland, one cannot help recalling the advice given by the old Greek oracle to a band setting out to found a colony: "Build your city opposite to the City of the Blind"[2] let your policies be different from theirs, and don't be like them yourselves. The blind of modern times were those who perversely made enemies of the most friendly, generous, and faithful people in the world.

The Dawn of Freedom.

When such was the condition of Ireland, it is not wonderful that active and aspiring young men were easily tempted to accept employment and opportunities of distinction abroad. But after 1760, the first faint dawn of Catholic Emancipation began to appear in Ireland as well as Canada. A spirit of toleration came up with the accession of King George III, a sovereign whose character and ideas, it may be said, have never been impartially studied and are known to the general public only through the systematic misrepresentations of such political fanatics as Goldwin Smith, and Lord Acton, and such a party-politician as George Trevelyan.[3] He was, says Burke, the first king of his house who did not think the prosperity of the Irish people inconsistent with the security of his own family; "from the beginning of this reign, government in spite of the Castle, pursued a policy, as opportunity offered, of wearing out the vestiges of conquest and settling all descriptions of people upon a constitutional and protecting system." The Castlereagh Papers, which I may boast that I have taken the trouble to read through, twenty years ago, show that his opposition to the admission of Catholics to Parliament was caused by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin working through the Archbishop of Canterbury upon

[2] Chalcedon was the City of the Blind because they overlooked the site opposite, that is Byzantium, now Constantinople, the finest site in the world.

[3] Mr. Birrell once said of Trevelyan to Cardinal Gasquet: "No one now takes him seriously as an historian."

his conscience. Thus they drove the poor old man out of his mind. There is nothing so deplorable, said a British statesman, as an inheritance of triumphant wrong; and both the Irish Protestants and Britain herself have had reason to deplore their inheritance. Of course they are not the only people whose ancestors did wrong. We need not cross the Atlantic to find a nation which has an inheritance of a similar kind.

Together with the growing mildness of the government came the decay of all hope of the restoration of the House of Stuart. The British government now connived at the entrance of Irish Catholic gentlemen into the service of the French monarchy. In times of peace between France and Britain, officers of the Irish Brigade made visits to London, moved in society, and were even presented at Court, for the King was fair-minded enough not to blame them for taking the employment and distinction abroad which the laws prevented them from obtaining at home. The Irish Regiments had been employed in the West Indies in the insane French war in favor of the American revolution, in which, as Burke said, Louis XVI. took away half of the crown of his neighbor and the whole of his own, and, in fact, signed his own death-warrant; yet when the war was over, some of its officers visited London and were presented to the King and thanked for their chivalrous and humane conduct. At the same time the poorer class in Ireland, having a hope of freedom and prosperity at home, were not inclined to go abroad; and by the time of the revolution in France, the majority of the private soldiers in the Brigade, as O'Callaghan tells us, were Frenchmen,—men who had first deserted from the French army and escaped abroad, and then, when they wished to return home again, having picked up some English, represented themselves as Irishmen who came to enlist in the Irish ranks. The Brigade now was so little kept up from home, that the number of regiments was reduced to three.

Ô Richard, Ô mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne!
O Richard, O my King, the world is all forsaking thee.
(Gretry's Opera Richard Cœur de Lion.)

I have not been able to find where the Irish were or in what way they were employed in the first years of the French revolution. But I have a shrewd suspicion that if they had been on guard at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, the Paris mob would not have got into the palace, nor the Paris "National Guards" have carried off the King to a virtual imprisonment. Louis XVI. was not the man for a fight, but it is likely that the Irish Brigade would not have waited for orders to keep the canaille in their place. Before these events, finding that the French troops had been corrupted by bribes and promises of increased pay, and by still baser means, the King had ordered the formation of a camp of "foreign" troops, of whom there were many in the service of France—e.g., Alsatians, Walloons, "Royal Swedes," "Royal Germans," and so forth, and I suppose that the Irish Brigade was included. On the first of October, the Flanders Regiment was called up to Versailles, and was entertained with a banquet by the Gardes du Corps. The band played the famous air from the opera, Richard Cœur de Lion—

Ô Richard, Ô mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne—

and when the Queen with her children came in, one might have thought the swords were about to leap from their scabbards. But with all respect for the Flandersmen, and for the part which they have played in the great war that for us began at Mons and there also ended, I think the King would have done more wisely if he had called up the Irish.

During the winter of 1789, and the year 1790, the monarchy drifted towards destruction, and the small republican and regicide party, still under cover, strengthened its secret resolve. Mirabeau died in April, 1791, not without suspicion of being poisoned by some of those who suspected or were sure that he had gone over to the Court. La Fayette,[4] "the hero of two worlds," was only the Kerensky of France, and had no ability, political or military, to guide the movement which he started.

[4] This is the correct spelling, his friends called him Fayette.

An English Liberal who visited Paris in January, 1791, and again at the end of 1802, writes: "I met my old acquaintance La Fayette, once a sprightly, petit-maitrish Frenchman, now mellowed into a most amiable man, silent, thoughtful, and melancholy." In June came the King's flight, his recapture, and virtual imprisonment. On July 17, La Fayette found himself obliged to shoot down a Jacobin mob in Paris. The Irish Brigade had seen the new persecution of the Church and the enslavement of the throne as well as the altar with growing impatience; and now, on July 21st, the "National" Assembly decreed that the "troups etrangeres," except the Swiss Guard, were no longer to be distinguished but to be numbered as regiments of the French line. This arbitrary act was more than the Irish spirit could stand, and they, as regiments, came over to the Royalists at Coblenz. It is remarkable that the Regiment of Dillon came over in spite of its Colonel. I do not blame him or any other of those Irish in France who did not throw up their employment there or reject promotion from the revolutionized government, since such employment was denied to them at home; but therefore I all the more admire those who did sacrifice everything.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

The reward which those who entered the service of the new State received shows us the character of the soldiers and politicians who made the revolution of France. There were then two generals Dillon in France, and it is to be noticed that one of them was not pure Irish; his mother was an Englishwoman, and he was born in England. Major-General (Marechal de Camp) Arthur Dillon was Governor of Tobago, one of the French West India islands, and married a lady (widow of the Comte de la Touche) who was a first cousin of the future Empress Josephine. They had a daughter who married the General Bertrand that accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena. When the States-General were convoked, he was chosen as Deputy to

represent the island. He had transferred the command of his regiment in 1780 to his cousin, Comte Theobald de Dillon, known as "le beau Dillon," who was made Marechal de Camp in 1783. In April, 1792, when the French declared war upon Austria, at the instigation of Gouverneur Morris,[5] Theobald Dillon without his old regiment served under Rochambeau in Flanders. He was ordered with a small force to make a reconnaissance from Lille towards the Austrians at Tournay. Discovering a body of the enemy, who made preparations to engage him, he gave the order to retire as he had been directed to do. As soon as a few cannon shot were fired by the enemy, his cavalry who had been placed to cover the retreat galloped wildly through the foot, amid cries of "Nous sommes trahis! Sauve qui peut!" The General did all a man could do to stay and rally his men in spite of their execrations and insults but he was struck by a pistol-shot from one of his own Jacobinical men, and was obliged to have himself placed in a cab. As he entered Lille amid shouts from the demented soldiers, "Dillon the traitor must perish; let us finish him!" a hundred bayonets were thrust through the sides of the cab, and a shot was fired into it which probably killed him. He was dragged out and flung on the pavement, and a thousand bayonets clashed in his corpse. When their fires were lighted upon the pavement, the body was thrown into the fire, and insane soldiers, probably drunk now, danced and yelled around it. The National Assembly voted a pension to his wife, but they were not able to do anything more against the mutineers and murderers than pass a resolution.

Count Arthur Dillon, who had been Colonel of the Irish regiment before Theobald Dillon, accepted the office of General of Division, in the army of Dumouriez in the Argonne at the same time. He was present in the battle of Valmy in September

[5] "I see no means of extricating you from your troubles but . . . a war. And you should make it to yourselves a war of men; to your neighbors a war of money. I hear you cry out that the finances are in a deplorable situation. This should be no obstacle. I think that they may be restored during war better than in peace. You want also something to turn men's attention from their present discontents." Letter of G. M. on his appointment as Minister.

and, after the retreat of the Prussian army, his troops reoccupied Verdun. The campaign of Valmy is and must always remain a mystery because the secret was never put on paper, and the plan was not formed in the cabinets of Kings but in the lodges of Illuminate Masons, and it has only been obscured for us by the elucidations of such biased historians as Lord Acton or Mr. Belloc. Some things grow plain to a reflective student. The Emperor Leopold cared no more for his sister, and his son, Francis, cared no more for his aunt, the Queen of France, than the Emperor Charles V. had cared for his aunt, the Queen of England, and he foolishly left the principal part to the King of Prussia. The Prussian army marching in took the eastern route by Longwy instead of the well-proven route by Lille, probably because the King had his eye on Alsace or Lorraine or both. But the Duke of Brunswick, the General in Command, probably deceived his King, because he was an Illuminate Mason in sympathy with the revolution, and because he saw the possibility of an actual or virtual alliance with France against Austria. He left the strength of his artillery behind, although he knew that artillery and engineers were the only branch of the French army capable of offering any real resistance, since the French artillery and engineers, unlike the cavalry and infantry, had not been officered by the nobility and gentry, and still retained their veteran officers as well as men. He did not bring forward the French emigrants to lead the way and to rouse and rally the royalist or sympathetic part of the population; he marched as slowly as he could, and gave his army as much rest as possible; he advanced only where the French gave way, and as soon as they stood and resisted, he quitted battle, and negotiated for an unmolested retreat. The French emigrants who had served with Prussia were left to the vengeance of the enemy. When reflecting on these events, and trying to find out what compensated to the most renowned commander and best disciplined and strongest army in Europe for such a humiliation, we must not forget that in later years, when the revolutionists felt the need of a constitutional monarchy, they thought of the Duke of Brunswick for their King. At the time

of Valmy we cannot doubt that the party of Danton, who with the aid of the mob had seized the government in Paris, employed heavy bribes as well as the influence of the international secret society. General Dillon returned in triumph to Paris, and continued to serve under the so-called "National" Convention and nominal "republic," but with a preference for limited monarchy. In the summer of 1793, after the judicial murder of the King, and when Robespierre and Danton had established their Committee of "Public Safety," he was arrested and imprisoned. And after Robespierre had sent Danton to his death in April, 1794, Dillon was charged with having conspired to deliver Danton and with desiring to proclaim the little Prince in the Temple King, and was sent to the guillotine. His last words, "Vive le Roi," rang through the Place de la Revolution as clearly and firmly as if he were giving a command to his soldiers.

These two Generals were not the only Irish victims of the revolutionary spirit. Lieutenant-General James O'Moran, who commanded the right wing of the French army that relieved Dunkirk in 1793 when it was besieged by the British, was the son of a shoemaker at Elphin, Co. Roscommon, and enlisted in Dillon's Regiment as a private soldier. By the time that he was forty-five he had risen by his valour and conduct to be Marechal de Camp, and a Chevalier of St. Louis, and had received the Government of Condé from the monarchy which is accused of denying all career to low-born men. When the revolution came, he remained in the service, and received the rank of Lieutenant-General from the "republican" government. But he was put to death unjustly, says O'Callaghan, "like so many of every rank, sex, and age, by the Jacobin hell-hounds, upon a false charge of having received British gold to favor the escape of the British army."

Meanwhile a new Irish Brigade of six regiments in the service of the King of Great Britain and of Ireland was formed in 1792. That was the year in which the King, advised by Pitt, constrained the Irish Protestant Ministry and Parliament to concede the electoral franchise to the Catholics. The six regi-

ments were those of Dillon, Fitzjames, the two Walsh-Serrants, and O'Connell. The Colonel of this last was General Daniel Count O'Connell, uncle of the great Liberator, and K.G.C. of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and Inspector-General of the French Infantry. He remained with King Louis until the poor King was thrown into prison. Then he joined the exiles at Coblenz and shared in Brunswick's ostensible expedition into France as a colonel of a French regiment of Hussars. After the peace of Amiens he revisited France to look after his wife's property, and he was imprisoned by Napoleon when the war broke out again. With the Restoration he regained his rank and titles in the French service, and still received the pay of a British General, with the sanction of both governments. When another revolution occurred in 1830 he again showed himself faithful everywhere and always, and resigned his French appointments.

To relate how faithfully and gloriously the new Irish Brigade served the British Crown would require many volumes.

Yet we cannot forget on St. Patrick's Day that for the Sons of St. Patrick there is something even greater and grander than the old or the new brigade, and that is, to be the soldiers of Christ, the true Knights of the Holy Ghost, the Irish Missionaries that now as in the sixth and seventh century are going forth with the standard of the Cross. Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

—Father Southwell, S.J.

MOTHER MARY IGNATIA

The death of Mother M. Ignatia on January 3rd, 1929, at the Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont., brought to a close a long, noble and edifying life.

Mother Ignatia, known in the world as Catherine Ann Campbell, daughter of Kenneth Campbell and Ann McEwen, was born in the Township of Thorah, County Simcoe, Ontario, on November 17th, 1840. In those early days there were but few priests in Ontario, and no religious teachers. It was, therefore, from her devout parents that Catherine received her early religious training and imbibed that great love of God and zeal for His glory that characterized her whole life.

At the early age of fifteen years, Miss Campbell entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph in October, 1855, a community founded by the saintly Mother Delphine Fontbonne in Toronto in 1851, and on May 3rd, 1856, was clothed in the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph and given the name of Sister Mary Ignatia. Having completed the prescribed term of her novitiate training, His Lordship Count Armand de Charbonnel, second Bishop of Toronto, received her profession of vows.

In 1868 Sister Ignatia was delegated one of the pioneer band of Sisters who in that year went to London on the invitation of His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, to take charge of the parochial schools of his diocese.

When, in 1870, the London Community became an independent foundation, Sister Mary Ignatia was chosen its first Mother-General. Under her wise and far-seeing guidance, schools were opened in London, Goderich, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Seaforth, Sarnia, Belle River, Kingsbridge, Kenkora, Paincourt and Ford. Homes were established for the care of orphan children and for neglected old people. St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont., was opened in 1889, and St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham, Ont., in 1891.



MOTHER MARY IGNATIA.

To do justice to an account of Mother Ignatia's life would require a volume; but to summarize it, it may be said that from the day she left the novitiate to the last day of her saintly life she was an inspiration for every Sister of her community, and, like all eminent leaders, taught by example, rather than by words. Her lively faith, her spirit of prayer and recollection, her ardent love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, her tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, grew with the years and rendered her more and more a shining light and guiding star to the community she loved and governed. Ever and always her energies were directed to the increase of God's glory and the spiritual and temporal welfare of those under her care. Divine Providence crowned her labours with blessings that bore fruit even to the promised hundred fold.

In August, 1906, Rev. Mother Ignatia celebrated her Golden Jubilee, and ten years later, August, 1916, her Diamond Jubilee. On each of these occasions she was honored by the Papal Benediction cabled from Rome; and the Bishop and clergy of the diocese showered her with tributes of honor and esteem.

On December 10th, 1928, she observed with her community the sixtieth anniversary of her arrival in London. During which time she witnessed the reception of three hundred and sixty-five subjects, forty-nine of whom preceded her into Eternity.

Mother Ignatia is survived by four nieces: Sister St. Paul, Sister M. Imelda, and Sister M. Augustine of St. Joseph's Community, Peterboro; and Sr. M. Bernard, Loretto Community, Niagara Falls.

To the Sisters of her Community it will be a satisfaction to reflect that it has been theirs to know familiarly one who gave them by her virtues a high conception of the religious life, that they have felt the influence, enjoyed the friendship and received the maternal counsels of one whose labors and example were a precious gift from Heaven to the Congregation in which she lived. Now that dear Mother Ignatia has passed from their midst it will be their consolation to hopefully be-

lieve that she is removed from them only to enter upon the reward of her fidelity and life of self-sacrifice and to be able the more effectually to serve her children whom she so tenderly loved, by her more intimate union with the Common Father of all. Requiescat in pace.

DUSK AND BLAZE.

Unmarked the fading twilight drifts adown
The dewy fields and o'er the woodland ways;
Sweet odors fill the dim, enchanted maze
Of ferns and waxen bays and lichens brown
The wood-bird chirps, adream; the weary clown
Strays home, belated, stumbling o'er dead sprays,
Through leafy hollows in bewildered daze,—
A sky-glimpse shines afar, a yellow crown.

O pallid twilight of the dusky wood,
Your rustle whispers of a softened strife!
Transition comes. The shadows darker fall;
Then, blackness yields to gold, a conquering flood,
And death is passed.—O twilight hour of life,
Your dusk is naught! O'erwhelming morn is all.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

COMMUNITY NOTES

IMPRESSIVE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

On Saturday., January 5th, a religious ceremony of double interest took place at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, including the reception of the habit and profession of final vows in the Order. Many friends and relatives of the candidates were present, some coming even from Vancouver, B.C., to witness an event which held for them a supreme interest because of the dear ones taking part in it. The consecration of promising young lives to the special service of God in retirement and self-renunciation has always a keen interest for those who appreciate the sacrifice involved and who admire the courage which supports such cheerful and generous self-oblation.

RECEPTION OF RELIGIOUS HABIT.

Those who took the first step of separation from the world by reception of the religious habit and the assumption of new names were: Gertrude McKinnon, Vancouver, B.C., in religion Sr. M. Charlotte; Anastasia Wogan, Vancouver, B.C., Sr. M. Evangelista; Mary Theresa Beck, Yorkton, Sask., Sr. M. Lioba; Cecilia Gallagher, Orillia, Ont., St. M. Donalda; Kathleen McNally, Utterson, Ont., Sr. M. St. Armand; Rose Marie Weiler, Mildmay, Ont., Sr. M. St. Zoe; Georgina Morrissey, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Gabriel of the Passion; Margaret Blackall, Dixie, Ont., Sr. M. Jeannette; Ernestine Gravel, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Peter.

A profession of final vows was made by Sister M. St. Marcian Devlin, of Penetanguishene, Ont.

The officiant presiding at the ceremony was the Right Rev. M. D. Whelan, V.G., and the celebrant of the Mass, Rev. J. C. Carberry. Among the clergy present were: Rev. W. McCann, Rev. J. J. McGrand, Rev. C. Lamarche, Rev. J. Clair, Rev. W. Egan, Rev. H. Gallagher, Rev. E. Ronan, Rev. J. Keogh, C.ss.R., Rev. B. Coffey, C.ss.R., Rev. S. Armstrong and Rev. F. Bennett.

THE SERMON.

After the usual formal salutations in addressing the audience the Very Rev. Father Murray, C.ss.R., preached the following forceful, practical and consoling sermon:

"This morning a number of young ladies are exchanging the garb of the world for the religious habit, and one young Sister is consecrating herself irrevocably to our Lord by perpetual Vows. She has experienced that the yoke of the Lord is sweet and His burden light, and she desires to serve Him all the days of her life. The others, relying on His goodness, have faith in His promises. Why is it, my dear Sisters, that you are leaving everything that the world holds dear? Why are you giving up the pursuit of worldly honors and pleasures? Why are you renouncing your own will? The answer is found in our Saviour's promises to those who leave all things for Him,—a hundredfold here and eternal life hereafter. But the complete and final answer is found in your love for Jesus Christ, the Spouse of your soul; the hundredfold here is true lasting happiness. Your human heart craves for peace; now the revelation of God, man's reason, his bitter experience assure us that true happiness is not to be found in wealth or pleasure, or in anything that the world can give. True happiness has its source in the grace of God. Where that grace is, there is the holy Saviour, and where the Holy Saviour is, there is peace.

WHERE GRACE IS FOUND.

Where is grace found more abundantly than in the religious life? There you are sheltered from many of the dangers that beset the world; you are sheltered from many of the temptations that threaten the soul that is in the world. You are brought into close and frequently renewed contact with the grace of God. As Saint Bernard says: "In the religious life you fall less frequently and less seriously: you rise more promptly; you walk more securely; you reach more surely the goal of eternal blessedness."

Never take back any part of the sacrifice you are making

this morning. Your happiness depends upon your being true to your holy calling. Our Divine Saviour promises to those who leave all things for Him, eternal life. He has given you an immortal soul; the purpose of your life is to save it. If you do your life is a success. It does not matter how poor you may be, of how many pleasures you may be deprived, what sufferings you may have to endure, how little the world may hear of you. If your soul is right with God you are doing well. If you lose your soul your failure is a great, an irremediable one. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and then lose his soul?" You have realized that you have graven deeply on your mind the word that haunted the intellect of Saint Augustine,—"Eternity." You have taken to heart that other saying of another saint: "No precaution is too great when eternity is at stake." Live in the light of eternity; it will give meaning to everything that you do, it will relegate into the background every purely human and worldly concern.

THE KINDNESS OF CHRIST.

"The principal reason for your sacrifice this morning is your love for Jesus, the Spouse of your souls. You remember how, for your sake, He left the splendors of His Heavenly home and became the Babe of Bethlehem; how He toiled in the House of Nazareth, how He journeyed up and down the roads of Judea. You remember how for your sake He fell into terrible anguish in the Garden of Gethsemane; had His head crowned with thorns; felt His back quiver under the lash and stumbled under the weight of the Cross up the hill of Calvary. You remember how He spent three heart-breaking hours and then died for you. You remember how for your sake He gave you His flesh to eat and His blood to drink and remains with you as a companion and friend all the days of your exile. Thinking over the kindness of Christ, you have made up your mind to make some return to Him. You want to make Him feel that He can count upon the loyalty and generosity of some human hearts; that He still has in this world devout friends and faithful Spouses.

CONSECRATED TO GOD.

"Love Jesus Christ: In your sadness and great sorrows, go to Him and He will comfort you. In your trials and troubles and temptations go to Him, and He will strengthen you. If you feel your heart grow ungenerous and cold go to Him and He will warm it.

No human being ever acts without a motive; no human being undertakes a great task without a strong and vividly realized purpose. The religious life is hard and only the deep personal love of your heart for Jesus Christ will help you to bear it, not only to bear it but to make it sweet. You are consecrating yourselves to God, then to attain eternal happiness, to make sure of the salvation of your soul and especially out of love for Jesus Christ. The offering of the Sister who is making her Final Profession is the source of encouragement to those who are beginning their Novitiate, who aspire to the same privilege. It is a source of consolation to all the Sisters of the Community who to-day will renew their vows as she makes hers. They have borne the burden of the religious life; they know how good God has been to them and they can renew with all the generosity of their soul the sacrifice which they made years ago before God's Altar.

"May God bless the parents whose strong faith and generous sacrifice has made possible the ceremony this morning. May He bless every member of the Community, their relatives, every member of their families that they may share in the joy and gladness of their hearts.

"My dear young ladies: In a few moments Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, will come before you, not in the splendour of His majesty, but in the meekness and hiddenness of His Sacramental Presence. Your greeting to Him will be the cry of Saint John after his long life of love of the Divine Master. 'Come, Lord Jesus, Come.' May He come to you and to us all, and abide with us forever. Amen."

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With the thanksgivings and rejoicings which an event of such moment inspires the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of their

consecration to God in holy Religion was observed by Sisters M. Emmanuella, M. Sylvia, M. Florian and M. Josephine on January 5th.

Masses of Thanksgiving were offered that morning for these Jubilarians at St. Joseph's Convent, the House of Providence and St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

Throughout the day these devoted Sisters were the happy recipients of many hearty felicitations and tokens of remembrance from their Sisters in Community, relatives and friends.

Ad Multos Annos.

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The Annual public Novena in honour of St. Joseph was held at the Mother-House and at the House of the Novitiate and also in our Mission Houses commencing March 10th and ending March 19th, the Feast of our Glorious Patron. The Novena at the Mother-House consisted of a Holy Hour of Adoration during which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and prayers were offered for the intentions of the Novena, namely, an increase o fvocations to the Holy Priesthood and to the Religious Life, the intentions of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, and the needs of the Church in Canada. Private intentions which were recommended to the prayers of the Community were also remembered during those nine days of prayer.

SISTER MARY ROSE, TORONTO.

A last connecting link with the historic past of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in Upper Canada, was severed on February 17th, when Sister Mary Rose O'Malley passed away at the House of Providence, Toronto, in the 91st year of her age and the 74th of her life as religious. She was the last survivor of the novices received by Mother Delphine, who came to this city at the invitation of His Lordship, Count Armand de Charbonnel, in 1851.

As one of the first recruits, who were inspired by the example and personal influence of the Foundress, she adhered reverently and religiously to the letter and the spirit of her early training. The self-sacrificing labors of charity towards the infirm and destitute, the waif and the orphan, claimed her full attention after the pious fulfilment of the rules of her Community. Sister Mary Rose was an exact observer of the Constitution, a prayerful and industrious religious, and she never departed from the instructions received from her first impressive teacher.

She was a companion novice with Mother Ignatia Campbell, who died in London, Ont., on January 3rd last, revered and widely known for her remarkable work in that diocese during a period of over 60 years. Both these faithful religious had many hardships and privations to endure while the little Community was struggling to extend the Lord's vineyard in the Province of Ontario, almost three quarters of a century ago.

Sister Mary Rose was born in Castlebar, Mayo County, Ireland, and received her primary education with the Sisters of Mercy there. At an early age she and her sister came to this country, where they had many relatives, whose descendants now live in California, Buffalo, N.Y., and Hamilton, Ont. Soon she received the Divine Call and hastened to answer it by giving her young life unreservedly to the service of God in the religious state.

On February 19th a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the House of Providence for the deceased by the Rev. Father

Bagnasco, assisted by Father Corrigan as deacon, and Father Culliton as sub-deacon, while Father Carberry attended in the sanctuary. Sister M. Pauline Ryan, of Lindsay, who was a kinswoman, and Mr. F. Callan, and the Misses Callan, cousins, who motored from Hamilton for the funeral, were the only relatives who could be present for the obsequies. May the soul of dear Sister Mary Rose rest eternally in peace!

DEATH.

I do not think that Death can be
A Monster so to fear and dread,
'Tis but the Gateway, Lord, to Thee,
The Way that Thou hast gone ahead
To wait for me;
The soul's first draught of boundless liberty
From Self and Sin and Human Frailty.

Come, then, sweet Sister, Death!
Come, welcomely!

J. M.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Members of the Alumnae extend to their President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, good wishes for much happiness in her new home.

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Mrs. W. T. Kernahan was hostess to a very lovely afternoon tea party at her spacious home on Elm Avenue. Quantities of flowers and pretty lights added greatly to the attraction of the house. Assisting Mrs. Kernahan were her daughters, Mrs. Arthur Holmes, and Misses Catherine and Mary, also Mrs. W. O'Connor and Miss J. Gillooly, while tea and coffee were poured by Mrs. D. Frawley and Mrs. T. McDonnell. The table was centred with a silver basket containing the most beautiful spring flowers. A great many of St. Joseph's Alumnae members were invited and some of them noticed were: Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. F. R. Latchford, Mrs. Ambrose Small, Mrs. W. McGuire, Dr. Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. S. Crowell, Mrs. P. Mulqueen, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Misses M. McGrath, K. Moylan, Benning, M. McMahon, McGuire, Alice Hayes and Enright.

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Miss Pauline McDonagh has gone to Palm Beach to visit friends. She accompanied Mrs. Monkhouse as far as Jacksonville.

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Mrs. George Griffin is enjoying the bright sunshine of the West Indies, having sailed from New York at the end of January.

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Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson (Denise Phelan), who have been enjoying California since their wedding, have left for a further trip through the Panama Canal.

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We most heartily congratulate the Reverend Alfred Lellis on his appointment by Rome to the important office of Na-



BERNITA MILLER, 32

Who won the first prize for the best piece of prose submitted to the Varsity Christmas Supplement.



ANGELA PREU, '30

Successful competitor for the prize donated by the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. for the best essay on the "Treasures of Canada."

tional Director of the Propagation of the Faith in Ontario and Western Canada.

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February 8th.—From all parts of the Dominion and many countries of the world guests thronged to Parliament Hill for one of Canada's most dignified and impressive ceremonial functions. The Red Chamber with its rich-hued, deep-piled carpet, vaulted galleries, intricate carvings in wood and marble, paintings of Canadian War scenes, formed an ideal setting for this notable pageant of brilliance and splendor. Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Willingdon received one thousand guests, among whom were: Mrs. F. A. Anglin, of Ottawa; Dr. Gertrude Lawlor, M.A., Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss Campbell Kloefper, Toronto; Miss Evelyn King, Stratford; Miss Margaret Hunt and Miss Aileen McDonnell, Winnipeg.

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Congratulations to Mrs. James E. Day, who has been re-elected President of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses; and to Mrs. J. W. McCabe, who is one of the active Vice-Presidents. The President's report read in part: "I am glad to welcome so many members and friends of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association to this, our twenty-first annual meeting. It is interest in an organization that promotes growth, and the attendance here to-day assures me that our work has met with your approval and that you are here to-day to give support and encouragement to the directors and nurses who are carrying on this great work of charity. As President of this Association, I wish to express my appreciation of the co-operation of the Board members. It is this that has made possible such a successful year—this, and the faithfulness and cheerfulness of our nurses, who adapt themselves readily to the diversities of work and weather and who seem always to remember that Our Lord has said: "In as much . . ." The Association is increasing its activities by placing a nurse in the Lake Shore District at Port Credit and Welland.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Nolan, Bradford, Ontario (Clare Moore) were guests at St. Joseph's College dance.

Miss Margaret Keenan entertained at a Tea and Shower for Miss Alice O'Connell, and Misses Mildred and Beatrice Gough entertained for her at an Evening Bridge.

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Miss Eleanor Warde was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge Hughes (formerly Miss McDougald).

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Madame A. Belanger, Vice-President of the Ontario Chapter of the Federated Alumnae, is in town during the session of the Provincial House.

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Congratulations.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Byrnes on the birth of a baby boy—Francis Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McGinn (nee Dorothy Young) on the birth of a baby daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hodgins (nee Dorothy Chalue) on the birth of a daughter—Mary Louise.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Enright (nee Eileen O'Connor) on the birth of a baby boy—Ernest John.

To Mr and Mrs. Norman Enright (nee Kathleen O'Connor) on the birth of a daughter—Kathleen Teresa.

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The members of our association at their quarterly meeting held on the afternoon of Feb. 17th in the College Auditorium, —enjoyed a remarkably fine lecture on Rome given by Dr. Cummer, who illustrated his talk with excellent views of the Eternal City, secured during the summer of 1925, when he visited the principal places of historic interest in that ancient capital, and attended all the wonderful canonization ceremonies, and other solemn functions held at St. Peter's during that memorable year of Jubilee.

Dr. Cummer was assisted by his daughter, Miss Cummer, who, at the close of the lecture, was presented with a lovely boquet of flowers by little Miss Joan Thompson.

The President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, then introduced Mr. Gerard Kelly, who with his sister, Mrs. Schreiner, as accompanist, delighted the audience with a group of sacred solos.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Cummer and Mr. Kelly, by Mrs. J. D. O'Neill and seconded by Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Then all proceeded to the Convent Chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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Mrs. J. McMillan of St. Louis, Mo., sailed on the Empress of Scotland for the Mediterranean cruise with a party from St. Louis. Her sister, Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, went to New York to bid her "bon voyage."

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After the recovery of Cadet J. Leslie Monkhouse, who was seriously ill during the Christmas vacation, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Miss Helen Monkhouse left for St. Augustine, Florida. Mrs. Monkhouse will visit her cousin, Rt. Rev. Bishop Barry of that diocese.

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Mrs. Tom McCarron entertained—a dinner party—in compliment to her cousin, Mrs. Alfred Billis, on the return of Mr. and Mrs. Billis from their wedding trip spent in the West Indies.

Judge Jean Norris, a distinguished guest in town, was much feted during her visit and was the house guest of Mrs. A. M. Hobberlin.

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In this number we have with sorrow to chronicle the death of a devoted member, Mrs. John McBride, who died just at the passing of the old year. Sincerest sympathy is extended to her husband and family, to her sisters, Mrs. M. Lellis and Miss M. Kennedy, and to her sisters-in-law, Misses Polly, Emily and Carrie McBride.

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With sorrow, too, we record the death, on January 29th, at her home in Halifax, N.S., of Miss May Doran, an esteemed

Alumna who although living at a distance, always kept in touch with her Alma Mater through St. Joseph Lilies to which she was a subscriber since its first appearance. To her sister, Sister Marie Reine (Lena) also a graduate of St. Joseph's, and all her bereaved ones, we offer sincere sympathy.

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On February 14th death claimed Mrs. Frank Keogh (Mary Kelly), a faithful and venerated Alumna of St. Joseph's. To her bereaved and sorrowing ones our heartfelt sympathy.

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The annual Birthday Party of the American Women's Club was an interesting function held at the Clarendon on Monday, February 25th. Over one hundred guests were present. The President, Mrs. George G. Dunning, presided over the banquet table, which was most attractively arranged in blue and yellow—the club colors—spring flowers, candles and tulle carried out in the color scheme—the birthday cake being placed at the head table. The President gave the toast to the King, and Dr. Gertrude Lawlor, M.A., the toast to the President.

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Miss Edna Rogers visited Mrs. D. Coulson of Ottawa on her return from an extensive wedding trip.

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Among those tripping off to the sunny south are Miss J. Gillooly, who went to California; Miss May Morrow and the Misses Anna, Rose and Lucia Bauer, to Florida.

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At the quarterly meeting of the Sub-Division No. 2 of the Catholic Women's League held in Rosary Hall on Sunday afternoon of February 24th, Rev. A. T. Lellis was the guest and speaker, and gave an interesting summary of the origin of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. Mrs. A. J. McDonagh tendered a hearty vote of thanks to Rev. Father Lellis, which was seconded by Mrs. F. R. Latchford.

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The Annual Newman Club Ball, held in their club rooms on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, was a jolly event. It was a

charming Valentine party and the whole club-house was in gorgeous array for the occasion. Some of the lady patronesses were: Mrs. Frank Foy, Mrs. D'Arcy Prendergast and Mrs. Arthur Kelly.

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Mrs. Herbert E. Moore was honored by being re-elected regent of the Sir John Moore Chapter of I.O.D.E. at the annual meeting held at Sherbourne Club in February. Reports read showed a very successful year's work in child welfare, educational and in emergency relief.

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The following is portion of a letter written to an Alumna by a Canadian who has gone abroad to live:

Dec. 5, 1928. By the time this reaches you Christmas wishes will be on the wing, and so I may as well be on the first flight, and offer you all the best wishes for happiness, health and prosperity. Full measure of all three with some extra to fill all family needs. Christmas eve is a much greater celebration than Christmas day, here in France. Therefore, on Christmas eve I shall take a good long pull of good wine, wherever I happen to be, and I shall say to myself.—"Here's to the——God bless 'em." And if there is anything in this pleasant old custom of drinking healths, I hope that my thoughts and wishes will carry straight through to the right quarters.

Christmas and New Year celebrations are generally prolonged and hilarious here in Nice. I don't know about other places, but in addition to the permanent residents in Nice, there are large numbers of visitors, all of whom, being away from home, seize gladly the opportunity for celebration. Then there is a fine sprinkling of lusty America, in the form of a thousand or more American sailors who join the festivities. Each winter, above the middle of December, a tidy little portion of the American Navy puts in at Villefranche, which is "next door" to Nice and has a thoroughly good time till about the end of January. Although it is more or less a joy-ride, these fellows have some sort of occupation that keeps them busy during the day, but after five or six o'clock in the evening

they are all on shore, and I wish you could just dine with me at the Café de Paris, while they are here. No American sailor would think of any other café than this particular one, and every night during their stay, the café is so full of these fellows and their lady friends that it is almost impossible for the regular habitues to find a place. What a Babel of voices! And when it comes to Christmas and New Year,—well, words fail me.

I had more than two months in the very beautiful country of Switzerland last summer. The mountain scenery is perhaps the most magnificent in the world. There are higher peaks elsewhere, I know, but in Switzerland there is the constant contrast between the pastoral scenery and that of the mountains, and frequently the blending of the two creates scenes difficult to equal elsewhere. I traveled about more this year and was able to visit a number of places that formerly were only names to me.

Since the middle of September I have been back "Home" in Nice,—I must say I like Nice. Besides being a resort, it is a fair-sized little city—the seventh of France. So in addition to the climatic attractions, the life and movement of the city is pleasant, for there are operas, theatres, music halls, cainos and distractions of every sort, more so than in the more "classy" places, such as Monte Carlo and Cannes. Both these resorts are so near to Nice,—Cannes to the west, and Monte Carlo to the east, that one can run across to either of them in three-quarters of an hour by rail or motor bus. Cannes is very pleasant for the super-rich with yacht, motor cars and villa, but it isn't much of a spot for the poor middle classes unless one is willing to live a much duller life. On the other hand Monte Carlo is for the gambler. A place of exquisite beauty, but the great magnet is the Casino. Monte Carlo exists for the stranger and the visitor, a very artificial creation, and a poisoned paradise. I like to go there for the day, to sit on the terrace, see the fashionable people of the world and listen to the music, but I am glad to get back to Nice for the evening. Nice is much pleasanter in every way, for here, one

can live just as the French themselves live, economically or otherwise, and besides the constant sun, the sea, the sky and flowers—(the flower-beds in the public gardens are just a blaze of color) there are all the conveniences, comforts and attractions of a jolly little city, large enough to be always interesting, yet small enough to be pleasantly intimate. I don't think I shall ever live in London again. The South of France has "got" me, and except for occasional visits to England, here I shall stay. This moment, as I write, I am sitting at a table by a window with both of its wings open,—you know the French windows on hinges,—and the sun streaming in with full force and warmth. Through the open window I look out on several palm trees, a eucalyptus and numerous fig trees, and if I crane my neck a little, an orange tree or two. While in London, at the moment, they are, possibly, groping their way through fog and rain.

All you tell me about the new buildings in Toronto seems like a fairy tale. Nineteen storeys here and twenty-two storeys there! The buildings of my time that were considered magnificent, must be regarded with something like scorn now. I don't believe I would like Toronto with its skyscrapers. I know I don't like the idea that Commerce is the God, and all the best buildings His temples.

My travels in Switzerland this summer made me think admiringly of the wonderful public spirit that existed amongst the town fathers of other days (can't say about the present ones) who planned and built their towns and cities as if they were whole-hearted in their desire to create something that would be enduring and of lasting credit. Houses built and trees planted for all eternity, as it were. There is always the town (or city) square, flanked with fine buildings, a monument or a fountain in the middle. In the larger places, an opera house, of some degree of magnificence, an imposing "Hotel de Ville" (Town Hall) a beautiful church or cathedral. And the French cities, Marseilles, Lyon, and such—Paris is in a class by itself. But we hurtled moderns are different,—certainly of a different epoch.

Anxiety regarding the health of the King has abated slightly, and I see by to-day's paper that the Queen and Princess Mary drove out through London, which seems to be the royal way of informing the public that all goes well. I noticed in one of the local papers that 80,000 children in Toronto united in their prayers for the King's recovery. I hope by this time that he is quite out of danger. Should he recover, he is expected to come down through the Mediterranean to complete his cure, as he did three years ago. It stirs things up a bit to have the Royal Yacht hereabout, with a nice group of warships and destroyers from the Malta fleet to act as guard. Once again all my best wishes for the New Year!

OBITUARY.

We earnestly request the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends: Rev. Thomas Henry Cruise; Rev. Vincent Reath, C.S.B., Rev. Father Matthias Mayou, C.P., Rev. Brother Abnas, Mr. Daniel E. Lynch, Mrs. J. McBride (Frances Kennedy), Mrs. James McCrohan, Mrs. Kearns, Mrs. Sweeney, Miss May Doran, Mrs. Frank Roche, Mr. J. Phelan, Mrs. J. Phelan, Dr. J. J. Roche, Mr. O'Rourke, Mrs. Margaret McConvey, Mr. William Edward Mullin, Mr. Samuel Jamieson, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Cecilia Doyle, Miss Helen Gibson, Mrs. K. Connors, Mrs. A. Kennedy, Mrs. B. O'Connell, Mrs. Patrick Delanty, Mrs. Frank Keogh (Mary Kelly), Sir Bertram Windle, Mr. John Rogers, Mr. Alfred Richard, Mrs. H. J. Sullivan, Mrs. Wm. Casserly, Mr. Henry Louis Ferland, Mr. N. J. Bourdon, Miss Kathleen Moore, R.N., Mr. Philip Pocock, K.S.G., Mrs. Louise Lydon, Mrs. Ray Howe, Mrs. Sarah Maloney, Mr. James McGuane, Mr. Hinchy, Miss O'Loughlin.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



ST. JOSEPH.

ST, JOSEPH, PATRON OF CANADA

[Adapted from the French of M. Hormisdas Magnan in Volume VIII. of Le Bulletin des Rescherches Historiques, organ of La Société des Etudes Historiques, Quebec].

Devotion to St. Joseph grew in Canada side by side with Catholicity itself. It was brought by the missionaries and religious who spread it among the convert savages and more especially among the French colonists. Many illusions to the dear Saint are found among the early archives of the French regime.

The year 1624 in Quebec was marked by a religious festivity attended by all the French and several Indians. It was celebrated in honour of a vow made to St. Joseph, who on this occasion had been chosen as Patron of New France. Ever since, devotion to St. Joseph has been faithfully preserved among the Canadians, as is proved by the numerous churches and pious confraternities established.

Rev. Father Faillon, commenting on the choice of St. Joseph as Patron of New France, writes: "On taking possession of this country, the new associates, rejoicing in the thought that they could consecrate it entirely to God, and knowing that the Recollect Fathers had already dedicated it to Him, under the patronage of St. Joseph, they sent an image of this holy patron which was placed on the altar of Notre Dame de Recouverance."

We read again: "The feast of the glorious St. Joseph, father, patron and protector of New France, was one of the greatest celebrated in this country. On the day of this feast churches were as crowded as on Easter Sunday, and each one blessed God for having given him St. Joseph as a Patron. Thus from the very beginning the feast of St. Joseph was that of a Patron Saint and also a national one."

It is easily seen that Providence guided the Canadian peo-

ple from their very origin because it gave them St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist as protectors. And to confirm the choice of St. Joseph as Protector and Patron of New France let us mention the vision which Mother Mary of the Incarnation had before her departure for Canada:

Towards the end of the year 1633 the venerable nun had a vision; she saw a lady who conducted her to a far and unknown country. On arriving there, she perceived a man dressed in white who, looking in a kindly way at her and her companion, made a motion with his hand, but did not speak. He indicated a little church situated on a hill. There, the future founder of the Ursulines of Quebec saw the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son. The Latter said: "I have shown you Canada; you must go there and reap a harvest for Jesus and Mary."

Then the holy nun knew that it was St. Joseph who had guided her to this chapel. And when the Ursuline Monastery of Quebec was permanently founded, the nuns dedicated it to the Holy Protector of Canada.

The power of St. Joseph manifested itself in a more visible manner when the first French nuns were on their way to Canada. With them on the vessel were Fathers Chaumonot, Vimont, and Poucel, Jesuits who had obtained permission to consecrate their lives to the conversion of the Indians. Here is how Father Martin, who annotated Father Chaumonot's autobiography, tells the story:

The crossing was long and perilous; it lasted three months. On arriving near America, the sea was thick with fog, the flagship was in great danger. It was going to collide with a huge iceberg; the pilot, perceiving it, cried out: "Mercy, we are lost!" Father Vimont then made a vow to Saint Joseph and to the Blessed Virgin that they might protect them from this danger. At the same moment the wind changed and the vessel was saved.

And how many more proofs could we not give of St. Joseph's love and devotion to these first colonists? The founding of the Hotel Dieu at Montreal in 1642 by Mlle. Jeanne

Mance was due to favours obtained from this Holy Patriarch. This institution was also placed under his powerful patronage.

On March 19th, 1660, St. Joseph's feast day, Mgr. Henri de Bernières, first priest ordained in Canada by Mgr. de Laval, celebrated his first Mass in St. Joseph's Church at Quebec. In 1663 Mgr. de Laval founded the Seminary of Quebec and at once dedicated it to the Holy Family.

The following shows the great devotion which the first Canadian Missionaries had for St. Joseph:

When Father Chaumonot, a Jesuit, had his chapel built at Ancienne-Loretto in 1673, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin, he wrote to Mother Nativity, Superior of the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, and asked her for a donation. In his letter (which may still be found in the Archives of the Hotel Dieu) the zealous missionary begs her to make a novena to St. Joseph that he might find the necessary funds for the construction of his chapel. Mother Nativity promised Father Chaumonot 25 écus; it was all she possessed. The next day she opened her casket to send her offering and instead of 25 écus she found 50. This was an agreeable surprise and she did not doubt that it was the work of Providence. Thus she wrote to Father Chaumonot telling him that she had promised him 25 écus only, but since the Holy Virgin and her chaste Spouse had doubled the amount she would send him the entire sum. Father Chaumonot's devotion to St. Joseph was great and he always obtained from this holy Protector all the favours he asked.

Devotion to St. Joseph has spread through all the ecclesiastical provinces of Canada and there is not one church which has not its altar dedicated to him. A great number of religious communities, colleges, convents and schools, have been placed under the patronage of this great Saint, and over a thousand parishes have been dedicated to this powerful Protector. Amongst our Canadian shrines, that of the Oratory of St. Joseph, situated at the foot of the Mountain of Montreal, holds an important place, and many are the pilgrims who flock there to venerate the humble spouse of Our Lady. The power of St.

manner no less consoling in the little chapel of St. Joseph, on the St. Foy Road, Quebec. This chapel, which belongs to the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Vallier, France, has already been the scene of a great number of pilgrimages and pilgrims become more numerous each year. It is now the centre for the propagation of the "Pious Union of St. Joseph," Patron of a happy death.

We may truthfully say that devotion to St. Joseph is really a Canadian practice. It is certain that God's idea is to fill the hearts of all with His divine graces through the mediation of the Holy Patriarch, so as to counteract irreligion and moral failings. And if St. Joseph is ready to temporarily assist those who invoke him, in return he wishes them to respond by practising the virtues which were so dear to him—humility, gentleness, purity, justice and charity, but above all obedience to the Sovereign Master and to His representatives on earth.

Julienne Gauthier, '30.

PIETA.

I look upon the arms that bear
A burden that is never laid to earth,
The shadowed eye that must forever stare
On death. Oh, I would have the worth
Of God-imparted strength like this
That I might lift my hands to take away
That awful burden. And the words I pray
Are hid within those eyes' abyss.

Ah, Lord, my hands are raised, but see—
The weight is heavy and slow shudders creep
Within my soul at sight of that bruised heap,—
My hands are lifted but not free.
Then Father take my soul to scourge
And bind to that which it can not embrace,
That I may draw some sorrow from her face
And feel her love within me surge.

—BERNITA MILLER, '32.

THE WORLD OF CONRAD.

The following essay was awarded First Prize in the Prose Department of the "Varsity Christmas Supplement" Competition, open to all the undergraduates of Toronto University.

If it were customary for a writer to set up two idols instead of one, a model for his perseverance even before the model for his style, the name of Joseph Conrad would undoubtedly assume the attributes of a sort of literary god. We are told that "So many languages as a man has, so many times is he a man"; but what shall we name him who mastered a new language to such an extent as to become able to make the foreign words breathe? In his efforts to circumscribe the possibilities of literary art, or rather to extend his scope to include these in his works, what an immense amount of perseverance did Conrad require. Never sure of his medium, never believing in his mastery, he speaks of "the desperate heart-breaking toil and effort of writing: the days of wrestling as with a dumb devil for every line of my creation."

Naturally enough, the English acclaim Conrad as one of them. But although he forsook his home in Poland to enlist in the British Merchant Marine and became a Master in the Service, although he settled in England and married an Englishwoman, Conrad can be called an Englishman in one sense only: that he was able to produce English literature that is both masterful and beautiful.

Likewise in one sense, and only one, may Conrad be called a Pole. Born in an old inland city of Poland, Cracow, at a time when his parents were in political exile. But Conrad was of noble Polish extraction, he spent the most impressionable years of his youth in Poland, he attended the schools of Poland, and the result was that he retained the nature, the manner of a Pole.

France, too, may call him her disciple, since he follows the lyricism, the almost perfect word-painting, the romance-tinged naturalism of Flaubert. Yet Conrad is not only naturalist but idealist also. He says: "My task is to make you hear,

to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That and no more, and it is everything." One may venture to say, in the light of Conrad's evident aim to portray the inter-dependence of men, "Children of the Earth," as he calls them—that by the word "see" he means all that the word implies, spiritual sight as well as intellectual or physical sight. Conrad never preaches, he never lectures, but he tells truth, and that is something beyond the province of mere realism. For the realist or naturalist, involved, like Andres del Sarto, in the meticulous representation of details, misses the meaning of the picture, the truth it presents, unless he have in him something of the idealist.

The Orient and the Sea—both unchanging, both intractable; the Orient, land of mystery and secrets, of exotic colour and sinister shadows, of immobile faces and ancient ways—the Orient engaged the mind of Conrad just as the Sea engaged his heart. The one called forth in him a poetic impulse, the other his love.

So Conrad may be called a man of no nation, or a man of many nations; a wanderer of the world, or the creator of a new world. The latter title especially is most justly his. Hardy likes his Wessex, Wordsworth has his Lake Region, but Conrad has a world of his own, a world of real men and women who struggle against real forces. His people and his forces are the more real in that they seem not to have been created expressly for the struggle, but merely to have been engaged in it for the purpose of the picture. If we stand close to the picture, pick it apart, and analyse these parts; then, if we resolve each part into its particular composition—the useful words—we shall see beauty, colour, and their inevitable sense-appeal. And we say, "He has used vivid English." But when we stand off, the truth, the purpose of the picture reveals itself to us and we are forced to add, "Yet he might have used vivid Polish, Slavic, or French to the same effect." For, the truth he presents is one common to all, one which will hold as long as men live in a world where outside forces are stronger than their own.

Bernita Miller, '32.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE LORD OF JOINVILLE.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating biographies ever published is that of St. Louis, King of France, written over six hundred years ago by Jean de Joinville. The latter, like many other writers of the memoirs which form some of our most valuable links with the past, makes no pretense at being a writer, far less of writing a real biography, for he was primarily a man of action, spending several years of his youth fighting in the Crusades and his later years looking after his estate in Champagne. From what he reveals of himself in his book, it would seem that he closely resembled the modern idea of an English squire, hard-headed, plain-spoken, honest, and with a true sense of duty and justice. His manner of writing is as simple and direct as the man himself, for he describes the events and incidents as they occur to him and as faithfully as he is able. For this reason his book is far more of a real tribute to the character of St. Louis than if he had simply enumerated the latter's claims to saintship.

Joinville's personal knowledge of the King was based on his having fought with him on the Seventh Crusade and on his connection with the various public affairs which took place at Court. At the age of thirty, at the end of the Crusade, he retired to live on his estate, only beginning his book when nearly eighty years of age. His work is dedicated to Louis X., whose mother, Jeanne de Navarre, requested that it be written, but who died before it was completed. Throughout the book, Joinville's great and sincere admiration of the king is most apparent, an admiration quite apart from that springing from the relationship between a good king and his subject, but based upon his appreciation of the many sterling qualities which went to make up the character of the saintly monarch. Of the other persons who enter into the book he speaks very little in comparison; and of the quarrels and disputes which arose occasionally at court he states only the bare facts without accusing or condemning those in fault, probably because he could

not very well disparage anyone related to those for whom he was writing the book.

The author describes first the sayings and characteristics of the king, taken for the most part from their conversations together. For example: He relates naively how Louis once asked him if he would not rather be a leper than commit a mortal sin, and Joinville writes: "I who never lied to him, replied that I would rather have committed thirty mortal sins than be a leper," whereupon the good king takes great pains to point out the error of this speech!" Again he says: "The king so loved truth that he would not play even the Saracens false," which, besides illustrating the upright character of the saint, shows us that the crusaders had no very exalted opinion of their enemies. In the same way it would seem that their opinion of the Scotch was very little better, for, during one of his illnesses, the king said to his son, "——truly I would rather that a Scot should come out of Scotland and rule the people of this kingdom well and justly than that thou shouldst govern them ill-advisedly!"

Wherever possible Joinville gives detailed descriptions of the events he relates, including not only the speech, but the very clothes the characters wore. For example, in describing a feast given by the king, we find the following:—"The king had donned a coat of sky blue satin and a surcoat and mantle of scarlet satin, lined with ermine, and on his head a cotton bonnet which became him very ill, he being in those days a young man!"

Later he tells of a certain knight who, because of a wrong done him, had sworn never to cut his hair until he had been avenged. One day, on finding that the man who had wronged him had been brought before the king for another fault and was sueing for pardon on his knees, the knight immediately sent for a stool and had his long locks shorn off in the presence of the king, the culprit and the company.

On the king's "taking the cross" and setting out on the Seventh Crusade, the chronicler describes the details at great length as this was the time when he saw most of Louis. He

explains the difficulties with which the monarch had to contend before leaving France, because his mother and other courtiers were unwilling to have him go. Joinville himself expresses regret at leaving his fine castle and his two children. Nevertheless he performs his knightly duty at Damietta, and especially during the sad captivity which served to increase his intimacy with the king. On his return he complains that his lands had not profited any by his absence. Louis, however, apparently found the state of his kingdom and subjects quite satisfactory, for twenty years later he again set out for the Holy Land, this time unaccompanied by Joinville. Louis was in very poor health and his Crusaders met with great ill-fortune, most of them dying of fever before arriving at their destination. They had reached Carthage and had taken possession of the fortress there when the king himself became ill and died. Joinville describes his death in detail as told him by the king's son many years later. He uses this very beautiful passing as the crowning proof of the monarch's sanctity, as well as holding it up as an example to his descendants.

Joinville's book has great psychological value. It reveals to us two charming souls, that of Joinville and that of St. Louis. Joinville is a man who represents well the men of his age. He gives us an exact and favorable idea of the moral level of that society founded on the double basis of courtesy and Christianity —that union of the worldly ideal and Christian faith. St. Louis is a saint, towering above his age—the perfect Christian Knight, with a deeply human and tender heart. It is his personality which makes Joinville's work so attractive, so sweet and yet so strong is the radiance of his holy soul.

JESSIE GRANT, '32.

THE HEROIC AGE OF GREECE.

Homer's poems are our chief source of information concerning the Heroic Age, since they present to us the earliest extant pictures of European civilization, just as they are themselves the oldest remains of European literature. Let us follow the life of the average citzen of the Homeric Age, in order to see how he lived and to obtain his views about the different episodes of life.

Of children, Homer says little. However, no mention is made of the "exposure" of children which was legal in Sparta in later times. The child received its name soon after its birth, and might be called after either of its grandfathers, or after some characteristic of its father. Children of the wealthier homes were committed to the care of nurses who sometimes remained attached to them for years. Three playthings are mentioned by Homer—the top, the sand of the sea-shore, and "huckle bones."

When a boy outgrew his nurse's charge, he might become the protégé of some older friend. Boys and girls were not separated early, and the son doubtless accompanied his father in many of the latter's occupations and expeditions, in particular to his feasts, which, by the way, were made in daylight. The formal education of the Homeric child was exceedingly limited, and consisted almost entirely in the observation and imitation of his elders. The girls learned to weave and spin from watching their mothers at work. Many of the boys learned to play on the "cithara," which had but four strings and four notes. Athletic contests (in which the boys took part' were held in connection with funerals. The power of the father over his children as over his servants was theoretically unlimited,—he was a despot,—practically, his power seems to have been used mildly. The horrible sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon is un-Homeric. Youths might be sent on important errands, if they were deemed trustworthy. Thus Odysseus, while still a boy, was sent to Messene to complain of a raid on which the

Messenians took three hundred sheep and their shepherds from Ithaca.

Now came the time for the youth to choose an occupation. Let us suppose that he is heir to a kingdom. The succession to the throne belonged by customary right to the late king's son, but if the king had no son, the sceptre might be given to his daughter's husband, and Penelope's suitors hoped that it might be given to the king's widow. No special royal robe or crown was worn. The sceptre was the symbol of power, although it was also borne by some other officials. The privileges of kingship, like its power and duties, were indefinite, and varied not only in different states, but even at different times in the same state. The principal office of the king was as the natural leader of his subjects in war, and it is in this rôle that we hear of him most often in Homer's poems. He also represented his people before the gods. The services of the priests were limited to their temples, no priest accompanying the army. Although the king was not a judge by virtue of his office, we hear of him receiving gifts in payment for his services in court. He also received gifts as tributes from his subjects,—but these were not fixed or definite. In two passages the king's power seems unexpectedly absolute. Agamemnon offers Achilles, on condition of his return to the work of battle seven cities near the sea, and Menelaus says that if Odysseus had returned from the Trojan war, he would have given him a city in Argos. But at most times the sovereign was guided by the advice and suggestions of his nobles.

If the youth were the son of a labouring-man, he would probably follow his father's trade. Thus, potter's boys watched and helped their fathers long before they undertook making pottery on their own responsibility. Although the distinction between the nobles and the common people was sometimes manifest, it was possible for a man of physical force and the qualities of a leader to pass from the masses to the company of chieftains. An important position was that of herald. Nothing indicates that this service was hereditary. Heralds were the official attendants of the king, and the only officers

of the government. They carried propositions for peace to the enemy camp, summoned the warriors to council and did for the king what ordinary trusted servants did for ordinary men. Nevertheless, there is no indication that the service of herald was despised or unprofitable. His person was sacred and inviolable and Dolon, the son of a herald, "rich in gold and rich in bronze," is present at the council of chieftains.

The marriage state was appointed and natural for men as well as for women. Although a woman was expected to marry again on the death of her husband, no Homeric widower took a second wife. Women were not secluded, and were not bought and sold in marriage, although the father received presents from the bridegroom. However, the bride's father often gave her gifts, which she kept as her own property. For the wedding, the Greeks had no formal ceremony, the feast was the marriage. Priam of Troy is the only polygamist of the poems. Although large families were desired, and Priam had fifty sons and twelve daughters, most Homeric families were small. Agamemnon had only one brother, Menelaus, and one son, Orestes. Hector had but one son. Evidences of family affection are numerous and the story of Thetis packing her son's chest as he sets out for war, and putting into it plenty of woollen garments, sounds quite modern.

Hector, in his farewell to his wife, bids her, "Go thou to thine own house and see to thine own tasks .. but for war shall men provide, and I as chief of all men that dwell in Ilios." This was the attitude of the men towards war. For defensive armour the soldier of this period wore a crested helmet, a shield that covered his whole body, greaves about his legs, and carried in his hand a sword or spear. The two classes of soldiers were footmen and charioteers. The latter were led by the chieftains, with the king as general-in-chief. That the poisonous qualities of some drugs were known and used in warfare is revealed by the following: "For even thither had Odysseus gone on his swift ship to seek a deadly drug, that he might have wherewithal to smear his bronze-shod arrows."

When the men were absent in distant lands the women helped the older men defend the walls of the city.

All the men took part in the assembly. This institution was summoned by the king whenever he thought it necessary, but was of no particular importance. After the assembly had reached a decision, the king might abide by it—or might not, as he pleased.

Religion played a large part in the lives of the Greeks. They believed in many gods, who dwelt on Mount Olympus. Zeus, the father of the gods, had absolute power. He was wedded to his sister, Hera. The Greek gods differed from mortals only in their stature and in the fact that they were immortal. Their messages to the other gods were conveyed by Hercules, and to human beings by means of dreams. They intervened in the affairs of humans sometimes and even intermarried with them.

The people of the Homeric Age showed great respect to aged people. Penelope would not marry any of her suitors until she had completed a fitting death-robe for her husband's father Laertes. The Greeks did not look forward with anticipation to their future home, but imagined a place—the realm of the god Hades—beneath the earth, whither all souls went after death. Much importance was attached to the funeral ceremony, and, since the Greeks believed in ancestor-worship, with the body were buried many articles for use in the future world.

The fact that no regent was appointed on the island of Ithaca during Odysseus' absence of twenty years, speaks well for the stability of the Greek character. Murder was not yet a public crime; it was a private wrong against the murdered man and his family. The murderer withdrew from his country in order to escape vengeance, not legal prosecution or punishment in the strict sense. Assault and theft were also personal matters, and each man had to protect the rights of his family. The Homeric poems contain no instance of a divorce or a formal or voluntary separation of man and wife. Heseiod in his "Works and Days" advises his fellow-citizens in words

that give us an insight into Greek character: "Gain not base gains; base gains are equal to losses. Love him that loves thee, and be nigh unto him that attaches himself to thee and give to him that many have given, and give not to him that hath not given."

—CONSTANCE HINDS,
Classics '32.

ON WRITING SONNETS.

When I reflect on all this task requires;
The scope of thought, the skilful use of verse,
The language, polish, art, if one desires
That grade, the which alone will reimburse
The writer for his hours from Spanish spent,
And pay him for the pencils he has chewed
In vain attempt to give poetic vent
To lofty thoughts with which he's not imbued—
I must confess my poor ability
To capture inspirations at their best,
I am not gifted thus so cleverly
That I can turn out poems at behest,
I must pray off, but either way, I fear,
The truth will out—I'm not a Sonneteer.

Christine Johnston.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S AT-HOME.

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!" January 30th, St. Joseph's At-Home! An eager moving crowd of evening dresses and tuxedos, of satin slippers and 'correct' bow ties, of deep laughter and light step! For geniality seemed to be the key-note of the evening. Everyone was everyone's friend, the formal "Pleased-to-meet-you" had dwindled down to a bright smile. "Shall we dance?" and the atmosphere of quick friendliness touched even the decorations of Columbus Hall.

Supper, four at a table,—lunch and laughter,—foolish little novelties, quaint because of their foolishness, were passed around; paper hats and whistles and pith-balls,—"look out for your coffee!" "Mind your ice-cream!"

The last strains of the home-waltz brought the party to a close. And now, in these days of examination work and worry, only a gay-colored hat hung over the lamp-shade, or little wooden men peeping over the ink-bottles bring back the memorable night of St. Joseph's At-Home.

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A very successful Bridge and Tea-dance was held in the Common Room and Assembly Hall of St. Joseph's College on February 7th. Approximately a hundred girls were present. The Bridge, Games, Dancing and Lunch were enjoyed by all and the committee is to be sincerely thanked for their efforts and complimented upon the success of the undertaking.

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Application forms for May examinations have made their appearance. Ah! me, when one has actually parted with the examination fee, it is high time to get to work.

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We wish to offer our sincere sympathy to our classmates, Miss Eleanor McBride, '30, in the death of her mother, and Miss Betty O'Brien, '32, in the death of her father.

The Students' Mission Crusade has done flourishing work in the College this year. Over twenty dollars have already been sent to the Western Missions in Canada.

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Hearty Congratulations to Bernita Miller, '32, who won the First Prize for the best piece of Prose submitted to the Varsity Christmas Supplement. The Prize Essay appears on another page.

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LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Le cercle français fut organisé au commencement de l'année scolaire afin d'avancer le bien parler de la langue française. Durant le cours de l'année nous avons eu l'honneur d'être adressées par le Rév. Père Bondy, Ph. D. Son discours, "La vie d'un étudiant à Paris," fut fort intéressant. Le Rév. Père Murray, C.S.B., dans sa conférence nous montra les vues de la France au moyen de projections lumineuses. Le cercle tâche de se réunir chaque semaine et ces Séances intimes aident beaucoup aux étudiantes dans leur conversation. Notre bulletin, "L'Echo du Cercle," est une autre source d'intérêt. Nous prenons ici l'occasion de remercier tous ceux qui nous ont encouragées et qui nous ont aidées à faire un succès de notre cercle.

—JULIENNE GAUTHIER, '30.

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The last meeting of the Cercle Français was addressed by Rev. Fr. Murray, who favoured them with an illustrated lecture on his travels in France.

Of particular interest to the audience was his vivid description of the picturesque province of Brittany, and its manners and customs, which he had ample opportunity of observing during his sojourn at the little village of Tregastel.

The lecture was followed by the usual social half-hour and refreshments, while a vote of thanks to the lecturer brought the evening to a close.

COLLEGE-SCHOOL NOTES

On the 8th of December, a day so dear to every Catholic heart, twenty-four candidates petitioned for reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. Never had the beautiful convent chapel presented a more touching scene. The altar was prettily decorated with lilies and roses—and lights burned there, pleading our petitions, as it were, to the Most High.

Reverend Father Muckel, C.S.B., delivered impressively an eloquent discourse on the Blessed Virgin, and the duties incumbent on those whose privilege it is to be consecrated Children of Mary. After the sermon the devout aspirants made the Act of Consecration to Mary Immaculate, and were invested in the blue ribbon and medal. The beautiful and solemn ceremony terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Turning from the altar at the conclusion of the ceremony, down the spacious aisle, swept the long procession of young ladies—their standard-bearers, proudly, yet reverently, carrying aloft the white and blue banner of Our Lady. From the great organ came forth heavenly strains, and a chorus of young voices filled the air. Very, very happy the newly-received members looked as they marched with reverend tread through the chapel aisles in their rightful places beneath the shadow of the sacred banner of Mary Immaculate.

Mary Timmons, Commercial Class.

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On Monday evening, December 17th, 1928, the Sisters and students of the College-Academy, assembled in the auditorium to enjoy a rare musical treat given by Maestro Giuseppe Romanelli on the harp, of several select numbers. On his own petite Irish harp, he evoked the strains of dear old Ireland, in her joys and in her sorrows. Then followed Scotch and French and Canadian folk-songs; and as one listened one

could, in imagination, go back to the days of the gay troubadours, when the sweetest harmonies in the world vibrated from the harp strings deftly brought out by those skilful musicians. Then Maestro Romanelli turned to the larger harp, and in fancy brought one to the fair land of Italy—the "Land of Song," to listen to portions of some of the lovely lyric operas of Verdi, Mascagui, etc. Mr. Ungaro very ably assisted Maestro Romanelli on the violin in several delightful numbers. With the whole assembly in united chorus singing the "National Anthem" to the accompaniment of the harp, a most pleasant evening was brought to a close.

A vote of thanks was tendered the performers with the hope of a return visit to St. Joseph's some time in the near future.

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To our esteemed teacher, Sister M. Hildegarde, and to her sisters, Sister M. Innocentia and Mrs. George Prance, we offer our sincere and prayerful sympathy on the death of their brother, the Reverend Thomas Cruise, late Parish Priest of St. Patrick's Church, Port Colborne, Ont.

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Monday, January 14th, Reverend M. Johnson, in a very interesting talk on the Mission Crusade, renewed the enthusiasm already evinced by the Students of St. Joseph's College-School. He began by recalling the first Mission Crusade meeting at which the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade had its birth some five years ago in the auditorium of St. Joseph's. From that seed a flourishing tree is developing its branches multiplying in promise of years to come.

Father Johnson spoke of visiting classes where the mere mentioning of the names of "movie stars" aroused great interest in even primary grades, to whom these "stars" are heroes whose achievements they daily behold on the screen. Questions regarding the heroes of the missions, in fields afar or at home, on the contrary, met with no response Yet these missionaries are the real heroes, the others "shams."

These great souls sacrificed all their nearest and dearest,

for what?—not fame, admiration, power, wealth or pleasure, but to save souls for Christ, aid they look to us to help that their sacrifice avail.

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St. Joseph's Students Visit Palestine.

Should we, at some future date visit the Holy Land, we would not be "strangers in a strange land" after the excellent illustrated lecture to which we were treated on Friday evening, January 18th, by Rev. Fr. Francis Carroll, Professor of Scripture at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

In its picturesque descriptions and interesting details, which made the land of universal interest so real to us, the lecture was indeed the most valuable and entertaining to which we had listened for some time.

The interest began when, in company with our able guide, we disembarked at Jaffa and found that, contrary to its name, this port is far from beautiful. However, it is near Jerusalem, towards which we wended our way across the plains of Sharon.

During two hours, which seemed all too short, we visited places made illustrious by the life of Our Blessed Lord—His Life, realized as never before by associating Him with these scenes made so realistic by picture and scriptural references.

The lecturer began with a geographical description, contrasting the present location of the city with that of earlier times, and its modern improvements, with those nearer and dearer possessions of by-gone years. He pointed out these vestages of the past which daily recall the Gospels. To-day, as then, for instance, the shepherd leads his sheep, regardless of the increased modern traffic, and the ploughman of the plains still employs his crude implements. The Jew adorns himself in traditional costume, follows the customs of his forefathers and weeps, still, over the fallen temple—the last remnant of the glory of Israel.

There have been many newcomers and no city presents an appearance so cosmopolitan, yet it clings, in the midst of modern transformation, to many of these early characteristics

made so familiar in the Scripture. There, still, is the brook, Cedron, the Garden of Olives with its olive press and its gnarled old olive trees of Gethsemane—offshoots of whose very trees through whose branches the Pascal moon once looked down upon the Saviour in His agony, and there about the city are the hillside caves. We saw the Valley of Josephat and followed the road to Bethany and passed again the vineyard so often referred to by Our Divine Saviour.

There was a note of sadness in the observations that many spots, dear to the heart of every Christian, are in the possession of Mohammedan, Jew or Schismatic and can be visited by pilgrims only with great difficulty. It would seem, as our lecturer remarked, that Christ still weeps over Jerusalem, where so many have hardened their hearts and refused to accept Him.

We are most grateful to Father Carroll for the privilege of seeing so clearly the Holy City and its precious environment where Our Blessed Lord was born for us, where He labored for us and where He died for us.

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The pupils of St. Joseph's College-School were very sorry to learn that Mary Dunn, one of our former students, has been ill for some months past.

We hope that her trip to California, which she is enjoying at present, will enable Mary to resume her studies at St. Joseph's next year; where a most cordial welcome awaits her.

Mary spent last year at "Ville Marie," Montreal, and succeeded in carrying off the French Medal. Her Alma Mater is justly proud. Congratulations, Mary!

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On Friday evening, January 25th, the College Auditorium was the scene of a delightful supper dance when the Third Form Resident Students entertained their many student friends. At eight o'clock the hall was filled with groups of chattering girls. Immediately music filled the room and picturesque novelty dances followed. The colored rays of the spot-light blended in harmony with the variously-tinted dresses.

A door prize and other novelties were presented to the lucky winners. Supper was served in buffet style and the dancing was again resumed. The party concluded with a farewell dance and all departed very happy after their pleasant evening.

Ursula Montag, Form III.-B.

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The resident pupils of St. Joseph's College School enjoy many a pleasant evening on the rink under the old apple trees and passers-by are greeted with their merry peals of laughter. The varied-coloured skating costumes blend prettily with the snow. Weather permitting, we hope to enjoy many more hours of gaiety and fun on our College School rink.

Agnes Ryan, Form III.-B.

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On the afternoon of Friday, February 1st, the pupils of St. Joseph's College School assembled in the College Auditorium to hear an interesting and instructive discourse on the "Modern Uses of Electricity," given by Miss Stuart of the Toronto Hydro-Electric Power Company. Miss Stuart explained the method by which the force from the water of the Niagara River is converted into the electrical energy which we use in our homes. Lantern slides illustrated the Lecture.

The students enjoyed the afternoon very much and hope that Miss Stuart will return in the near future to entertain us with a further talk on Electricity.

G. McManus, Form III.-B.

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Rev. Dr. O'Reilly gave us a very impressive lecture on "Lourdes," Friday evening, February the eighth, and by means of pictures, made us realize the transformation which has taken place since 1858, when first occurred the apparitions of Our Lady to little Bernadette.

The scenes surrounding the magnificent Basilica, during the pilgrimages, the spiritual exercises, including the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, were clearly shown recalling

to us the processions of Our Divine Master in Galilee and His miracles of mercy.

We hope to have Dr. O'Reilly with us soon again.

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On February 11th, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Sisters and Resident Pupils were entertained in the School Auditorium by Miss Mignon Talgmann, violinist, and Miss Grace Clough, pianist. The numbers included: Concerto, by Paganini; Sonata, by Cesar Franck and Lalo; and a group of Spanish Dances. All the numbers were exceptionally well rendered showing skilful technique, intelligent expression and a finesse that left nothing to be desired. The Concertante style of Miss Talgmann's playing was much admired and her able assistant at the piano elected a great deal of well-merited praise.

Betty Grobba, Form III.-A.

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On Tuesday evening, February 12th, the pupils of St. Joseph's College School enjoyed a programme by Mrs. Parsons and her entertainers. It opened with the introduction of the artists by Mr. John Corbett. Mr. Harvey Lloyd, in the role of a comedian, by his fantastic attire and antics took the house by storm. Two beautiful vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. Parsons. Following this the recitations, "The Stove Pipe Hole," and "Little Baptiste," by Mr. John Bowles, were favorably applauded. Miss McCabe charmed the audience with two very pretty songs. Again the hall trembled with applause when Mr. Harvey Lloyd impersonated an Irishman in St. Patrick's Day parade. The programme concluded with a very appropriate speech by Mr. Lloyd.

We hope that Mrs. Parsons and her jolly companions will favor us again.

Jenny Barry, Farm V.

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The preliminaries for the Star Oratorical Contest were held in the College-School Assembly Hall, Monday, February 17th. The resident and day pupils listened attentively to the speeches delivered by those taking part. The topics for discussion were

various. In judging, points were awarded not merely for matter alone, but for aptness in oratory. Each form sent a representative. The speakers in the order of their appearance:

Commercial. Margaret Francisco—The Development of Canada as a Dominion.

I.A. Olive Griffin—The Resources of Canada.

V. Mary Lee—The Development of the Government of Our Country.

I.B. Margaret McCormick—Canada Among the Nations.

III.B. Mary Mickles—The Unification of Canada.

I.C. Adele Parsons—Canada To-day.

II.B. Mary Loftus—The Peoples of Canada.

III.A. Betty Grobba—The Indians of Canada.

II.A. Dorothy Chambers—The Peoples of Canada.

The judges awarded the honors as follows: Betty Grobba, Mary Loftus, Mary Lee, Margaret McCormick, Dorothy Chambers.

* * * * *

HOW THEY WON THE GAME.

As Bill passed through the corridor, he noticed groups of boys standing about talking in a very excited manner. Being just a new pupil at St. Michael's College, he wondered what all the commotion was about.

Going over to a group of boys, Bill asked what the trouble was. They all looked at him dumbfoundedly. "What's the trouble!" came from a chorus of husky voices. Then one boy took Bill by the arm and marched him down the hall and stopped him before a bulletin board, where he read:

"On Thursday, February 15th, 1929, at 8 p.m., in Varsity Arena, St. Michael's College Junior Hockey Team versus Marlboro Juniors, for the Junior O.H.A. Championship of Ontario."

"To-day is the fifteenth, and Jack Sinclair, the best player and Captain of the team, sprained his ankle last night and can't play in the big game," explained Bill's companion. "But

can't they put in a substitute for him?" Bill argued. "Yes, but that won't win the game for us," he said. "We might as well give Marlboros the game because they will win it anyway," he continued. "Are you one of the team?" Bill inquired. "Yes," he answered, "I play left wing." "Well," said Bill, "take my advice and don't be a slacker because one of your players is sick. Play the game right, don't give away. Stick up for your College and Jack Sinclair will thank you for keeping up the sporting spirit."

It was a crestfallen crowd of boys that assembled in the Varsity Arena to see the doom of their College.

As the two teams came out on the ice, Bill noticed that Jerry O'Brien, his companion of the morning, wore a bright smile and that determination was written all over his face.

At the end of the first period the score was:

Marlboros 1, St. Michael's 0.

Marlboros having the better of the play.

"Well," Bill said to his neighbours," the game is young yet, and St. Michael's aren't going to give them the game."

The second period was very exciting. First some star player of one team rushing down the ice with the puck, only to have it grasped from him by one of the other team, and rushed down the ice in the opposite direction.

The second period was over and the score-board read:

St. Michael's 1, Marlboros 1.

Then they came on the ice for the third and final period. Both teams looked tired, but determined.

The umpire rang his bell and centred the puck. Marlboros got the face-off. Down the ice they came, right to St. Mike's defence line, then came a roar from the crowd,—Jerry O'Brien had the puck. Down he came full speed, dodged the defence men, right through and the puck went spinning into the goal. The building shook with cheers and shouts as the score-board read:

St. Michael's 2, Marlboros 1.

St. Michael's were well away now. The team took their places and made a strong defence line. Time and time again

Marlboros attacked, but in vain. They could not break St. Mike's defence. At last they broke through and in went the puck, but too late, the final gong had rung, declaring the game over and St. Michael's the Champions.

The next evening at the banquet, after Jerry O'Brien had been presented with the cup, he was asked to make a speech. Jerry blushingly stood up and said:

"I am not much of an orator, but I wish to say to all the boys on all the teams, and to all the younger boys who will play on future teams, to always stick. Play the game right, don't give way no matter what happens, stick by your College, keep your sporting spirit and you will always win."

Margaret Rosar, Form II.B.

* * * * *

JOSEPH HOWE.

In Nova Scotia's great struggle for responsible Government which eventually led to Confederation with the other provinces, Joseph Howe rose as a brilliant leader. He was the man of the moment whose memory is enshrined in the grateful hearts of Nova Scotians, for the part he played in her political history.

He began life as a printer's devil, but this was soon to lead to greater things; for so great a genius could not long remain hidden. Howe came into the limelight when he attacked the Government through his paper of which he had now become editor. His friends feared this would result in his downfall but on the contrary it made him the idol of the people and paved the way for his entrance into politics.

Howe was more than an ordinary politician. He was an eloquent statesman of no mean standing and if Nova Scotia had not had such an able champion at this crisis in her history the cause for which it struggled so laboriously might have been lost. His manner of attaining his objective was a far safer one than that adopted by the leaders of the reform in Upper and Lower Canada. He journeyed several times to London and so remarkable were his orations on the subject

nearest his heart that the home government rose as a man to applaud him. With the confidence of the people he accomplished much and finally succeeded in obtaining Responsible Government.

When the larger issue of Confederation was mooted, Howe opposed it saying it would curtail the individual rights of the province. He was popular with his countrymen but when the electors' returns came in Tupper had superseded him. This was too great a humiliation for a man who had for so long been a public favourite and he made a stern fight. But it was a losing battle and Howe went again to Great Britain. This time the sympathy of the Government was not with him and he returned to his native province. His admirers urged him to promote annexation to the United States but whatever his faults Howe was loyal to the country of his birth. He rejected the idea as a smirch on his honour and in proof of his sincerity he accepted a position in the Cabinet.

But he had lost the love of his native province and those who had formerly been his supporters turned away in disgust at what they deemed a weakness on his part. To a man who so long had the welfare of his country at heart, the blow was a crushing one. Howe was offered a position as Lieutenant-Governor and this he accepted, but six weeks later he died, a broken man.

Although we cannot help but blame Howe for his stand against Confederation, we must remember that he was loyal to the heart's core. He remained faithful to Great Britain at no matter what cost to himself. He was not only a political genius but a literary one as well, as can be judged by his poetry. He gave to Nova Scotia her political liberty and guided her through the most strenuous part of her existence.

—MARGARET MacMILLAN,
Form III—J. S. HS.

A DAY IN FIRST YEAR HIGH SCHOOL.

Our Catholic schools in this western Canadian province are private educational institutions, supported by the generosity and self-sacrifice of zealous priests, Religious Communities of men and women, and the Catholic laity. Such an institution is a valuable upbuilder of the State, for from its walls go forth into the world, people who respect others and who wish to be respected themselves. Many and great are the privileges of attending one of these schools in Vancouver. True, we have the same methods of teaching, the same examinations as the public schools we once attended, but we know our teachers have an object in view, holier and higher than that of giving merely secular knowledge. We feel the stress and effort spent on moulding the moral and spiritual character of this body of future citizens.

I have the honour and privilege of attending one of Vancouver's greatest Catholic schools—St. Patrick's High School. Our teachers are the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, who are to us not only teachers, but also spiritual mothers. Would you like to spend a day in one of the classes of our school? I shall take you to First Year High School, where you are sure to see for yourself and carry away a lasting impression of the pervading felicitous atmosphere which combines joy and content with enlightenment and development.

Clang! Clang! goes the bell for assembly, and at nine o'clock we file into the "Hall" for morning prayers. After invoking the light of the Holy Spirit by a full chorus of "Come Holy Ghost," we begin our day's work with the most important lesson in our school studies—Christian Doctrine. Thirty enjoyable minutes pass all too quickly, and we find ourselves in the realms of Algebra. To most of us, this is a very interesting period, but to others, after spending ten minutes on a problem, they find that the x's and y's seem to jump into the wrong places to laugh mockingly at a mistake. Before we realize it the minute had of our "Little Ben" is pointing to 10.15. It is a shock to nearly every one, for only a mas-

ter-mind could watch the time and do Algebra. Then,—a matter of about ten seconds, a mind concentrated on this important branch of mathematics must turn its attention to the queer but enjoyable language of that battle-scarred country of Europe—France.

The dreamer, in the brief interval of change of subjects, may lapse into thinking of what a fine time he will have climbing Grouse Mountain or skating on Lost Lagoon Lake during the week-end, when suddenly his dreams are shattered by the gentle voice of Sister asking him, "Comment allez-vous ce matin? Savez-vous votre leçon? Récitez le présent indicatif du verbe "chanter." After forty-five minutes of that musical, sofe-toned language we lose ourselves in the vast realms of Ancient History. We wonder desperately why Thutmosis ever took into his head to conquer Babylonia, and we confuse wildly the Economic Reforms of Solon with the clauses of the Quebec Act.

At twelve o'clock the merry peals of the bell are heard through the corridors, and after reciting the Angelus we are free for the lunch hour. Most of us go to lunch while others remain, and after lunch enjoy singing, dancing and playing games in our large, airy Recreation Hall.

Our first lesson of the afternoon is Literature. We become enthralled in some beautiful poem and charmed by some of our favourite authors; but when we have to study the "Prisoner of Chillon," our hearts chill at its horrors and we wonder why someone did not bury the melancholy monologue with its author, Lord Byron. On the whole, we enjoy this period, and the study of the poems, humorous and sad, is one of our greatest pleasures.

Outside the door is seen a shadow and we know the dreaded Latin period has arrived—Latin! that's the subject,

It's hard as hard can be,
It killed the mighty Romans,
And now it's killing me.

Hurried glances are shot at the day's vocabulary, but on Sister's entrance, we are interrupted by a kind but necessarily

firm voice, "Latins closed, please." Although this subject seems very difficult to most of us, we are consoled by the thought that if we grasp the rudiments of it this year, it will in some measure reveal itself to us in the years to come. Geometry is the next subject, and for a time we doubted the sanity of the great Pythagoras, but lately our confused notions of angles, right-angles, theorems and corollaries are becoming clarified, and many of us welcome this period.

At 3.30 the dismissal bell resounds merrily up through the building. Books are quickly packed, hats and coats hurriedly put on, and after our closing "Memorare," we repair to our homes.

There are days, indeed, when we feel that we are complete failures in one subject or another; yet, for the most part, the time passes very pleasantly, and is made happier by our efforts to attend daily Mass and Holy Communion and our "after-school" Visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Now, do you not think we pupils of First Year High, St. Patrick's, Vancouver, are the happiest and most loyal children you have ever seen or heard of?

Jean Mulvaney, First Year High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

* * * * *

STANLEY PARK IN WINTER.

Vancouver, the green playground of Western Canada, is green no longer, but covered with a white, fleecy blanket. This snow-white comforter has wrapped all nature in her graceful folds. This is a time children like, yes, and even grown-ups. Of course, to the children it is nothing but a time for enjoying themselves in the various sports peculiar to cold weather, but to the older people it is a period of "memories"—memories mayhap—of their homes in the east and of the dear ones left behind.

We are not going to speak of winter in Vancouver, either from the standpoint of the children or from that of their elders, but I shall ask you to come with me to-day to Stanley

Park. "Stanley Park!" Doesn't the name sound historical? In reality it is. It was first opened by Lord Stanley, Governor General, in 1889, and his name was conferred upon it. On November 1, 1908, the Minister of Militia and Defence of the Dominion of Canada, leased Stanley Park to Vancouver, B.C., for a period of ninety-nine years.

During recent times many improvements have been made, which have so enhanced the natural beauty of this park that it may well be considered one of the finest in the world. Distinguished authors and travellers have included descriptions of it in their books; poets have sung of it; and painters have transferred its charms to canvas. There are recesses in it where one might expect to meet an aboriginal Indian; there are spaces where the tourist finds himself in the midst of a modern crowd. It is favoured by lovers; it is loved by children. Motorists, cyclists and equesterians find equal delight in its many miles of smooth and well kept roads, just now covered with snow. The botanical student is enchanted by the variety of its vegetation, and the nature-loving pedestrian here enjoys a refuge from his ordinary cares.

Some of the most beautiful scenes of British Columbia, and I may truthfully say, of Canada, are in this park—for instance, the "Pavilion." It is surrounded by a lawn delightful even with its snowy covering; but perhaps its charm lies more in the fact that we recall its summer beauty, when flowers are abundant.

Unique, and so distinct from its surroundings as to suggest the handicraft of man, rather than a whim of nature, there looms up at the entrance of the Narrows, a symmetrical column of solid, gray stone. This is Siwash Rock. Among all the wonders of natural beauties that encircle Vancouver,—the marvels of mountains shaped into crouching lions and brooding beavers, the yawning canyons, the stupendous forest of firs and cedars, the Siwash Rock stands as distinct, as individual, as if it dropped from another sphere. By reason of the patches of snow on it at present, it is more clearly defined against the deep blue waters that form its background.

The Seven Sisters, do you know what they are? They are a group of Douglas fir trees, each measuring at least two hundred and fifty-eight feet. Can you not see them rising up out of the darkness of forest growth with their long arms spread out and clothed in their snow-white winter garments? Even as you draw near, a dreadful silence prevails, as if they were really seven sisters who died long ago.

Besides these natural plant-marvels, there are many other things of interest, such as the wonderful trails. One of these trails leads to what Pauline Johnson used to delight in calling "The Cathedral Trees"—that group of some half dozen forest giants that arch upward with such superb loftiness.

Another sight of interest to both young and old, is a body of water known as "Lost Lagoon." Just now, a group of people are enjoying themselves, skating on it. In summer it is crowded with canoes. The monument of the late President Harding, who is known as the only President of the United States of America to visit Vancouver, is erected on a mound overlooking the lagoon.

The circumference of Stanley Park is estimated at about nine miles, and it has a one-way driveway for all traffic. It is surrounded by many of our best bathing beaches. Each of these latter has a location well worth describing, if time and space permitted. But surely even this little winter visit will suffice to show that the citizens of Vancouver are justly proud of a park of which the whole world is envious.

Frances Curran, 2nd Year High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

CALLISTA.

In "Callista" Cardinal Newman has depicted for us in a very vivid manner the relationship existing between the "Christians and the pagans of the third century.

The scene is laid in Tripoli, the seat of the Roman government in that part of Africa of which Carthage is the Capital. The chief characters are Angellius, a Christian youth, Callista, a pagan maiden, and Crecillius, a priest.

Sicca, a beautiful city modelled after Rome, is surrounded by orchards and vast cornfields. Here Agellius has his farm, a very prosperous one. He is disposed to stay at home and seldom goes to the city, unless it be to visit his uncle Juno or Aristo and his sister Callista.

Callista is a beautiful Grecian maiden. She and her brother are skilled in making images which they sell to Jucundus who in turn sells them to the pagans. Aristo and Jucundus have planned a marriage between Callista and Agellius, but Callista expresses her contempt for one who is but a lukewarm Christian. She herself feels drawn toward this religion but she hopes that she will not be such as he. Stunned by this outburst Agellius wandered about the market place in the broiling sun. The result was a fever and he lay unconscious for many days. When he regained consciousness he found that the priest Caecillius had taken refuge on his farm. Agellius welcomed him and under the priest's able guidance he became a fervent Christian.

But alas! something occurred that was destined to disturb their peaceful security. The plague of locusts! They came in millions, darkening the heavens and devastating the whole countryside and leaving in their wake sickness, famine, and death. The citizens were crazed and clamoured for food. Just at this opportune moment the government officials received an order from Rome to do away with all Christians. Here was an outlet for their fury and the cry, "The Christians to the Lions," rang through the entire city. The people formed in mobs, roaming the city and seizing their luckless victims. Some-

one in the crowd muttered, "Agellius." The mob moved blindly towards his farm. Meanwhile let us go back to Agellius on this eventful day. He and Caecillius are sitting in the house where suddenly Callista enters. She has outrun the mob and warns them of their danger. Both escape but on their journey home they encounter the fleeing Caecillius. He is seized, bound and placed upon an ass but again some kind friend succeeds in releasing him and he escapes in the growing darkness. Callista too is seized and accused of being a Christian. When told to offer incense she refused. "I'm not a Christian," she said, "I don't know what I am. I believe in God but I don't know who He is——" Her case was adjourned for two weeks. In the meantime she was held in a friend's house. Here Caecillius came secretly and instructed her. She was baptized a few days before her final trial.

This time Callista confessed that she was a Christian and she was condemned to death on the rack. Passers-by, as they gazed on her dead form, marvelled at her beauty and at the expression of happiness on her countenance. She who had so long groped in darkness now at last knew the one God indeed.

Mary Krane, Form III.,
St. Joseph's High School.

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